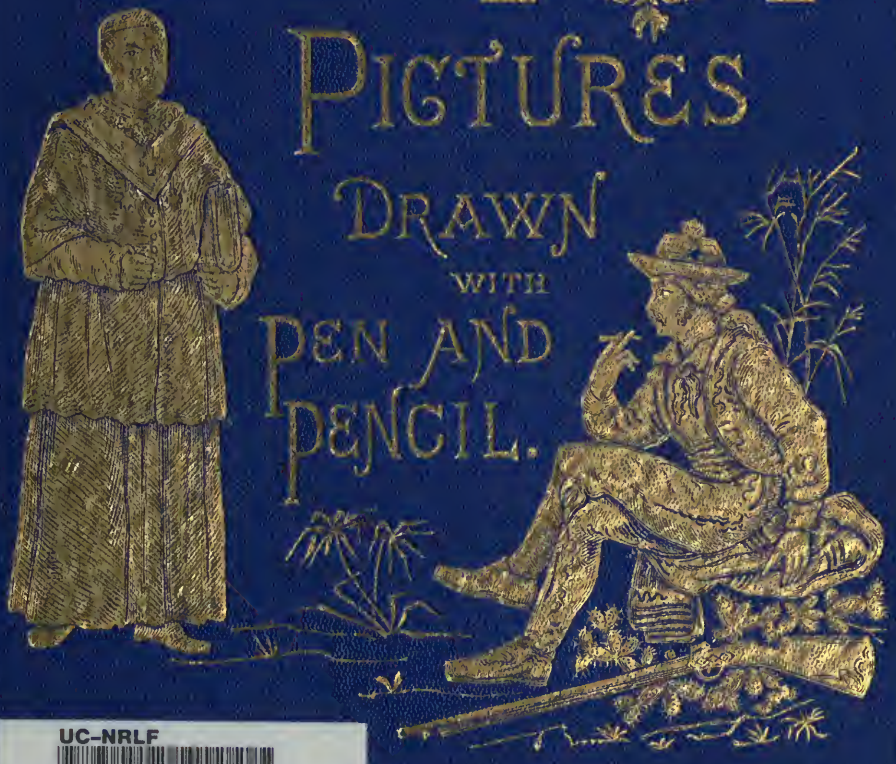
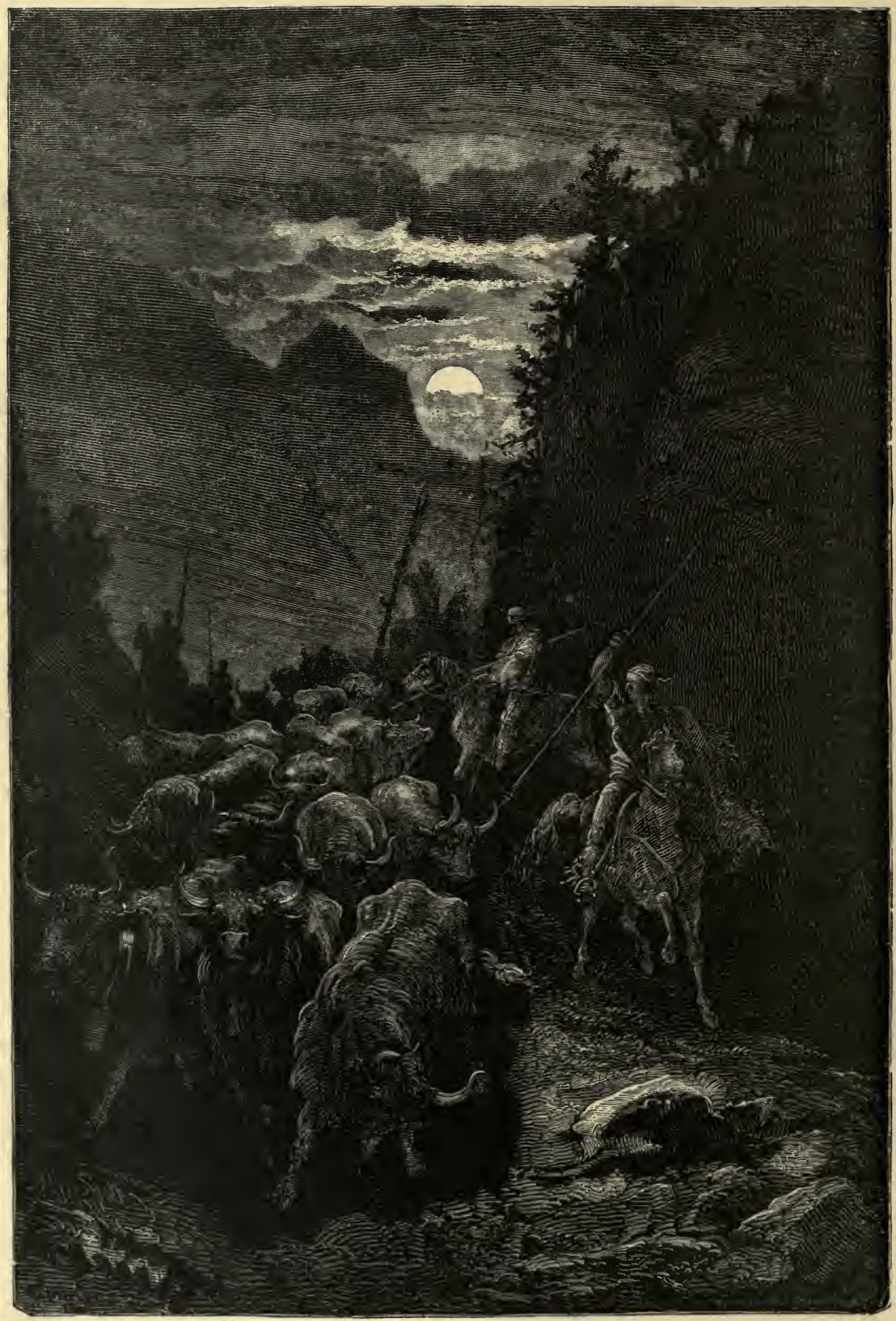
# SPANISH PICTURES

## DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL.





IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

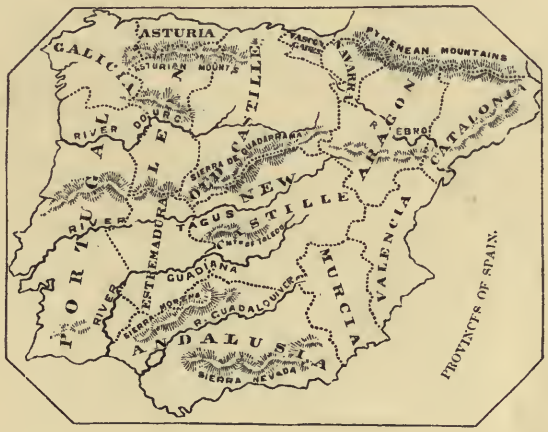
# SPANISH PICTURES

## DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

By the Author of

*"SWISS PICTURES" AND "ITALIAN PICTURES."*

With Illustrations by Gustave Doré and other eminent Artists.

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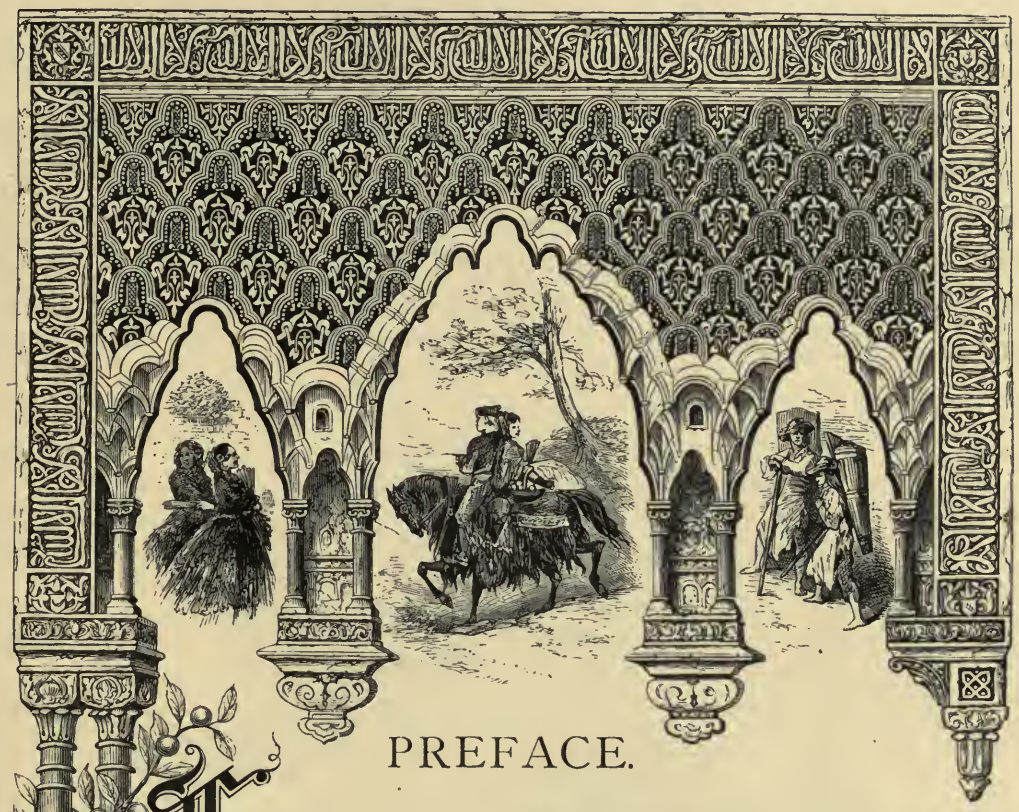

# PREFACE.

FORTY years ago Mr. Ford, writing in the *Quarterly Review*, complained that Spain was almost undescribed and unvisited. Though "a land of adventure and romance, full of historic and poetic and legendary association, yet is it withal a kind of *terra-incognita*—a mysterious realm untravelled by the crowd, and where the all-wandering foot of the all-pervading Englishman but seldom rambles. The beef-steak and the tea-kettle which infallibly mark the progress of John Bull, and have been introduced even into Greece and the Holy Land, are as yet unknown in the ventas and posados of the Peninsula." This statement is becoming, year by year, less true. Old residents and tourists in Spain are beginning to complain of the invasion of the Northern hordes. Numerous English and American travellers may now be met with, not only in such places as Granada and Seville, but in Segovia or Ronda, or Avila. And books of Spanish travel have multiplied in proportion.

But notwithstanding the many books on Spain which have recently appeared, it is hoped that the preparation of this volume has not been a work of supererogation. The writer has enjoyed many facilities for acquainting himself with the actual condition of the Spanish people, and for examining their social, moral, and religious conditions. He has diligently availed himself of the opportunities afforded him; and he has endeavoured to narrate, simply and honestly, that which he himself has seen and known of the *Cosas d'España.*

COL DE PERTUS, PYRENEES.

# CONTENTS.

## SEVILLE AND THE INQUISITION.



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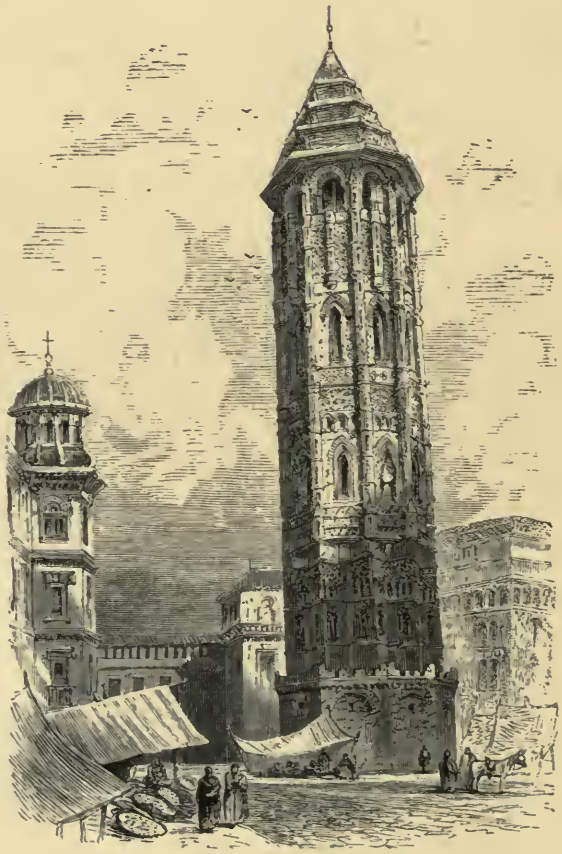
## HOMEWARD BY THE EAST COAST.





LEANING TOWER, SARAGOSSA.

# FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

PASS OF POQUIERA IN THE ALPUJARRAS.

# FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"AFRICA BEGINS AT THE PYRENEES"—UNLIKE THE REST OF EUROPE—LITTLE VISITED—GENERAL ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—RIVERS WITHOUT WATER—AFRICAN VEGETATION—MOORISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—RAILWAYS AND DILIGENCES—STAGNATION AND DECAY—CAUSES OF DEGENERACY AND ITS REMEDY.

"AFRICA begins at the Pyrenees." The proverb is a French one, and must therefore be taken with some modifications. For our sprightly neighbours are apt to claim a monopoly of culture and refinement for themselves, and, like the Chinese, to regard other nations as "outer barbarians." Fixing the southern limits of civilisation at the Pyrenees, they would proceed to define it as bounded by the English Channel on the north, the Rhine on the east, and the Bay of Biscay on the west. But, after making all due allowance for national prejudice and self-conceit, the epigram contains a large measure of truth. It expresses with tolerable accuracy the first impressions of the traveller in Spain.

For on crossing the Pyrenees everything is so new and strange that the tourist seems to have passed into a new continent rather than a new country. Elsewhere the characteristic differences of neighbouring nations melt into one another by almost imperceptible degrees. The frontier between France and Belgium, Germany or Switzerland may be crossed with little or nothing to remind the traveller that he

is entering a new territory. Railways have made international intercourse easy. Commerce has made it profitable. Fashion has made it popular. Germans flock to Paris for business or pleasure. Frenchmen flock to the Rhine, to Baden, to Switzerland, for health or recreation. Italy attracts its yearly crowds of artists, antiquarians, students, and holiday-makers. National peculiarities are thus rubbed off. The various countries of Europe become assimilated to one another. The infinite variety of dress, manners, and customs which used to give such a charm to foreign travel is rapidly disappearing, and European society is being reduced to a dead level, to a monotonous uniformity. But Spain has resisted the influence far more than other countries. It is only recently that railways have invaded her territory. Her roads were so impassable and her hotels so execrable that there was little to attract the ordinary tourist. It needed some courage to encounter the horrors of a Spanish *venta*, and not a little physical endurance to survive the dislocating jolts of a Spanish diligence. She had no external commerce to lead her own sons abroad or to invite foreigners to settle within her borders. The extension of railways, and the growing commerce of Spain will sooner or later assimilate the Peninsula to the rest of Europe. But at present Europe ends at the Pyrenees.

And Spain resembles Africa or the East in those very points in which she differs from the rest of Europe. The soil has that dry and sterile look with which African travellers are familiar. One may travel for hours over tracts of country in which there is scarcely a living thing to disturb the solitude; leagues upon leagues of bare rock without a particle of soil clinging to their sides; vast undulating plains, treeless and waterless; districts, each as large as an English county, covered with blocks of granite or limestone, like the desert of Sinai. Geologically, as well as in appearance, Spain is but a northern extension of the Sahara. Those who visit Spain, expecting to find exuberant fertility, will be disappointed. There are indeed *huertas*, which produce their three or four crops a year, and repay the slightest amount of labour by harvests of incredible richness. But these seem like oases in an arid waste. Probably less than one half of the soil is under cultivation. Certainly the general aspect of the country is that of utter sterility and barrenness.

This impression is rendered yet more intense by the numerous *wadys*, or dry river-beds, which are everywhere met with. Sometimes they are quite dry, and not a drop of water flows down them except during winter storms. More commonly the stream which once filled up a wide channel has shrunk into a streamlet, which trickles amongst the stones and sand-banks in the middle of its channel. It is said that the French troops on entering Madrid in triumph, and seeing the dry bed of the Manzanares, exclaimed, "What, has the river run away too!" This is partly occasioned by the diminished rainfall, partly by the water being drawn off for purposes of irrigation. Rivers which were once navigable to a considerable distance inland can now scarcely float a barge.

BANKS OF THE GUADALQUIVIR.

The Guadalquivir, for instance, in the time of the Romans was available for ships as high as Cordova; it now only affords a difficult and shallow channel up to Seville. The wide, stony, sandy channels of these shrunken streams add to the desolate aspect of the country.

The vegetation, too, especially of the south of Spain, is African rather than European. Hedges of cactus and prickly pear, thickets of pomegranates in the open fields, plantations of sugar-cane, groves of oranges, and tall feathery palm-trees, give a strange tropical aspect to the scenery. At Elche on the east coast, for instance, it is difficult to believe oneself in Europe. Here are groves of palm trees in wild luxuriance. Flat-roofed Moorish houses stand

AQUEDUCT NEAR SEVILLE.

amidst the giant stems and overarching branches of the forest, which stretches away into the distance as far as the eye can reach. The scene is that of Barbary or of Egypt, and the traveller needs constantly to remind himself that he is in Europe—not in Africa.

The towns and villages, especially in the south of Spain, retain much of their Moorish character. The Moors themselves were indeed ruthlessly banished or burned by the Inquisition. But they have left their mark behind them. It could indeed scarcely be otherwise. After holding the country for

eight centuries, the traces of their occupation cannot be easily effaced. In Toledo, in Cordova, in Granada, or in the older parts of Seville it would be easy to believe oneself in a Moorish or Egyptian town. The narrow streets are enclosed by high walls, almost windowless, and perforated by only a single low door. Everything looks gloomy and sombre. But peep through the iron grating which protects the doorway, and you will see a *patio*, bright with flowers, and fountains, and greenery. The windows of the chambers open into this quadrangle, and the inmates can enjoy light and air, bright sunshine and cool shade, without leaving the seclusion of their homes, or being exposed to the gaze of any not belonging to the family. This style of architecture has been handed down directly from the Moors.

And in numberless details of dress and daily life the same influence may be traced. The mantilla which forms the head-dress of almost every woman in Spain is simply a relic of the veil universally worn by the wives and daughters of the Moslem. Wander into the outskirts of any town in Spain, and you will hardly fail to stumble upon groups of ragged, picturesque varlets, lying at full length upon some sunny bank, sunning themselves, just as a group of Bedouins would do. Go out into the country, and you will hear the creaking of the waterwheel, and see the patient oxen, treading their ceaseless round, turning the ponderous machine, which has come down unchanged from the days of the Moors. The peasants of Andalusia, Murcia, and Granada are seldom to be seen without a long staff, which they grasp and carry exactly as an Arab does his spear. The velvet hat of the Spanish *majo* is clearly a reminiscence of the turban. In private houses, hotels, and cafés, servants are summoned by clapping the hands as in the "Arabian Nights."

But it is doubtless the stagnation and apathy of Spain to which the French proverb chiefly refers. And this cannot fail to impress every traveller. In Madrid there is indeed a certain amount of life and bustle on the surface; for the highest ambition of every Madrileño seems to be to make his city as much like Paris as possible. But Parisian civilisation and activity are merely a thin veneer. Beneath the surface, and in all matters of business, Madrid is as slow and stagnant as ever. Some of the towns on the east coast, Barcelona and Valencia for instance, are awakening to a keener and more active life. Their proximity to Marseilles brings them into intimate connection with that port, and they have derived a considerable amount of French vivacity from this source. There is likewise an extensive British and American trade springing up, and the bustle and energy of commerce are arousing the drowsy population from their stupor. But the change is only beginning. It has not had time to penetrate below the surface, and the surrounding country is altogether untouched by it. The Rambla at Barcelona might be the boulevard of a French town, but the side streets are purely Spanish and oriental in their character. Spain, as a whole, strikes one as being at least two centuries behind the rest of Europe, and little effort is made to recover the lost ground. To

SPANISH PEASANTS.

every proposal for improvement the all-sufficing reply is, *Mañana* (To-morrow), or *Veremos* (We'll see about it). Off the lines of railway Spain seems to have remained unchanged since the days of the Moors; and even railway travelling partakes of the drowsy and slumberous character of the country. The trains travel more slowly, stop more frequently, and linger longer at the stations than in any other country in Europe. On some of the most important lines of the Peninsula only a single train runs daily. Large gaps are left unfinished year after year which have to be traversed by diligences. Thus the main-line, connecting Cordova and Malaga with Granada, is incomplete between Archidona

THE RAMBLA, BARCELONA.

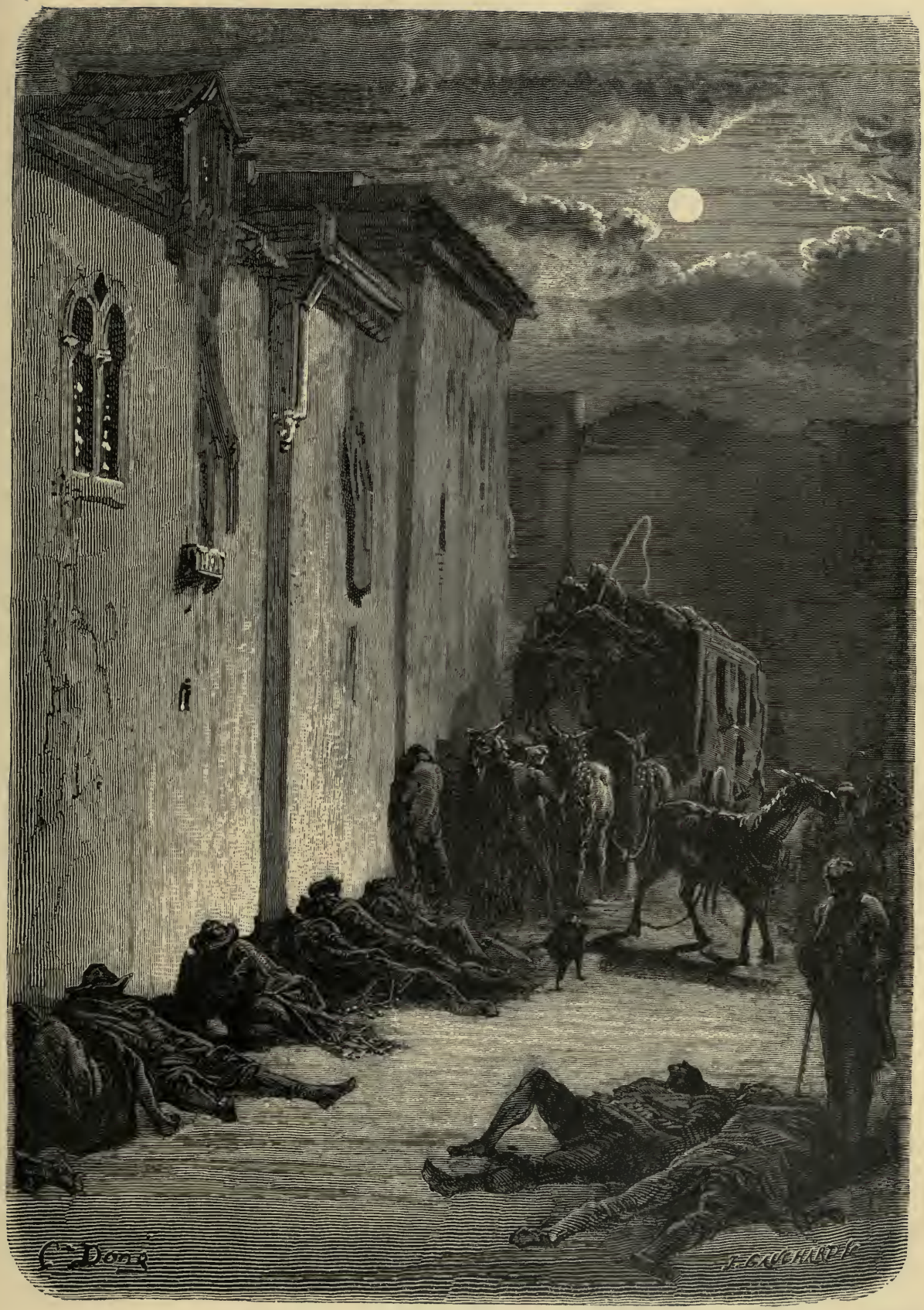
and Loja, a distance of five hours. The traveller from Barcelona, Valencia, and the other important towns on the east coast, to Marseilles, Lyons, or Paris, must spend the whole night in the diligence between Gerona and Perpignan — a journey which, having once taken, he is not likely to forget. With few exceptions the roads in the interior can only be traversed on horseback. They are a succession of holes and ruts, they cross unbridged rivers; they seem to wander aimlessly over hill and valley, and break off in the middle, like a cattle track rather than a highway. All that we read of our English roads in the days of Queen Elizabeth, may be vividly realized in the Spanish roads of to-day.

The traveller in Spain cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between the past and the present. Everywhere he meets with trophies which attest the energy and greatness of the country in former centuries. Three hundred years ago the Spanish monarchy was the most powerful in the world. The sun never set upon her dominions. But for the stubborn resistance of a few Protestants who refused to be coerced, she would have given the law to Europe. Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries were her vassals. The eastern and the western hemisphere poured their wealth into her coffers. Great public

STREET IN BARCELONA.

works were undertaken worthy of the wealth and power of their projectors. Palaces and cathedrals, convents and halls of learning, arose in stately magnificence over the land. But what their ancestors built, the degenerate descendants are unable even to keep in repair. Some of the noblest edifices of mediæval Spain are crumbling into ruins. Wherever we turn we are confronted by the evidences of a glorious past, and of a base and ignoble present.

What has caused this degeneracy? What has made Spain sink from the



NIGHT DILIGENCE BETWEEN GERONA AND PERPIGNAN.

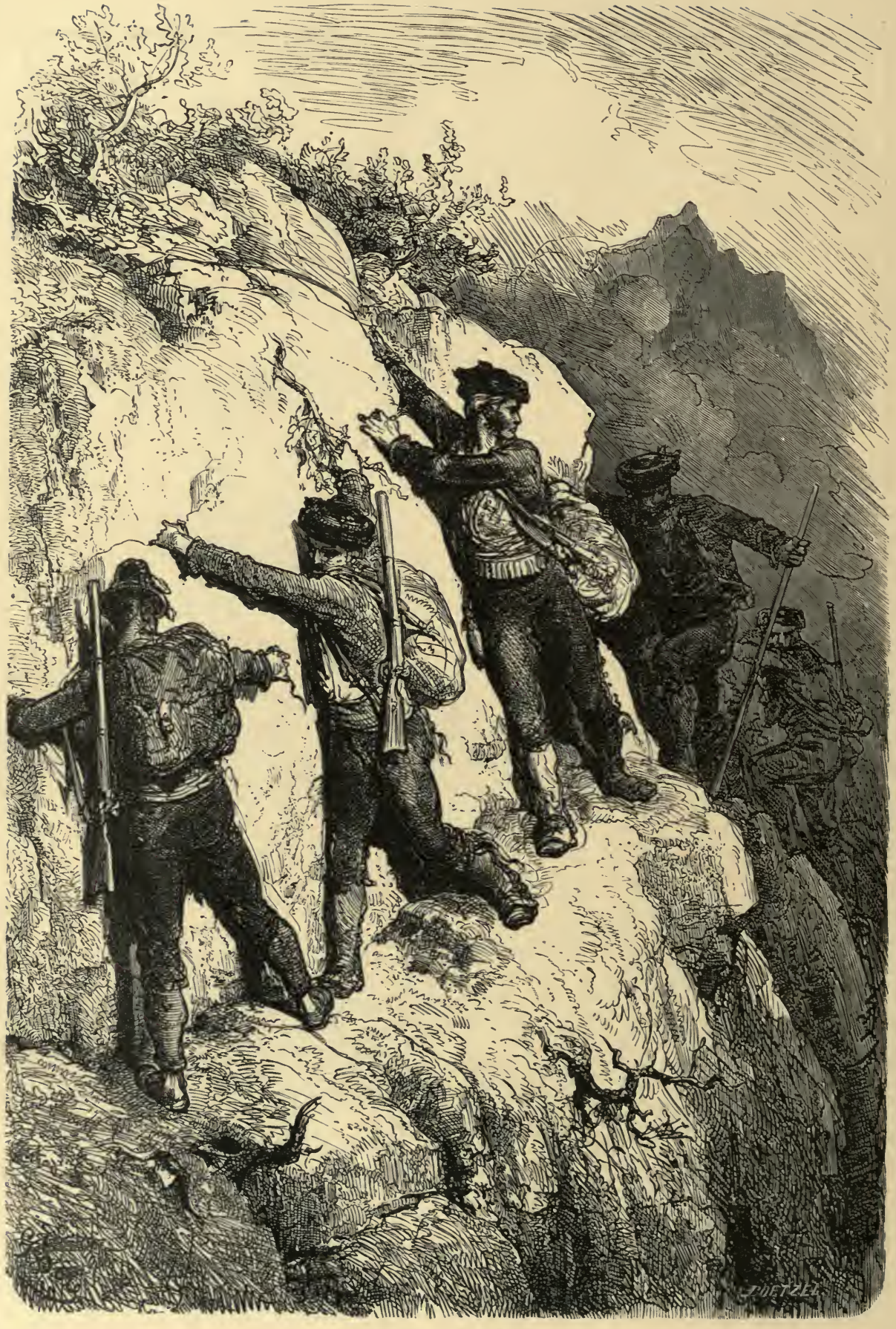
first to the last place amongst the nations of Europe? Only one reply is possible. The iniquitous Inquisition crushed out all freedom alike of thought and action. The most intelligent and industrious of her population were burned or banished. Moor, Jew, and Protestant indiscriminately, were sentenced to the flames. The dread tribunal had its officers and its dungeons in every town, its spies in every house. No man was safe except by a mute, unquestioning submission. The highest personages in the state were not above its reach; the meanest and poorest peasant was not too obscure for its notice. Beneath this crushing, blighting despotism, all freedom and all courage perished. For three centuries Spain has been suffering the penalties of her slavish submission to Rome. The last few years have seen the power of Rome broken; a violent reaction against the priesthood has set in; defiant infidelity threatens to take the place of blind, bigoted superstition. The transition is natural and common. In proportion as the Spaniards discover how much their country has suffered under the tyranny of the Papacy, is likely to be their tendency to reject all religion, for they have known no religion save that of Rome. After many generations of absolute uniformity of religious profession, Spain is now divided into two hostile camps. On the one hand, there are those who, terrified at the rapid spread of infidelity, cling more blindly and tenaciously than ever to the superstitions of their fathers. These are confronted by great masses, who, confounding all religion with superstition and priestcraft, are beginning to say that there is no God. This religious antagonism is echoed and reflected in the political confusion which prevails. The Carlists insist upon and fight for "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." The Federal Republicans, pushing their theories to the extreme, threaten the disintegration of Spain into a loosely connected cluster of semi-independent provinces. The stern repressive tyranny of former ages is rapidly passing over into a lawless anarchy. It is impossible to mix with the people without being impressed by the dangers with which Spain is thus threatened.

A careful examination of the condition of Spanish society left a strong conviction on the mind of the writer, that the only hope for the country lies in the Gospel. This alone can rescue Spain from the degrading slavery of the past, and yet preserve it from the excesses and licentiousness of an infidel reaction. It can give true liberty, and, at the same time, teach those whom it has emancipated how to use the freedom it has conferred. It has indeed been the fashion to affirm that spiritual and evangelical religion can never take root in Spain, and that the genius of the people requires that religious truth should be embodied in ceremonies and symbolical forms. The experience of the last few years disproves the assumption; there is scarcely a considerable town in Spain in which the gospel is not preached in its plainest and simplest form; and wherever preached, multitudes gather to hear the word. In many places the congregations are in excess of any accommodation provided for them. Thousands have thrown off the yoke of Rome, and professed their

adherence to Protestantism. As the writer of these pages contrasted the glories of the past with the degradation of the present, as he investigated the causes of that degradation and sought for the remedy, he felt himself forced to the conclusion that, in a sober, rational religious freedom, there is yet hope for Spain. True emancipation can only come through the freedom wherewith Christ makes his people free. To Spain, as to all the world besides, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

PASS IN THE PYRENEES, NEAR PERPIGNAN.

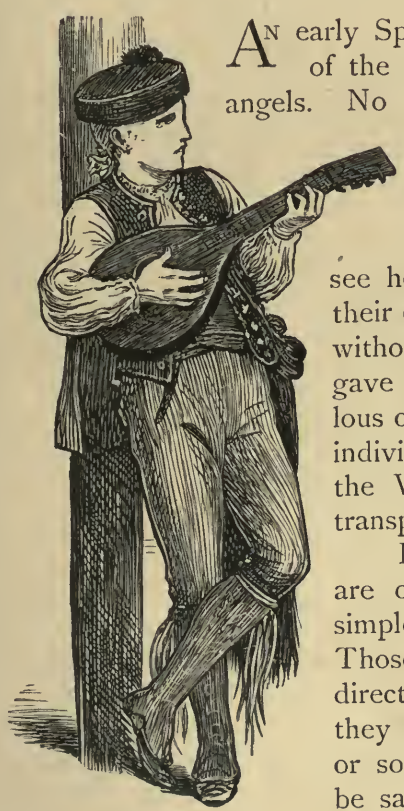
# PARIS TO MADRID.




SPANISH CONTRABANDISTAS.

# PARIS TO MADRID.

VARIOUS ROUTES TO MADRID — THROUGH FRANCE — BORDEAUX — THE LANDES—THE PYRENEES — BAYONNE—BIARRITZ—SAN SEBASTIAN—BILBAO—CORUÑA—THE SPANISH ARMADA — SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELLA — SPANISH DILIGENCES — IRUN — SPANISH CUSTOM-HOUSE — BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES — THE BASQUES — VITTORIA—BURGOS—INCIDENT IN SIEGE OF BURGOS—SPANISH BEGGARS—THE CID—VALLADOLID—AVILA.



An early Spanish historian maintains that the first settlers of the Peninsula were borne thither through the air by angels. No other mode of conveyance was deemed worthy of the dignity and grandeur of the nation about to be founded; and Castilian pride had fixed the date of the settlement so soon after the creation of the world, that it was difficult to see how the aboriginal inhabitants could have reached their destination in any other way. Subsequent writers, without committing themselves to this hypothesis, yet gave it a respectful consideration. The age was credulous of marvels; and it was a matter of faith that, not individuals only, but considerable edifices—the house of the Virgin at Loretto, for instance—had been thus transported from land to land.

In these prosaic and degenerate days aërial flights are out of the question. We are reduced to the simple alternative of reaching Spain by sea or by land. Those who select the former mode of transit may sail direct to Gibraltar, or, crossing France to Marseilles, they may take passage thence to one of the eastern or southern ports of Spain. There is something to be said in behalf of either of these routes. But the majority of tourists will find as much sea in the English Channel as they care to encounter, and will prefer to complete their journey

by land. They will then have a choice between two lines—the eastern and the western. The Pyrenees can only be crossed by wheel-carriages at the two extremities where the mountain range subsides into the sea. The passes


CHIEF RAILWAYS IN SPAIN.

which lie between are only available for stout pedestrians or for muleteers. The boast of Louis Quatorze, "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrenées*," is not yet quite fulfilled.

Of these two routes, the western, by way of Bordeaux, Bayonne, and Irun,

is the easier, and the speedier. The railway is complete for the whole distance. On the eastern side it is as yet unfinished, and the journey from Gerona to Perpignan has to be made by diligence.

Let us enter by the western and return by the eastern route.

No railway journey through central France can be very interesting. The scenery is never grand, seldom even picturesque. The line runs through a level plain, "flat, fair, and fertile." There are no hills, and but few trees. The absence of hedgerows gives the country a bare formal look to one accustomed to the rural scenery of England or of Normandy. The route to Bordeaux however, is not devoid of interest. Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, are passed in succession. Glimpses of most of them may be gained from the railway in hurrying past. It stirs one's blood to hear the names bawled out at the stations, as one remembers the great part which our forefathers played through all this region. To one who has a few hours to spare they can scarcely be spent more pleasantly than in lingering amongst these mediæval towns, where Joan of Arc and the Black Prince, "old John o'Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," our Henrys, and our Edwards have left indelible traces of their presence.

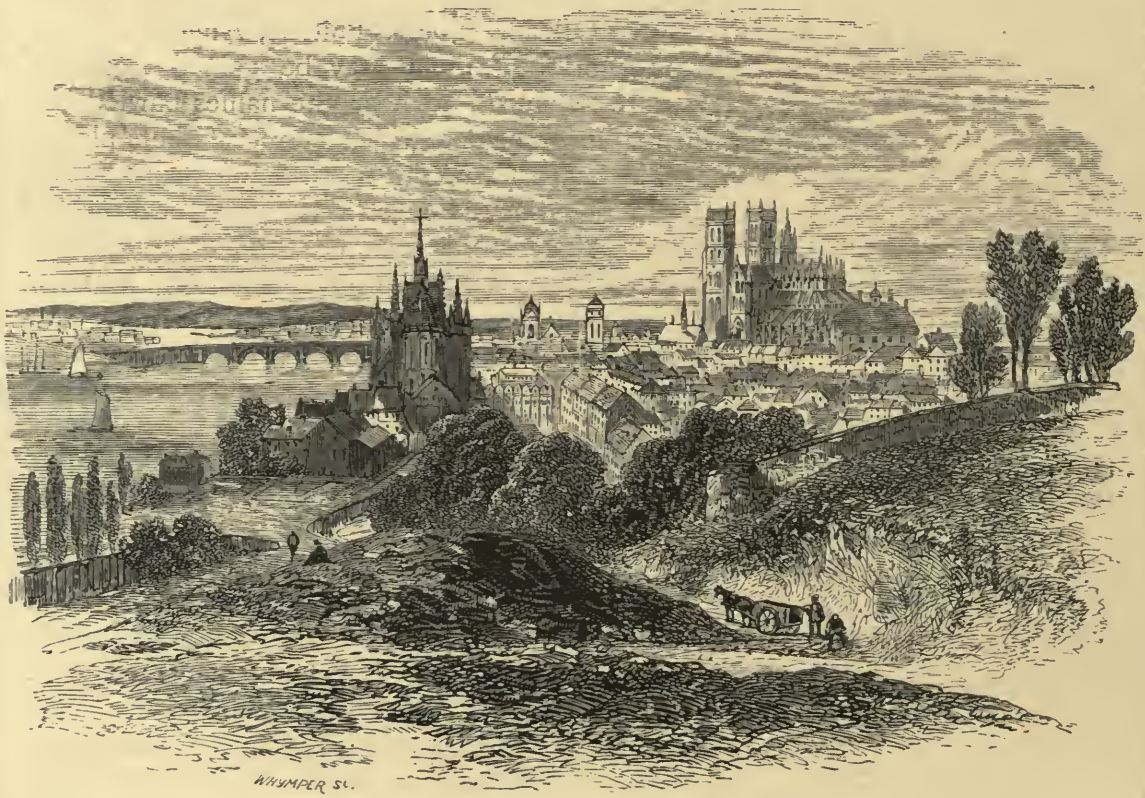
Bordeaux offers a convenient and agreeable resting-place in the long journey from Paris to Madrid. It is one of the finest maritime cities in Europe, with broad boulevards, fine open squares, and public gardens of great beauty and extent. It lies in a semicircle round its noble harbour, which is commonly full of vessels, and the line of quays remind one of an English port from their activity and bustle.

The journey onward from Bordeaux leads across the Landes. A few years ago this district was the most desolate and barren which can be well conceived. The desert of Sahara could scarcely present a more monotonous and dreary waste. Sand borne inland by the violent winds from the Bay of Biscay formed a vast plain, which produced little except a meagre crop of prickly shrubs, and of withered stunted grass. A few flocks of sheep and goats wandered across the desolate plains and picked a scanty subsistence amongst the sand-hills. They were guarded by a half-savage race of shepherds, who from early childhood were acccustomed to walk on stilts. It was a strange sight to see a family—men, women, and children—stalking across the endless plains raised far above the ground, clad in sheep skins, and followed by immense Pyreneean wolf-dogs.

It has been found, however, that parts of the Landes which were thought to be hopelessly barren may be made productive as pine forests. Large tracts have been enclosed for this purpose, and the railway now passes through leagues of young plantations, which are a source of great wealth to the proprietors. The rude denizens of the Landes resent this intrusion into their domains, and destructive fires have broken out by which many valuable forests have been

destroyed. These are suspected, not without reason, to have been the work of incendiaries. But resent and resist it as they may, the onward march of civilization continues to invade the soil. Year by year the number of stilted Landais diminishes. Pine forests and cultivated fields now occupy the region where a few years ago the traveller only saw barren plains.

As Bayonne is approached the Pyrenees come into view. To one accustomed to the Alps the Pyreneean range wants grandeur. There are no vast sweeps of glacier and snowfield like those of Switzerland. In the whole chain

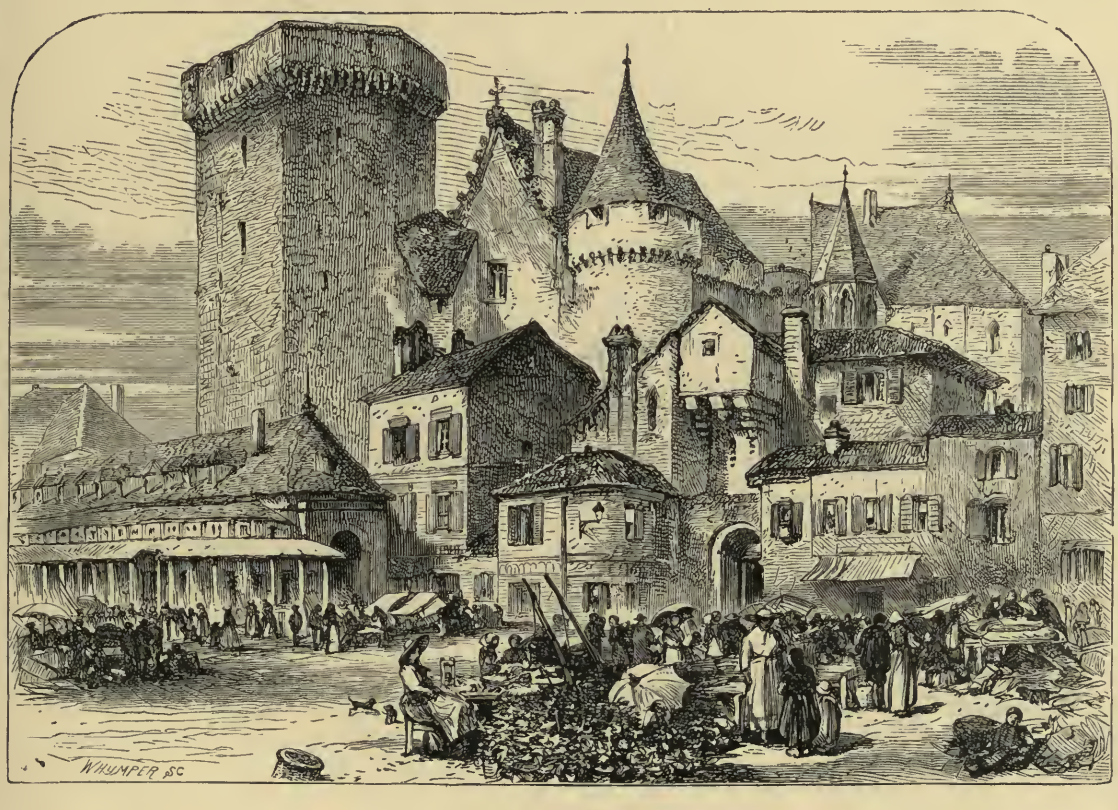



ORLEANS.

there is no *coup d'œil* which can compare with that from the Gorner Grat, the Wengern Alp, or the Brevent. But the Pyrenees have a charm and beauty of their own. The stiff, formal, and wearisome succession of pines is exchanged for rich masses of chestnut and beech. In the judgment of many persons, the picturesque variety and glowing colour of Pyreneean scenery affords an ample compensation for the want of Alpine grandeur and sublimity.

Entering Spain during the present year, I saw the Pyrenees under exceptionally favourable circumstances. The night had been wild and stormy. As the day advanced dense thunder clouds still overspread the sky. But gradually

they gathered themselves around the mountains, veiling them in almost pitchy darkness, whilst the Bay of Biscay, which just then came into view, was radiant in sunshine. The waves seemed to leap into light and to laugh for joy. The contrast was most striking. On the left hand all was gloom and darkness. We could hear the thunder bellowing among the hills, and see the clouds cleft in twain by the "quick cross lightning." But on the right all was brightness and joy. The sea bore no traces of the storms of the previous night, and the mountains in their hugeness seemed to set the tempests at defiance. One could




ANGOULÊME.

not but think of Him "who by his strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power; which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people."

Bayonne, though French, bears unmistakable traces of its proximity to Spain. The shops have their signs painted in both languages. The bullock-carts, the trains of mules and asses with gay trappings of scarlet worsted, the canvas shoes with hempen soles worn by the peasantry, the peculiar forms of the earthenware, are all Spanish. But the bustle and activity of the streets,

the architecture of the houses, the habits of the people are distinctively French. Africa does not begin till we have passed the Pyrenees.

A short distance from Bayonne is Biarritz, which under the patronage of the late imperial family became the most fashionable watering-place in France. Its nearness to the Spanish frontier doubtless first commended it to the notice of the Empress. But it needs no such adventitious aid to account for its popularity. Looking out upon the open sea, the great waves of the Atlantic roll right into the bay, and break in trampling thunders upon the beach; the beach curves round in a semicircle for miles, the smooth sweep of pure white sand broken by picturesque rocks, and rock-pools of crystalline clearness, at

SAN SEBASTIAN.

frequent intervals; and the Pyrenees come down almost to the water's edge, giving a succession of noble inland views.

Tourists proceeding direct from Bayonne to Madrid will reach the frontier at Hendaye soon after passing Biarritz. But those who propose to visit the north-western provinces—the Asturias, Galicia, and Leon—may advantageously deviate from the ordinary route and avail themselves of a steamer which sails from Bayonne for San Sebastian, Bilbao, Santander, and Coruña. Some magnificent coast scenery is passed, and in fine weather the trip is a most enjoyable one.

San Sebastian stands out finely as it is approached from the sea. Its

rugged cone of rock, surmounted by the citadel, rises to a height of four hundred feet. The destruction of the ramparts has diminished its importance as a military post, but it is rapidly becoming a fashionable resort for sea-bathing. The town is bright and cheerful, and is charmingly situated at the foot of the rock and along the isthmus which connects it with the mainland. No Englishman can pass this spot without mingled feelings of pride and sorrow. The readers of Napier's *Peninsular War* will remember how desperately the French

BILBAO.

maintained their last position here, and with what dash and daring the British soldier advanced from trench to trench, and foot by foot, until its final overthrow, amidst blood and carnage such as we shudder to contemplate. Among the survivors of that awful struggle was the "gallant young Campbell," afterwards Lord Clyde, who gained his first laurels at this eventful siege.

Bilbao, without much to attract the traveller, is a quaint interesting town. The narrow irregular streets—too narrow to admit two carriages abreast—the massive houses, with immense projecting roofs, the picturesque dresses of the

Basque peasantry, and the life and bustle inseparable from a seaport, even in Spain, make a few hours pass away very agreeably.

Santander is simply a thriving seaport, and contains little to detain the tourist or to call for description.

Coruña is interesting from its historical associations. It claims to have been a Phœnician and Carthaginian settlement, and it seems probable that the lighthouse just outside the town was already in existence at the time of the Roman occupation. In the early maritime history of England it holds an important place as the Groyne—a corruption of the French name *La Corogne.* Here John of Gaunt landed to claim the crown of Spain (1386), and hence Philip II. sailed to marry our Queen Mary, hoping thus to unite the crowns of Spain and England. When the Invincible Armada was seriously damaged by storms off Cape Finisterre it put into the Groyne to refit. The English government, deceived by the assurances of the Spanish Court, had given way to a false security, and believed that no invasion would be attempted, at least for that year. The nation was undisciplined and unprepared to meet so terrible a foe. But for the inevitable delay in the port of Coruña the result might have been far different. But he must be blind indeed who does not see the hand of God in the whole history of this memorable assault upon our religion and liberties.

Six days after sailing from Coruña, on Friday the 29th of July, 1588, the fleet sighted land off the Lizard, and were soon detected by those who were looking out.

> "It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day
> There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
> The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
> At rest, at twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile." *

That day and night ten thousand beacon-fires were lighted up throughout the length and breadth of the land. All along the southern shores from Land's End to Margate, from the watchers of the undercliff of the Isle of Wight to the dwellers in the northern border land, the warning flames flared forth, telling Englishmen that at last the hour was come when they must meet the enemy.

At this great hour of agony and peril the mercy of God graciously supplied all that was lacking. The courage of the Queen and people was high; the hour of danger drew them closer in heart together; the most magnificent efforts were made for the defence of our shores. Better still than all, the voice of prayer and supplication was heard throughout the land, prayer and supplication that was fully and beyond measure answered. In looking back upon this period of our national annals, it is delightful to see how firm and high was the trust and faith of good men in the power of God to aid, help, and deliver them. The Queen called upon the lieutenants of counties to be active in their raising of horse and foot, "considering those great preparations and

* Macaulay.

arrogant threatenings, now burst out in actions upon the seas, tending to a conquest wherein every man's particular estate is in the highest degree to be touched, in respect of country, liberty, wife, children, lands, life, and that which specially is to be regarded, for the possession of the true and sincere religion of Christ." There was a great gathering of soldiers at the camp of Tilbury, and the Queen herself day by day was to be seen amid her soldiers. At certain times solemn supplications were heard; divers psalms," says an eye-witness, "put into form of prayers in praise of Almighty God, no ways to be misliked, which she greatly commended, and with very earnest speech thanked God for them."

The armada slowly sailed up the Channel; vast galleons, with many decks and floating towers, showing like castles on the deep. From the very first there were not wanting signs to show that the presumptuous title of the Invincible Armada was as vain as proud. The chapels, pulpits, and gilded Madonnas in some of the galleons did not save them from suffering severely from a gale; the galley-slaves arose in one of the vessels and made their escape to France; the English hanging on their rear captured some of their most richly-laden vessels. The Spanish ships passed the dangerous rocks of the Eddystone, then unilluminated by friendly lighthouse; the good people of Plymouth watched them, wondering when the attack would come; the big vessels lie becalmed on St. James's Day below the white cliffs of Freshwater; watchers from the downs of Brighton and from the heights of Hastings might see the vast array, in silent magnificence, sweeping slowly onwards. The English incessantly hung upon their rear during that six days' progress up the Channel, with sharp fighting prosperous to their arms. The great issue was deferred until the Spaniards should be in the narrow seas. At such a time thus writes Sir Francis Drake, "We have the army of Spain before us, and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. With the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Maria among his orange-trees. God give us grace to depend upon Him, so shall we not doubt victory, for our cause is good."

On Saturday afternoon, August 6th, the great fleet was lying in the Calais roads. Along the low, sandy shore lay the host of ships, the largest and the most heavily armed in the world. Face to face, almost within cannon shot, were the English, in their comparatively tiny vessels. At this point was to be accomplished the junction with the veteran army of the Netherlands under the renowned Farnese. Providentially Dutch war-boats were swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of the Flemish shores to prevent this, thus repaying the deep debt of gratitude under which the brave Netherlanders lay to the English. "Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais," says Mr. Motley. "It was a pompous spectacle, that Midsummer night, upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking, by the morrow's night,

upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland, upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvoes of anticipated triumph, would they not, by daybreak, be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?" Sunday morning—a day much to be remembered—dawned upon the two navies "calmly gazing at each other, and rising and falling at their anchors as idly as if some vast summer regatta was the only purpose of that great assemblage of shipping."

That memorable Sunday prayer arose, simple and solemn, throughout the land:—"Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech thee, from the hands of our enemies." The Queen herself composed a prayer, found in a MS. in the British Museum, which she sent to "the general of her Highness's army at Plymouth" as her private meditation: "Most Omnipotent and Guider of all our world's mass, that only searchest and fathomest the bottom of all hearts' conceits, and in them seest the true original of all actions intended, how no malice of revenge or quittance of injury, nor desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of lucre, hath been the resolution of our now set-out army; but a heedful care and wary watch that no neglect of foes or over-surety of harm might breed either danger to us nor glory to them; these being grounds, Thou that didst inspire the mind, we humbly beseech, with bended knees, prosper the work, and with the best forewinds guide the journey, speed the victory, and make the return the advancement of Thy glory, the triumph of Thy fame, and surety to the realm with the least loss of English blood. To these devout petitions, Lord, give Thou thy blessed grant. Amen."

The commanders of the English fleet determined to send out fire-ships against the Armada. It was just midnight, and all was still save for the unquiet surge of the waters and the sobbing gusts of a coming tempest. Suddenly the waters became luminous. Six flaming vessels bore down upon the Armada. A horrible panic seized upon the Spaniards: they burst into shrieks and outcries. Confusion and flight indescribable everywhere prevailed. When the morning broke, the English found that they had to encounter a broken and demoralized armament. For some time the contest continued, victorious on the side of the English, but a mightier than any human hand interposed to terminate the struggle.

The weather had, on the whole, been moderate, although there had been heavy seas, and threatening signs, but now the wind shifted. A terrible gale came on, a gale more terrible than had ever before been known at that season of the year. The English fleet was scattered, and many of the ships came into great peril, especially "among the ill-favoured sands off Norfolk." Within four or five days, however, they all arrived safely in Margate roads. Far different was the fate of the Spaniards. But Mr. Motley will best tell the story.

"Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMADA.

between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway and between the savage rocks of Faröe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet, which claimed the dominion of the seas; with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish vice-royalty."

Within two months from the time of his sailing out of the Groyne, the Duke of Medina Sidonia crept back into the harbour of Santander, with the shattered fragments of his mighty armament.

Such was the end of the Spanish Armada. All that incalculable expense, all those enormous levies had shrunk away to this miserable conclusion of a lamentable expedition. Our nationality was saved to be preserved for noble and Christian uses. The invader could not avail aught against

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

"Their invincible and dreadful navy," said Sir Francis Drake, "with all its great and terrible ostentation, did not in all their sailings about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."

It was not till this terrible danger was past that Elizabeth made that memorable address to her army with whose burning words most of us are familiar. But this circumstance does by no means detract from the greatness of the great Queen. It was yet possible that the Armada might halt and make a descent on this coast. The great army of Spain was still on the opposite shore. It was fully expected that the contest would yet be fought out on English ground. That noble speech we now give: "My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to

live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust."

The gratitude of the nation rose high to heaven for the merciful deliverance vouchsafed. Queen Elizabeth publicly attended service in St. Paul's Cathedral, surrounded by her great captains and statesmen, and with banners and trophies. Throughout all the churches of the land were raised "public and general thanks

TOWN AND BAY OF CORUÑA.

unto God, with all devotion and inward affection of heart and humbleness, for his gracious favour extended towards us in our deliverance and defence, in the wonderful overthrow and destruction showed by his mighty hand on our malicious enemies the Spaniards, who had thought to invade and make a conquest of the land."

The time of reprisals followed. It was a favourite amusement with Drake and his companions to dash into some Spanish port, Cadiz, or Vigo, or Ferrol,

and "singe the King of Spain's whiskers," as they contemptuously phrased the daring exploit. Coruña, the harbour whence the Armada sailed, was specially marked out for vengeance. It was taken by Drake and Norris, with only twelve hundred men, in the year following the defeat of the Armada.

Yet once again Coruña was linked with our national history. Here Sir John Moore turned to bay against the overwhelming forces of Soult. With only about thirteen thousand men he repelled the attack of the French army, which mustered twenty thousand, and inflicted upon them so sharp a defeat as to secure the unmolested embarkation of the troops. His last words as he died in the moment of victory were, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice." An urn of granite marks the spot where—

> "We buried him darkly at dead of night,
> The sod with our bayonets turning,
> By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
> And the lantern dimly burning."

About thirty miles from Coruña is the famous shrine of Santiago de Compostella. Among the absurd and incredible traditions of the Romish Church few are more absurd and incredible than those which connect themselves with the posthumous visit of St. James to this spot. It is alleged that the Apostle after he was beheaded went on board a boat at Joppa; some declare that the boat was the stone coffin in which the headless trunk was laid. It immediately set sail and reached the coast of Spain in seven days. Coming ashore, the body was deposited in a cave consecrated to Bacchus, where it remained for eight centuries. At the end of this period the body of the saint was manifested by heavenly lights which shone above the spot. Taken from its resting-place, wild bulls, "impelled by divine inspiration," came and drew the body to the city of Santiago. Here a cathedral was built, pilgrimages were instituted, and wealth poured rapidly upon the bishop and the clergy of the church. The apostle, in grateful recognition of the honours thus conferred upon him, came to the help of the Spaniards against the Moors. In one battle—that of Clavijo—he slew sixty thousand Moslems single-handed, and secured the victory to his votaries. Saint James was already the patron saint of Spain, and from this time *Santiago* has been the war-cry of her armies. His church at Compostella was for many centuries one of the most popular shrines in Europe. In the year 1434, no fewer than two thousand four hundred and sixty pilgrims came hither from England alone.

Travelling in this district is slow and difficult. Railways have not yet penetrated it, and the roads are execrable. Even in Spain, where the communications are the worst in Europe, the roads of Galicia and the Asturias are proverbial for badness. The ruts are so deep that the vehicle often sinks

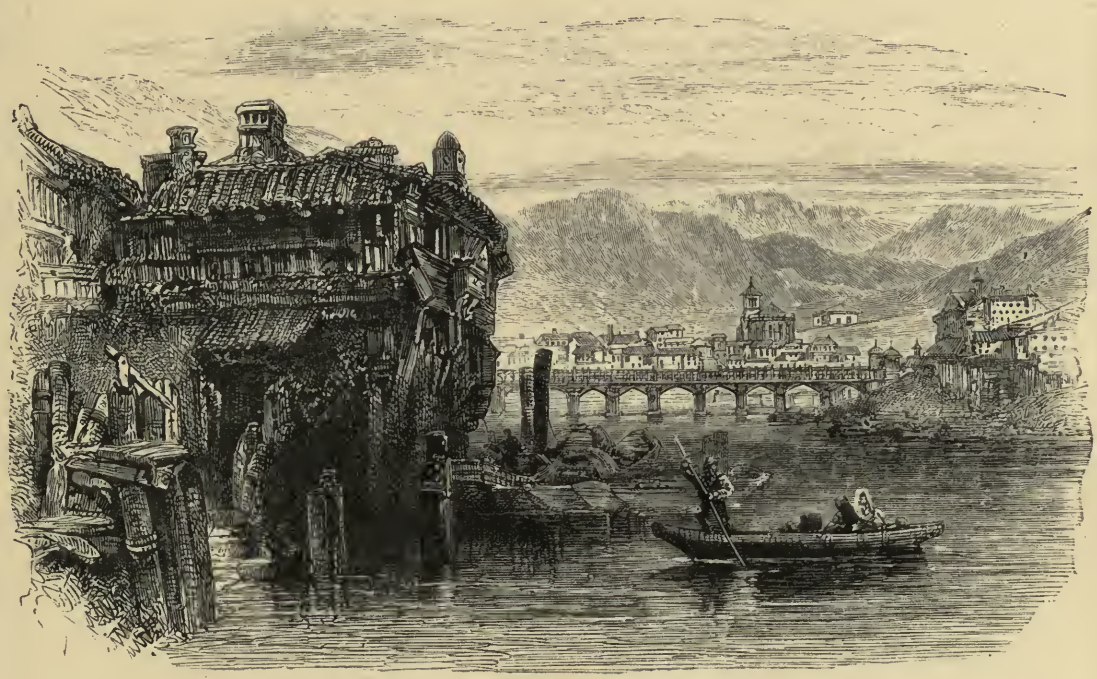
in them up to the axles, and bridges across the streams seem to be the exception rather than the rule. The old lumbering diligence, which elsewhere has been improved off the face of the earth, is here found in its aboriginal clumsiness. Take the coupé of a railway carriage, fix at its back an old ramshackle post-chaise, add to that a small omnibus, hoist on to the top a Hansom cab without its wheels, place in front of all a bench for two drivers, harness to it by ropes any number of mules and horses from six upwards, and a tolerable imitation of the Spanish diligence will have been produced. A postilion rides on and manages the front pair. The *mayoral* or conductor and the coachman drive those which follow. The coachman gets down at frequent intervals to flog the animals which are beyond the reach of his whip, and to fill his pockets with stones. Jumping back to his perch in front, whilst the machine is at full speed, he keeps up a volley of missiles at the indolent or refractory members of his team till his pockets are emptied, when he again alights for a fresh store of ammunition. After a few days' or even hours' experience of travelling by what is gratuitously miscalled a diligence, one is in a condition to appreciate the luxury of a railway carriage, even though it be a Spanish railway. It is with aching limbs and joints wellnigh dislocated that the tourist reaches Villafranca, and takes his place by *ferro carril* to Palencia, where he joins the main line direct from Paris to Madrid.

TRAVELLING IN THE ASTURIAS.

EXAMINATION AT THE CUSTOMS.

Full of interest as are the north-western provinces of Spain, it is but a small proportion of tourists who are disposed to spare the time or endure the fatigue needful for their exploration. The great majority of travellers keep to the railway, which soon after leaving Bayonne and passing Biarritz crosses the frontier at Hendaye. Here or at Irun the baggage has to pass through the custom-house for examination. The Spanish official is not very troublesome or exacting. Perhaps he pries less curiously and suspiciously into the contents of a portmanteau than is done

elsewhere. But his slow dogged imperturbability is more irritating than the vivacious impertinence of the French *douanier*, or the boorish rudeness of our English custom-house officer. The traveller, eager to snatch a hasty mouthful of food at the buffet, is shut up for an indefinite time in the *sala de descanso*—a bare, dirty, draughty room, without seats or furniture of any kind—waiting the leisure of the officials. The door being at length opened into the *despacho de los equipages*, the crowd rush headlong in and find the luggage laid out on long tables. Each man must discover his own belongings, get them together, open them, and again wait the convenience and pleasure of the custom-house officers, who are probably smoking and gossiping in the middle of the room. The Frenchman manifests his impatience at the delay by voluble complaints



IRUN.

and incessant grimacing; the Englishman thumps loudly upon the table, and shouts "Holloa, look here;" the Spaniard, accustomed to such detentions, lights another cigarette and smokes the pipe of patience, on the carpet of resignation, beneath the canopy of tranquillity. After awhile it seems to occur to one of the gentry in the middle of the room that it may be well to examine some of the baggage. He comes listlessly forward, thrusts his hand to the bottom of a valise, turns out its promiscuous contents, nods his approval, and rejoins his companions, regardless of the impatient protests of the waiting crowd. Another and another of the officials suddenly wakes up to a sense of his duty. Some-

times half a dozen travellers in succession are let off with a hasty glance, then an unlucky wight sees his boots, shoes, collars, shirts, and writing materials littered in a confused heap on the floor. At length the search is concluded, and the train goes on its way.

The defiles of the lower Pyrenees are soon reached, and we are in a district over which for more than a thousand years the tide of battle has flowed. Victorious or defeated armies—Gallic, Roman, Goth, Moor, Spanish, French, British—have poured through these narrow valleys, or done desperate battle amongst these rugged hills. Here

> "Charlemain and all his peerage fell
> In Fontarabia."*

And here, when ten centuries have passed away, the Bidassoa was crossed at Fuenterabia, and the Duke of Wellington fought his last battle on the soil of Spain.

We are now entering the Basque provinces, and come into contact with a race of people distinct not only from the rest of Spain but from the rest of Europe. Their language has no affinities with any Aryan dialect. It has, however, so many points of resemblance to the Finnish, as to afford support to the conjecture that it represents the language of an aboriginal race who peopled Europe before the Celtic invasion, and who have been pushed back and swept aside by race after race till at last only these two obscure vestiges remain of what was probably the earliest of the existing populations of the Continent. That the language is exceedingly difficult to acquire and to pronounce may be gathered from the Andalusian proverb that "The Basques write Solomon, and pronounce it Nebuchadnezzar."

These linguistic and ethnological peculiarities have always kept the Basques

* So say the romantic and legendary chronicles of the middle ages, in which the "dolorous rout" of Roncesvalles plays so important a part. Stripped of its fictitious adornments, the true history of the battle seems to be as follows: Charlemagne, remembering the danger with which the Moors in Spain had recently threatened Europe, led two armies across the Pyrenees in the spring of 778, and gained important successes over the Moslems. In the autumn of the same year he returned to France. The Christians of the Pyrenees, who were more jealous of their Frank than of their Mohammedan neighbours, together with some of the Moorish chiefs, concerted an attack upon the retiring army as it repassed their mountains. An ambuscade was formed in the dense forests which clothe the steep and rugged rocks through which the valley of Roncesvalles winds. The main body, commanded by the king in person, was allowed to pass unassailed; but when the rear-guard, in charge of the baggage, and under the command of the gallant Rutland, or Roland, or Orlando, as the name is variously spelt, were toiling up the narrow and tortuous defile, the mountaineers rushed upon them from their concealed fastnesses. The Franks made a desperate but vain resistance. They were slain almost to a man, the baggage was plundered, and the assailants dispersed with the spoil to their mountain strongholds before even the tidings of the attack could reach the king. When he did hear of what had happened, he at once retraced his steps, but it was too late.

apart from the rest of Europe. They have little intercourse with either their French or their Spanish neighbours. They retain a proud independence of all foreign control, and refuse to submit either to regular taxation or to a military conscription. In lieu of these they furnish an annual voluntary subsidy and contingent to the Spanish government. Though bigoted Roman Catholics, they retain many pagan usages in their worship, such as offerings of food on the tombs of deceased friends, for the use of the departed spirit. Lord Carnarvon waxes enthusiastic in their praise. He describes them as "trained to habits of self-reliance by centuries of self-government; freemen in spirit, not in name only; drinking in with their mothers' milk a love of justice and a reverence for law; in thought sober, yet independent, and wholly without fear, except the honest fear of doing wrong; models of ancient manners, and not unfrequently of manly beauty; faithful friends, generous hosts, simple, yet inflexible observers of their word."

For the following interesting, graphic, and truthful sketches of a brief residence amongst the Basques we are indebted to Miss E. J. Whately.

"On Wednesday morning we went over San Sebastian, and saw what there is to be seen there: a beautiful view of sea and rounded cliffs, not unlike Howth Head, and a fine sweep of sandy beach; a cheerful market-place, where I stood and sketched two or three old women with long streamers and orange handkerchiefs; and a church, where a confirmation was going on, which gave us an opportunity of seeing a number of the people of the city—ladies in mantillas. Many of them came from real Spain: slight, graceful figures; splendid, glossy black hair, really like a raven's wing, and exquisitely arranged, with the light net fall of the mantilla down over it, and hanging over the face; bright eyes, and a general effective look, making them seem prettier than, when studied, they really were, though many were in fact exceedingly handsome. The lower order, with long plaits hanging down their backs, were a very good-looking race, and with a most agreeable, intelligent expression. At eleven o'clock we left San Sebastian, and a pleasant drive of two or three hours brought us to a little village, where the horses baited.

LADY WITH MANTILLA.

"Here we spent two hours, and this was the way we employed them:—We walked down to the beach, where bold rocks stood out against the broad Atlantic, whose waves came with a rolling dash up on the smooth sands, giving promise of what they would do when lashed into rage. Then we sat

down to eat bread and cold chicken, and to be watched by a whole bevy of handsome, barefooted children, seemingly just out of school, some carrying babies, and altogether making a party of twelve or fourteen at least, full of curiosity to see the strangers; for I suppose English, or indeed any travellers, are not very common. At first we felt it a little troublesome to be so surrounded; but we soon found that these Basque children were so well-behaved that they did not worry us. They asked for nothing, and only sat watching our proceedings, and, on receiving bread and bits of biscuit, divided them without roughness or scrambling. They chattered in Basque to

AMONG BASQUE CHILDREN.

each other; but all understood Spanish except the very little ones. Some of the girls of ten and twelve were lovely little creatures, with sweet, intelligent black eyes and lissom figures. I began a sketch of some of the party (to get all into a group would have required longer time than I had to give). A dear little black-eyed damsel, with a baby brother in the usual swaddling-clothes of this region (*i.e.* a yellow cloth skirt and a heap of promiscuous jackets bound together with red or brown festooned ribbons), sat opposite me, and, with three or four more boys with blue and red berrets, and little girls in charming variety of striped and coloured garments, made a pleasant picture, and gave great delight. One big lad of thirteen was sent to fetch some water for us to drink, and showed much intelligence and most courteous

manners. I thought I would risk some hymns for him, though a tract I was rather afraid of, as he still went to school, and was of course under the priests. But, after ascertaining that he could read Spanish, I began, in the best Spanish I could master, to tell him I had got a *canto* here which was very good and nice, and I would give it him. So I gave one to him, and one to a girl who seemed anxious to get it. The boy kissed the paper with gratitude, and said a verse aloud to me, at my request. I then said, as I was walking along the sands with him, 'You see, it is said here, "Jesus is my Friend, my King,"'—pointing to all the titles given in the hymn—'so Jesus is *all;* it is necessary to believe in him for all: nothing else; he is all.' My Spanish would not go much further than this very humble attempt at instruction. How I did long to have them all in a really Christian school. Those bright eyes showed such intelligence: is it all to be wasted? God grant that a Biscayan missionary may yet come to these hills, and gather a sheaf for the Lord of the vineyard!

"We had a rather windy drive in the afternoon, which made the clouds hang over the mountains, so that they did not look their best; but it was a fine and varied scene, and Ezpeitia perfectly lovely. It was yet daylight when we reached that little town, famous as the birthplace of Loyola, and possessing a college, where those mischief-mongers his followers have a head-quarters.

"The town of Ezpeitia is hardly more than a village, but old and very picturesque. It stands in a wide valley of rich meadows, with a rapid trout-stream running over stones and rocks in the midst of it, and a whole circle of mountains of various heights round it, some bare, and showing thin grey limestone, others broken by cultivation, and clumps of foliage, cork-trees, oak, and beech. The hotel, *alias* fonda, *alias* parador—the last is the favourite term here—astonished me by its cleanliness, compared to what we had heard of Spanish inns. Some friends had told us that the inns in Biscay were dirty, the food very bad, and the people uncivil. Our short experiences were exactly contrary. The inn at Ezpeitia was very decent, as well as delightfully picturesque: the *salon* windows opened on little balconies, embowered in apricot-trees trained over them, and covered with bright green fruit; dark polished floors were here, though somewhat uneven; and there was a Rembrandt-like kitchen, where a benevolent-looking old dame, with a white kerchief on her head, presided over the cookery, which, when served up, proved remarkably good.

"Early next morning I was at the window, looking out at the pleasant scene, and enjoying a quiet bit of time before my companion was awake. The proper Spanish breakfast is a tiny cup of chocolate, without a saucer, a couple of small sweet cakes or a morsel of bread, a large glass of water, and a sugarilla, made of sugar and white of egg, to put in the water. The people were all exceedingly courteous and civil. I have never met pleasanter manners than those of Spanish Basques. Afterwards we set out for the Jesuit college

and church, very beautifully situated about a mile from the town, and well worth sketching, from its graceful Saracenic style. However, I preferred making my drawing at a point some distance from the building, and letting

PASS IN THE PYRENEES ABOVE EZPEITIA.

the rest of the party go on to visit the interior. While I was drawing, a venerable-looking poor man passed by, and stepped back to glance at my picture. So of course I had a little bit of chat, as far as I could manage, and gave him a tract. At first he would not take it, and I was feeling disappointed;

but it came out that he refused, thinking it was the only Spanish book I had, and that I would want it to learn Spanish. 'Toma señor,' said I, earnestly; and he thanked me, and took it and went on his way.

"Leaving Ezpeitia we ascended a mountain, so steep that two stout oxen were harnessed to the carriage in front of the horses. It was a mountain pass, on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, and a very beautiful one in many ways. The foliage was exceedingly fine and luxuriant; such groves of beech in all the splendour of their early summer green, and with merino sheep feeding under them, and grey rocks jutting out amid heath, and fern, and grass, adorned with tufts of blue columbines, and a pretty pink blossom. The cottages of the Biscayan peasantry were an unceasing object of admiration, being of picturesque forms, and white or buff-coloured, with red-tiled roofs and little wooden balconies with vines trained over them, and just the happy mixture of neatness and neglect that comes best into a landscape; on the whole, far superior to the French. The farming, too, was pronounced better by those of our party competent to judge: certainly the land between the rocks and ravines seemed very fertile, and most carefully laboured, if in somewhat primitive style. The men, driving a simple plough, or working up the land with great forks, were usually attended and aided by their little boys; and women, with white sleeves and blue skirts, tucked up so as to show a red petticoat, were busy weeding. The oxen here are much finer and larger than the Bearnese: they are shod with iron, like horses. The carts are very primitive, having solid wheels, which must be very heavy, and make a great creaking: the effect is odd, used as we are to spokes in wheels.

"By half-past six we reached Tolosa, our next halt; a very pretty town, but not in such scenery as Ezpeitia. A brisk river runs through it, which is turned to account for two manufactories—one of cloth from the merino wool, the other paper. This is a great thing for so small a place, and improves it much, by giving employment. Between Tolosa and Pampelona is no town,—nothing but miserable villages, where no one would sleep unless in very sore necessity.

"At an early hour all were up. The morning was brilliant, and the little river sparkled as we crossed the bridge. A real mountain pass, equal to most of the Swiss passes, only without the snow-peaks, was now our route. Here in winter it is cold enough for snow, but not so late as this; indeed the sun was exceedingly hot, but a breeze, which in some of the ravines became a wind, prevented it being at all oppressive.

"A small village, within the borders of Navarre, and situated between two splendid passes, is the usual and only rest between Ezpeitia and Tolosa. A house where a toll had to be paid marked the boundary, and a huge chain hung before it, which we were told was put up at night just across the road. This chain marks the line between Biscay and Navarre. On the Biscay side no man can be taken by conscription for a soldier, for the Basques will not submit to this. They often enlist voluntarily, and make good soldiers; several

generals of note have been Basques; but force they will not stand. The few people we saw were much less dark than the Spanish Basques, and not so well-looking. The road has so much traffic with merchandise for San Sebastian, that a posada with plenty of stabling and food is found there. It was a real Spanish posada—the ground-floor all occupied by stables full of newly-arrived mules and horses, and pigs running about on it. Through this we had to pick our steps to a staircase not of the cleanest, and came to a picturesque kitchen, where huge logs lay on the floor endways to the fire, above which swung a pot. Everything was in primitive style. In a room opposite a number of muleteers and carters were eating and talking. Up another flight of dirty stairs, we reached the grand guest-chamber, which, if not clean, was not actually filthy. The windows, as in all the common houses in Navarre, were mostly of wood: in the cottages nothing but wooden shutters are used, with a peep-hole for cold days. They brought us some odd kind of broth with bread boiled in it, which is not bad; then a plate of *garbanzos;* and then some lamb roasted in pieces as big as one's hand, and very good, in spite of a *soupçon* of garlic. The Spanish cooking is certainly maligned, at least in the north. We got good fare everywhere; and this was a mere posada, frequented by natives. Excellent bread, and good wine with a rather pleasant astringency, were liberally supplied.

"While the horses were putting to, I went down among the carters, and managed to catch two by themselves, to whom I gave a tract, which was accepted willingly; and, after we had started, the one who had taken it was observed reading so attentively that his oxen had actually come to a dead stop. I have not dared to give tracts in a large circle for fear of mischief. The road now lay through another pass, celebrated as the scene of much guerilla warfare, and, I suspect, of sundry robber exploits also. Baptiste, our *cocher*, told many robber tales to raise our spirits; but the patrol is pretty watchful, and by day there is no danger. One part of this pass is called the Two Sisters (*Dos Hermañas*), being the name of two magnificent rocks of different sizes, which stand sentinels on each side of the road. Green slopes surround them, with short brushwood, and a stream flows beneath, where there is a little establishment of iron-works, which does not injure the scene. Here we got down and sat a short time to draw, though not nearly long enough, but as long as was prudent; for, as it was, we barely reached Pampelona by daylight.

"After the Dos Hermañas the mountains gradually lowered, and at length we came to a district much inferior both in beauty and fertility. The villages were still pretty, but the land was monotonous and poor-looking. Pampelona stands well, however, with a range of low hills gradually rising in the distance; and its fine fortifications and beautiful citadel-towers, one above another, and the old Spanish houses with their numerous windows and varied shades of buff and pinkish walls, are all worth seeing. Though a small town for one of such

importance, it is well built and compact, and clean, as far as we could see, after having walked over a great part.

"It was late on the Friday evening that we arrived at Pampelona, and nothing could be done that night, except to scrape up our Spanish words, in order to get what the weary 'outer man' needed in various ways; for though I do think the Spanish inns, at least in Biscay and Navarre, have been maligned, still, if any one expects, on arriving at this, the capital of the province, to find, in the best inns' best rooms, ewers, and towels, and water, and tumblers, and so on, he will be disappointed. Clean beds, on iron steads, were a great point, and the stone floor, was covered with a matting, which hid the dust nicely; only the maid had forgotten to sweep under it the former occupants' half-burnt cigars! Little tripods answered to hold basins, and *aqua fria* and *pano de maña* were soon added by Antonia or Dolores. It sounded rather like a story than reality to hear these graceful names shouted about.

"On Saturday we 'did' Pampelona pretty completely. First, we walked about the streets, staring, like savages just come to a civilized country, at the queer little shops and the ladies with their graceful mantillas. I have not seen one bonnet here, and our hats are stared at as novelties by all the lower orders. I do not see so many really handsome faces as in San Sebastian; but all are graceful, and, with coloured shawls under the mantillas, look perfect pictures; some, in deep crimson, scarlet, or maize-coloured silk, and cashmere shawls, black dresses, and mantillas, look very nice. If the shawl be an innovation, it is an improvement. An old gentleman, called Don ——, has been exceedingly civil to us all. He was an old political exile, and for years resided in England. He possesses considerable property, and, belonging to one of the old Navarre families, is much thought of. He took us over the cathedral, of which the cloisters are very fine and old, and showed us every antiquity that could be seen. In the cathedral, mass going on, the Don took us to an inner part, where we sat on beautiful carved wooden seats, and listened to some very singular, though fine music. It was so rapid: I never heard sacred music so quick.

"We spent our Sunday in Pampelona. Early in the morning we went for a quiet walk. The view from the ramparts was splendid. I had no idea, in the haze of Saturday, what an extent of mountains was visible; the deep blue of those more distant heights, and the warmer tints of those nearer, rising from the plateau on which the eminence stands on which Pampelona is built. The river, fringed with cypress, poplar, and elm trees, runs just below the fortifications. After a service in our rooms, we separated, as the others wished to walk, and I required a quiet time. Later in the afternoon I joined them in the 'Paseo,' or promenade, close to the hotel. I put on for this walk—as it was now become quite mild, yet without much sun—the new mantilla I had purchased the day before. As I went down-stairs I peeped into the kitchen to ask one of the women if it was put on right, and the fat landlady

and one of the others rushed to look, and to insist on rearranging it, and sent me forth with expressions of satisfaction. It is a singular thing that a mantilla is a dress which becomes almost every woman, of whatever age or complexion; nearly every one looks graceful and modest in it, which is no small advantage. Elderly women, who in a bonnet full of flowers would look hideous, appear dignified and handsome with the black lace folds round their heads.

"The day we left Pampelona proved the most lovely of all our lovely days: both weather and scenery were delicious. The Spanish mountain country is truly splendid in many parts, and if not equal in some points to that of Switzerland, the inferiority is nearly made up in others, such as a finer climate and more transparent colouring. In flowers it seems deficient, but higher up a great many are found, especially earlier in the year. We had brought a cold fowl (and a tough one it was) from Pampelona, as this was not a place where any inn was found, only fodder for cattle, etc.; but we procured some of the excellent bread baked by the good woman of the house. We sat on the hill-side by a little stream to eat; and the young man of the house sat down to look at us, on seeing which I gave him a tract, which he read attentively till his mother called him down for some work, and then he pocketed it with *mil gracias*.

A BISCAYAN CART.

"In the evening we reached a sweet little village called Mogaire. The air was quite balmy as it blew softly across from the garden of a wealthy marquis near the river, whose roses grew down to the water in rich profusion. The fonda was clean and comfortable, and the people extremely civil. The rooms, though small, were decent, and the linen clean and plentiful. The white-washed walls did not boast a looking-glass in any of the chambers, but we dressed without its aid. I rose early, and went down to sketch a pretty little stone bridge. I went first to the kitchen for a drink of milk, and there saw the morning toilet of the two nice little girls of the house. They came down in petticoats and chemises (a jacket being added later in the day, if not too hot). The hair was knotted in tight plaits, and as rough as a furze-bush, but a smooth of the hand was all it got. Then the elder washed the little one, Tomasita, by dipping her hands in water and rubbing her face very slightly, ditto to hands, without soap,

and this was all. The *cocher* said to me that the elder girl, Astora, wished for a little book, he having told her I had some; but I only gave her an hymn. I made a sketch at the other side of the house, and while thus occupied there came a respectable-looking man with a leather bag, as if he were a letter-carrier or something of the sort, and stood at the bridge waiting for some one; so I took occasion to have a little chat with him, first offering a tract, which was gladly accepted. I asked if he had ever read of a certain man called Matamoros. No, he never had. I gave a brief account of his imprisonment and its cause. If this man would have consented to give up his Bible, I said, and to say whatever the priests told him, he would be safe now, instead of in 'el carcel;' but he would not, because he knew the Bible was the word of God. All men have a right to read it, therefore. 'Ah, la palabra de Dios,' said the man, 'we know little of that here. We have not the word of God here,' he added, with a half-sorrowful, half-puzzled look; then, turning to his book, he began reading some of it, and presently said, 'This is good,' pointing to a text quoted. 'Well, that is from the word of God; and this also,' said I, pointing to another passage. 'It is all true in this little book, and you will find much of God's word in it.' We left Mogaire with regret, for it is a charming spot; but the long journey before us made it needful to get off soon after seven o'clock. I gave two more tracts, one to the landlord and another to a friend who was chatting with him at the door.

"At mid-day, after a drive through very fine scenery, perhaps a little overwooded, but still very agreeable, we came to a small place, where the horses had to bait. It was the last village of Navarre on this side, and a very picturesque spot, full of old gabled houses, built with wooden shutters instead of glass, for the most part trellised with vines, and altogether picturelike. We scrambled up a bank just outside the village, to get under a spreading beech-tree, and there made our breakfast, or lunch, with the delicious white Spanish bread—hot from the baker's oven in the village below—and water as cool as heart could wish from a neighbouring spring, added to a fowl brought from Mogaire. While standing in the shade to get out of the glare, I was accosted by a woman carrying a pitcher. She thought I looked warm, and showed true Spanish courtesy by instantly pouring out a glass of cider which her pitcher contained, and offering it to me. The courteous manners here are remarkable, and the politeness to women is quite different from what we find in France.

"The route now lay along the beautiful little river Bidassoa, which divides France from Spain in this part. The steep cliffs are fringed with box and heather, and have charming variety and beauty. We saw a curious way of bringing boats up the river here. They are flat-bottomed, the water being very shallow, and the men punt them down, carrying oxen in them, and then take a cargo of stores for the glass-works somewhere in Spain, and make the oxen wade, drawing them along up the stream. The effect is the oddest possible.

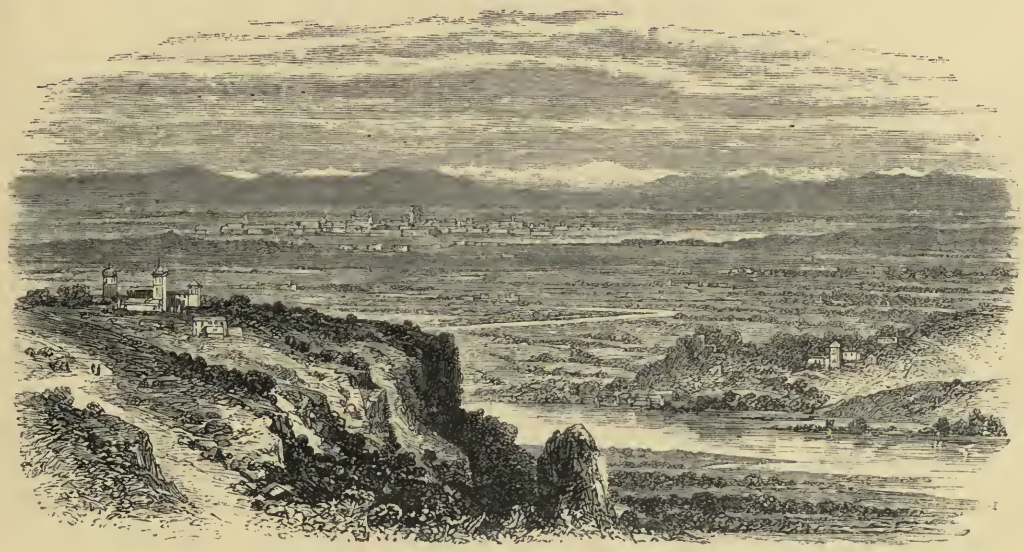
The wind was just enough to blow up a good deal of dust, and soon after re-entering Biscay we stopped at my request at a pretty *quinta*, or farm, to ask for water. I got down to ask for it, as the best able to speak, and I saw such a sweet group: a benevolent elderly woman, with three pretty girls, all washing at a rivulet near the house. I asked for water, and they brought me cider with most courteous hospitality. These were Spanish Basques, as much handsomer than the French Basques as is generally said to be the case. I talked a little with the old dame, and, finding her daughters could read, offered a tract to her for them, the one containing 'There is a fountain,' and several others. She looked rather doubtful, apparently having never heard of a hymn in her life, and said, 'What is it?' I said, 'Listen: I will read,' and read her a verse of 'How sweet the name.' 'Is that good?' 'Si, si, buena,' she replied, and took my hand, which she warmly shook, looking into my face with a pleased yet wistful expression in her fine eyes. I never saw a sweeter countenance. May the 'nombre dulce' become dear to her through His own goodness and grace, making light to shine in a dark place!"

The scenery at the foot of the Pyrenees quite deserves the praise which Miss Whately bestows upon it. It is often rich and always picturesque. The traveller is constantly reminded of the lower slopes and spurs of the Jura. The contour of the hills is the same, and the *flora* and *fauna* are not dissimilar. But as we proceed southward the scene changes. The railway runs along a high table-land, the most barren and desolate which can be well conceived. Bare sterile hills, brown or grey, thickly strewn with granite boulders, succeed one another. League after league is covered with blocks of grey stone. Far as the eye can reach, it is a wilderness of stones, of all forms and sizes; sometimes piled up like the ruins of some Titanic fortress; sometimes strewn over the surface of the ground, with a thin scanty vegetation growing up in the interstices; sometimes receding for a narrow space so as to allow of rude cultivation and a meagre crop of grass. With rare intervals of comparative fertility, this stony desert continues till far past Avila, and nearly to Madrid. Dawn brightens into day, morning passes into noon, noon darkens into night, as the trains travel on, and still there is the same wearisome succession of barren stony hills. The towns of course are few. Of the detached houses and scattered hamlets which brighten our English scenery with suggestions of rural life there are almost none. From Tolosa to Vittoria, a distance of about fifty miles, there are scarcely fifty houses.

Vittoria claims a passing notice. It is a town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, the streets are dark and dirty, its Alamedas—the Florida and the Prado—however are bright and cheerful. Every Spanish town has its Alameda; an avenue of trees with flowers, shrubs, and fountains, where the whole population meet in the evening, to promenade and gossip, to see and to be seen. However dull, dirty, and dilapidated the town may be, the Alameda is bright and lively. The ladies in their mantillas are graceful and picturesque.

Spaniards who live in abject poverty at home contrive to make a good appearance out of doors, and the shady avenues and broad walks of the Florida and the Prado at Vittoria, offer a gay and lively spectacle in the evening.

But it is the memory of the battle (June 21, 1813), by which Wellington cleared the French out of Spain, which detains the British tourist here. For four whole weeks had the English army marched, crossing Spain from the Portuguese frontier till within a short distance of France, before the French commanders could find a position in which it was possible to fight. At Vittoria, however, they must needs make a stand, for the army was so encumbered with baggage, that to retreat in the face of the English commander would have been ruin. Yet to fight a battle was nothing less. Driven from position to position, their rout became total, and the retreat a disorderly flight. One of their own



VITTORIA.

generals confesses, that "they lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers: even the generals and the officers escaped with merely the clothes on their backs, and often barefooted." King Joseph's carriage, his plate, his jewels, his pictures, all were captured. "The soldiers of the British army," said Wellington, "got among them about a million sterling in money, with the exception of about one hundred thousand dollars, which were saved for the military chest." Marshal Jourdan's baton of a marshal of France was found among the plunder, and sent to the prince regent of England, who remitted to Lord Wellington, in return, that of an English field-marshal.

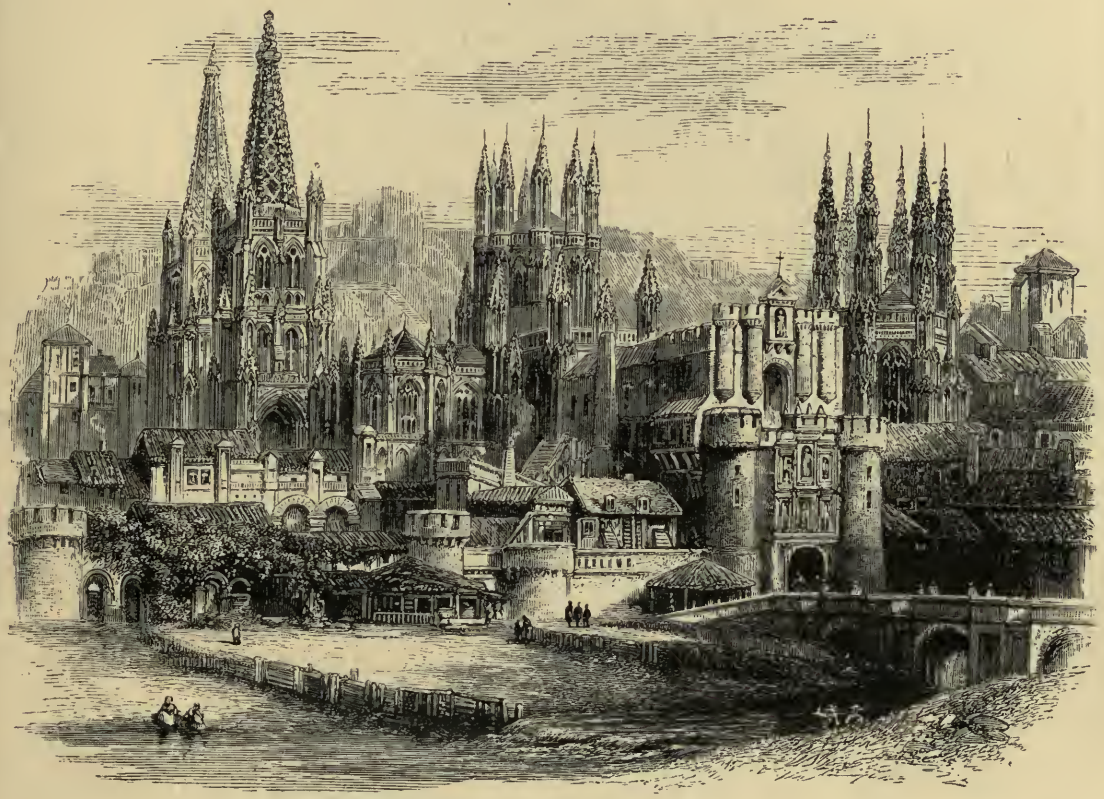
Some hours after leaving Vittoria we reach Burgos, a city of much greater interest in every way. Its cathedral is one of the finest in Spain, or even in

Europe. At first view one is almost bewildered by the spires and pinnacles which rise into the air. From the hill overlooking the town it forms a magnificent pile of massive towers, surmounted by light airy tracery in which the solid stone has been wrought into the finest lace-work. The nearer approaches are disappointing from the mean and beggarly houses which crowd upon and obstruct the main edifice in every direction. But "on entering it one is literally dazzled by the elaborate richness of the gilded carvings: the whole interior may be said to present one uninterrupted mass of florid decoration of the most faultless design." Notwithstanding the gorgeous and elaborate richness of the painting, carving, and gilding, there is nothing tawdry or in bad taste. This is due partly to the massive grandeur and vast size of the edifice, partly to the fact that the brilliancy of the colours has been subdued by age; and partly to the general sombre tone which modifies, without impairing, the richness of the general effect. The afternoon sun streaming through the windows of the principal tower upon the magnificent gilded *retablo*, which glows with light and colour, whilst the rest of the cathedral is in deep shadow, produces an effect which once seen can never be forgotten.

This noble pile has been in more imminent risk of destruction than is commonly known. One of the last surviving actors in the famous siege of Burgos by the Duke of Wellington, was the veteran Sir John Burgoyne, who, having fought under Sir John Moore at Coruña, commanded the artillery through the Peninsular War. He told the writer, that during the siege, a party of French *tirailleurs* stationed in the spires and towers of the cathedral, picked off the British officers and men with their rifles whenever they exposed themselves. The fine and delicate tracery of stonework in which the marksmen were placed protected them from musketry. They could only be dislodged by cannon, which would have brought down the edifice in ruins. It was a matter of anxious discussion amongst the artillery officers whether it would not be needful to commit this act of vandalism, in order to preserve their men. The troops at the front, whose lives were exposed, began to complain of the delay in carrying into execution the requisite measures for their protection. It had become necessary to take immediate action in the matter, when a change in the position of affairs relieved the officers in command from the painful necessity, and saved the cathedral.

The city of Burgos is a perfect type of Spanish poverty and retrogression. Dull, dirty, and dilapidated, without trade or manufactures of any kind, it swarms with idlers and beggars. There are hundreds of starving hidalgoes in the streets, whose only apparent business in life is to promenade to and fro, carefully adjusting the *capa* of their capacious cloaks, so as to screen themselves from every breath of wind. It is curious to watch one of these stately gentry solemnly pause before coming to the corner of a street, in order to rearrange his mantle against the new current of air to which he is about to expose himself. To the true Castilian nothing seems so dreadful as fresh air

unless, perhaps, it be fresh water. It used to be said that every drop of water that came into Madrid was drunk. Even the beggars of Burgos stalk about, with a stately stride, muffled up to the eyes in tattered and threadbare cloaks, which they adjust with as much care as do their betters. They swarm in all the streets. They crowd all the approaches to the cathedral. They line the flights of steps which lead up to it. They hang about the doors. They pounce upon the visitor from behind the columns in the interior. How and where they live is a mystery. One of the baneful influences of ecclesias-



BRIDGE, GATEWAY, AND CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

tical domination in Spain has been its patronage and promotion of mendicancy. And Burgos with its numerous capitular and ecclesiastical hangers-on has become a perfect hot-bed of beggars.

The visitor to Burgos at the present day would not easily conjecture the important place which it once held in Spanish history. This dull and stagnant city was the centre of the national life of Spain. The first onward rush of Mohammedan conquest swept over the whole country. What remained of the Gothic monarchy was shut up in the north-west corner of the Peninsula.

The fastnesses of the Asturias and the defiles of the Pyrenees held all that remained of Christian Spain for many generations. The Asturian mountains proved to be the birthplace and cradle of the Spanish monarchy, as distinguished from the old Gothic kingdom. These inaccessible fastnesses had kept at bay the legions of Imperial Rome nearly a thousand years before; and they now defied all the attacks of the impetuous Moslem.

The resistance of these remote tribes soon became known to the conquerors in Andalusia, and about seven years after the first landing of the Moors, we find a force marching towards the Asturian mountains, by the command of Alhaur ben Abderahman, then the viceroy of the caliph in Spain. This expedition was commanded by Alxaman, and it was accompanied by Oppas, formerly a Christian archbishop, but now a renegade. The Moors reached the mountain-boundary, the natural defence of Asturias, and began to ascend without fear the defiles of Mount Auseva, near the River Sella. But Pelayo and his Cantabrians had taken measures for the defeat of the advancing foe. They had accumulated on the mountain-side vast quantities of stones, loose rocks, and other missiles; and when the Moorish force had sufficiently involved itself in the pass or defile a deadly discharge of this hill artillery commenced, against which they could find neither defence nor means of retaliation. Thrown into confusion, the Moors retreated; but the Asturians rushed down from their hiding-places, and fell upon the fugitives with such fury as to convert the Moorish defeat into a disgraceful rout. The Moslem leader, his colleague Suleyman, and Oppas the renegade, all perished; and so disastrous was the affair for the Moors, that we hear of no second attempt of the kind until the days of Almansor, more than two centuries after. The Asturian leader, now the admired and beloved defender of his native land, reigned, without further question, for about twenty years, dying in 737—the first king of Asturias; which kingdom gradually became united with, and merged in, Castile and Leon, and finally grew up into Christian, or "Catholic" Spain.

Of this new kingdom Burgos became the capital. And here, in the year 1625, when Sancho III. sat on the throne of Navarre, was born Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid. He was fifth in descent from Lain Calvo, one of the two nobles, who as "Judges of Castile," had ruled the kingdom with a firm, wise, just hand. The rude chair in which they administered justice is still preserved in the Casa de Ayuntamiento of Burgos, and their effigies are carved in front of the grand old gateway of Santa Maria, looking down upon the bridge over the Arlancon, by which the city is entered.

Whilst Rodrigo was a mere boy, his father Diego Lainez was grievously insulted by the arrogant and powerful Lozano Gomez, count of Gormaz, who struck the old man in the presence of the king and court. His elder brothers lacked courage to avenge the indignity received by their father, but Rodrigo challenged the insolent noble to a single combat. At first the stripling was treated with scorn, and Don Lozano threatened to have him flogged like a

BEGGARS AT THE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

page. But at length, according to the rude justice of the time, the battle was fought, and the Count of Gormaz slain. His daughter Ximena came to the king at Burgos in deep mourning, followed by a train of maidens, and demanded vengeance upon his murderer.*

"Justice, king! I sue for justice—vengeance on a trait'rous knight:
Grant it me!—so shall thy children thrive, and prove thy soul's delight.
Like to God himself are monarchs set to govern on this earth,
Treachery and crime to punish, and to honour truth and worth.
But the king who doth not justice ne'er the sceptre more should sway—
Ne'er should nobles pay him homage—vassals ne'er his hests obey:
Never should he mount a charger—never more should gird a sword—
Never with his queen hold converse—never sit at royal board.†
Look ye, king, what is my lineage—of those heroes is my blood
Who around the brave Pelayo few but firm in battle stood.
Were I not a noble maiden—were I e'en of low degree—
Thou wert bound, king, to avenge me of my high-born enemy."

Her eye then fell on Rodrigo, who stood among the attendant nobles, and she assailed him with vehement and passionate denunciations:

"Thou hast slain the best and bravest that e'er set a lance in rest,
Of our holy faith the bulwark—terror of each Paynim breast.
Trait'rous murderer! slay me also! Though a woman, slaughter me!
Spare not—I'm Ximena Gomez, thine eternal enemy!
Here's my throat—smite, I beseech thee! smite, and fatal be thy blow!
Death is all I ask, thou caitiff,—grant this boon unto thy foe."

Rodrigo made no reply, but vaulting into his saddle, rode away. Again and again did Ximena come before the king, clamorous for justice. The monarch was in perplexity. He exclaimed: "God in heaven help me, and lend me His counsel! If I imprison the youth, or put him to death, my Cortes will revolt for the love they bear him. If I fail to punish him, God will call my soul to account." He summoned the young Ruy Diaz to his presence, and, as an escape from his difficulties, proposed to him a marriage with Ximena. The wooing thus strangely begun, prospered marvellously. Ximena became a fond and faithful wife—the proverb and model through Spain, even to this day, of all that a wife should be; whilst Rodrigo, or Ruy, as he is more commonly called, was the very type and beau-ideal of the valiant knight, the

* The Ballads and Chronicles of the Cid are among the oldest and most interesting remains of early Spanish literature. For these brief extracts we are indebted to the spirited translation and graphic narrative of Mr. George Dennis, in *The Cid: a Short Chronicle founded on the Early Poetry of Spain.*

† Literally, "to eat bread from a table-cloth," which must have been a luxury in those days.

*chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche.* All the virtues and all the vices of chivalry were concentrated in his person. Loyal to his king, faithful to his friends, fearless in danger, versatile and fertile of resources in perplexity, profusely generous to his followers, courteous to his enemies, he was nevertheless utterly unscrupulous when he had an end to serve; and in war he had no pity on either age or sex. In the cathedral at Burgos is suspended the famous coffer which he filled with sand and pledged to the Jews as security for a loan, assuring them that it contained gold and jewels. It ought to be added that when he came into possession of funds he repaid the loan.

From the time of his marriage to his death he was engaged in almost ceaseless conflict with the Moors. One of his campaigns against them—a fair specimen of all the rest—is thus narrated by Mr. Dennis:

"No sooner had he crossed the border than he began to make war on the Moors. He first took Casteion on the River Henares. He approached the town by night, and lay in ambush near the walls.

'Now breaks the dawning in the east, and cometh in the day;
The sun upriseth he—great God! how beauteous is his ray!'

The gates of Casteion were opened, and its inhabitants came forth to their labour; then the Cid, the Fighter of renown, quitted his ambush, and ere the gates could be closed against him he entered them with all his host. It is recorded that he slew eleven Moors with his own hand:

'And thus he won Casteion, with its silver and its gold,'

of which there was great abundance, for every knight had one hundred marks of silver, and every foot-soldier had half as much, to his share. The fifth of the whole booty fell to the Cid, and he sold it to the Moors of the neighbourhood for three thousand marks.

"Not long did he abide in Casteion, fearing he might be pursued by King Alfonso: and he soon bent his steps to Alcocer, another stronghold of the Moors, to which he laid siege. After beleaguering it for fifteen weeks in

vain, for it was situated on a steep and lofty height, he had recourse to a stratagem, and took the place much in the same manner as he had taken Casteion. He abandoned his camp as though he had raised the siege, and when the Moors flocked out of their gates rejoicing, he spurred back to the town, crying—

'On, on, my knights, and smite the foe!
And falter not, I pray!
For by the grace of God, I trow,
The town is ours this day!'

and ere long his banner was floating on the ramparts. Out then spake my Cid, 'Thanks to the God of Heaven and all his saints, we have now better lodgings for both men and horses. List to me, Alvar Fañez and all my knights! — the Moors and their women left in this castle we cannot sell, and to cut off their heads would nothing profit us. Let us dwell in their houses, and make them serve us, for we are now lords over them.' Howbeit he was not left in tranquil possession, for the Moorish king of Valencia gathered a great and sovereign host, and besieged him in Alcocer, and so numerous was the foe that my Cid forbade his men to sally forth to the battle. When three weeks had passed, the Cid called a council of war; and Alvar Fañez Minaya thus spake:

'Far from our land, from fair Castile,
We here are banishéd;
If with the Moors we battle not,
I wot we get no bread.

THE CID.

Though few, we are of one land, of one soul, of one will, and with God's help we will go forth to meet them.' This counsel pleased the Cid well, and on the morrow he sallied forth at the head of his host. He gave his standard to Pero Bermudez, his nephew, forbidding him to spur forward with it save at his command; but no sooner were the hostile forces met in battle array, than the fiery youth, unable to control his ardour, spurred into the thick of the foe waving the standard and shouting—

'I go to place thy standard in the midst of yonder host.'
'Now stay thee, stay thee,' cried the Cid, 'I wot it will be lost!'
'Fear not!' quoth bold Bermudez, 'I will safely bear it through.'
Away, away, he spurreth fast against the turbaned foe.

Then the Moors opened their ranks so as to close them again on the standard, but Bermudez defended himself valiantly, yet it would have gone hard with him had not the Cid brought his force to the rescue. Thus shouted he as he headed the charge:

'Smite, smite, my knights, for mercy's sake, on boldly to the war!
I am Ruy Diaz of Bivar, the Cid Campeadór!'

Three hundred lances then were couched, with pennons streaming gay—
Three hundred shields were piercéd through—no steel the shock might stay—
Three hundred hauberks were torn off in that encounter sore—
Three hundred snow-white pennons were crimson-dyed in gore—
Three hundred chargers wandered loose—their lords were overthrown;
The Christians cry 'St. James for Spain!' the Moormen cry 'Mahoun!'

"Every man of the Cid's knights overcame his adversary. How well did my Cid fight on his gilt-pommelled saddle! So fierce was the onslaught, that in a little space of ground there fell thirteen hundred Moors, among them two of the three kings who headed their host. The third, with the remainder of the Paynims, took to flight, and the Christians pursued them with great slaughter as far as Calatayud. So good a day for Christendom was this! Fifteen only fell of the followers of the Cid. Rich was the plunder of the Moorish camp, and great was the Cid's share. How well he guerdoned all his vassals! Among them all you would not find one poor man: he who serveth a good lord liveth in bliss. A portion of the spoil, thirty horses, all richly caparisoned, with scimitars hanging at the saddle-bows, he sent as a gift to King Alfonso by the hands of Alvar Fañez.

The king beheld the chargers, and beauteous smiléd he—
'Now God ye save, Minaya, who sent these steeds to me?'
'My Cid Ruy Diaz, sire, it is, who in good hour girded brand:
Two Paynim kings he hath o'ercome, the mightiest in the land.
Plenteous and sovereign is the spoil he from the Moor hath won;
This portion, honoured king and lord, he sendeth to your throne.
Your feet and hands he kisseth in rev'rence bending low—
The great Creator save ye, some favour to him show!'

"In the meantime the Cid, having sold the castle of Alcocer to the Moors for six thousand marks of silver, quitted it, to the great sorrow of its Paynim inhabitants, who sorely wept at his departure, crying:

'Go, then, and Allah shield thee, Cid—our prayers before thee go!'

"He continued his forays into the Arab territory, ravaged it far and wide, laid many of the principal cities in the east of Spain—Daroca, Molina, Teruel, and Zaragoza itself—under tribute, and gained great spoil and greater glory. Much did this please my Cid, and the Perfect one so laughed out he could scarce hold himself."

It was from the Moors that Ruy Diaz received the title by which he is best known. It is a corruption of Seyd, or Said—Lord, or Master—and is said to have been given him by his Moorish vassals. Campeador, another of the titles commonly given him is probably equivalent to champion—one appointed to do battle for his king. Sandoval, however, interprets it as, One who chooses the ground for the encampment of the army when on the march.

The Cid will again come before us when we reach Valencia. Here some of his most gallant exploits were performed, and here he died.

"The day before that appointed for his decease, the Cid called together his wife and his nearest kinsmen and friends, to instruct them what to do after his death:

'First when that my soul hath left it,
Wash my body clean and sweet;
Fill it next with myrrh and balsam,
And with spices, as is meet;
Then with ointments well anoint it,
From the head unto the feet.

Mourn me not, my dear Ximena—
Mourn me not, ye maids, I pray;
Lest your weeping and your wailing
To the foe my death betray.'

Then turning to Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez, his kinsmen and companions in arms, he said:

'Meantime then to quit this city,
Let all secretly prepare;
And make all your chattels ready,
Back unto Castile to bear.

Saddle next my Babieca,
Arm him well as for the fight;
On his back then tie my body,
In my well-known armour dight.

In my right hand place Tizona;
Lead me forth unto the war;
Bear my standard fast behind me,
As it was my wont of yore.

Then, Don Alvar, range thy warriors
To do battle with the foe;
For right sure am I that on ye
God will victory bestow.'

"Then the Cid made his will, which he began in this wise:—

'He who spareth no man living, kings or nobles though they be,
At my door at length hath knockéd, and I hear Him calling me.'

"After repeating some of the aforesaid commands, he orders that Babieca, when he dies, should be decently and carefully buried, 'that no dogs may eat the flesh of him who hath trodden down so much dogs'-flesh of Moors.' His own body he directs to be borne to San Pedro de Cardeña, and there buried under a bronze monument hard by the altar of the Holy Fisherman, as he calls St. Peter. He forbids any female mourners to be hired to bewail his death, as the tears of Ximena would suffice without the purchase of others. His conscience still rebuking him for the deceit he had practised on the two Jews who had lent him money on his departure into exile, he bequeaths them another coffer of silver; and after a few other bequests he leaves the rest of his goods to be given to the poor. Then turning to his friends, who were weeping around his couch, he said, 'Well wot I, good friends, that ye have no cause to rejoice, but much to lament at my departure; but learn of me how to bear up against adversity, for to conquer Fortune is more than to conquer a thousand realms.'

TOMB OF THE CID AND XIMENA AT SAN PEDRO DE CARDEÑA.

'Friends, I sorrow not to leave ye;
if this life an exile be,
We who leave it do but journey
homeward to our family.'

"On the day following the Cid prayed sore to heaven: 'Oh! Lord Jesus, thy kingdom is over all—all rulers are in thy hands. Thou art King over all kings, and Lord over all lords. I beseech thee, seeing thou hast given me so much honour and glory, and so many victories over the enemies of thy holy faith, to be pleased to pardon all my sins, and take my spirit to thyself.' He died in the year of our Lord 1099, in the seventy-fourth year of his age."

His remains have been often disturbed and removed. In the Casa de Ayuntamiento of Burgos they now exhibit for a small fee the bones of the hero, which are kept in a wooden box, and the dust of the faithful Ximena in a common black bottle!

From Burgos to Valladolid, one of the old capitals of Spain, is a journey of seventy or eighty miles. The city is full of historical interest, though there is not much now remaining to detain the tourist. The French committed even more than their usual amount of devastation during their occupation of the place, and several disastrous inundations have combined to destroy most of the traces of former magnificence. The house in which Columbus died is marked out by an inscription on the wall—it is now a small shop for the sale of woollen goods. Visitors are likewise shown the houses of Cervantes, Calderon, Berruguete, and Alonzo Cano. Cervantes superintended the publication of *Don Quixote* whilst living here. The University is famous throughout Spain as a school of law and medicine. It numbers at present about one thousand students. The Museum contains a few fine pictures, which however are almost lost amidst the accumulation of worthless rubbish. The cathedral is a fine massive building, of the Corinthian order, excellent in design, but unfinished, bare and dilapidated. The palace has seldom been the abode of royalty since the removal of the capital to Madrid. Bonaparte however occupied it for some weeks in the early part of the year 1809, during his invasion of the Peninsula. He at the same time gutted and stripped the great palace of the Inquisition, and turned it into a cavalry barrack. The building still stands, though in ruins—an impressive memorial of the past.

The Plaza Mayor is memorable as the site of the first *auto da fé* of the Protestants in Spain. Here the gloomy tyrant Philip II. looked down from a balcony upon the dying agonies of men "of whom the world was not worthy," and gloated over their sufferings. Valladolid was, like Seville, one of the great centres of Protestant activity in the days of the Reformation. And here the fires of the Inquisition raged most fiercely for its suppression. In a subsequent chapter the events connected with the terrible history will be narrated at greater length.

The road onwards from Valladolid passes through some of the wildest and most untamed tracts of country in Spain, perhaps in Europe. For many leagues the road winds along amidst huge masses of granite, and over vast undulating plains, thickly strewn with blocks of unhewn stone. Few habitations of any kind are passed, and those are mere wigwams distant from the road, and making its solitude seem the more solitary.

From this wild waste of grey granite blocks there rises a grey granite city—Avila, one of the most perfect relics of mediæval architecture in the world. It is surrounded by granite walls forty feet high and twelve feet thick, with eighty-six towers and gateways all complete and unbroken. The walls give the impression of being imperishable as the granite of which they are formed. Tradition says that it was built by and named after Albula, the mother of Hercules, about two thousand years before Christ—and the legend seems almost credible when heard on the spot. It is certain that the walls as they now stand are eight centuries old.

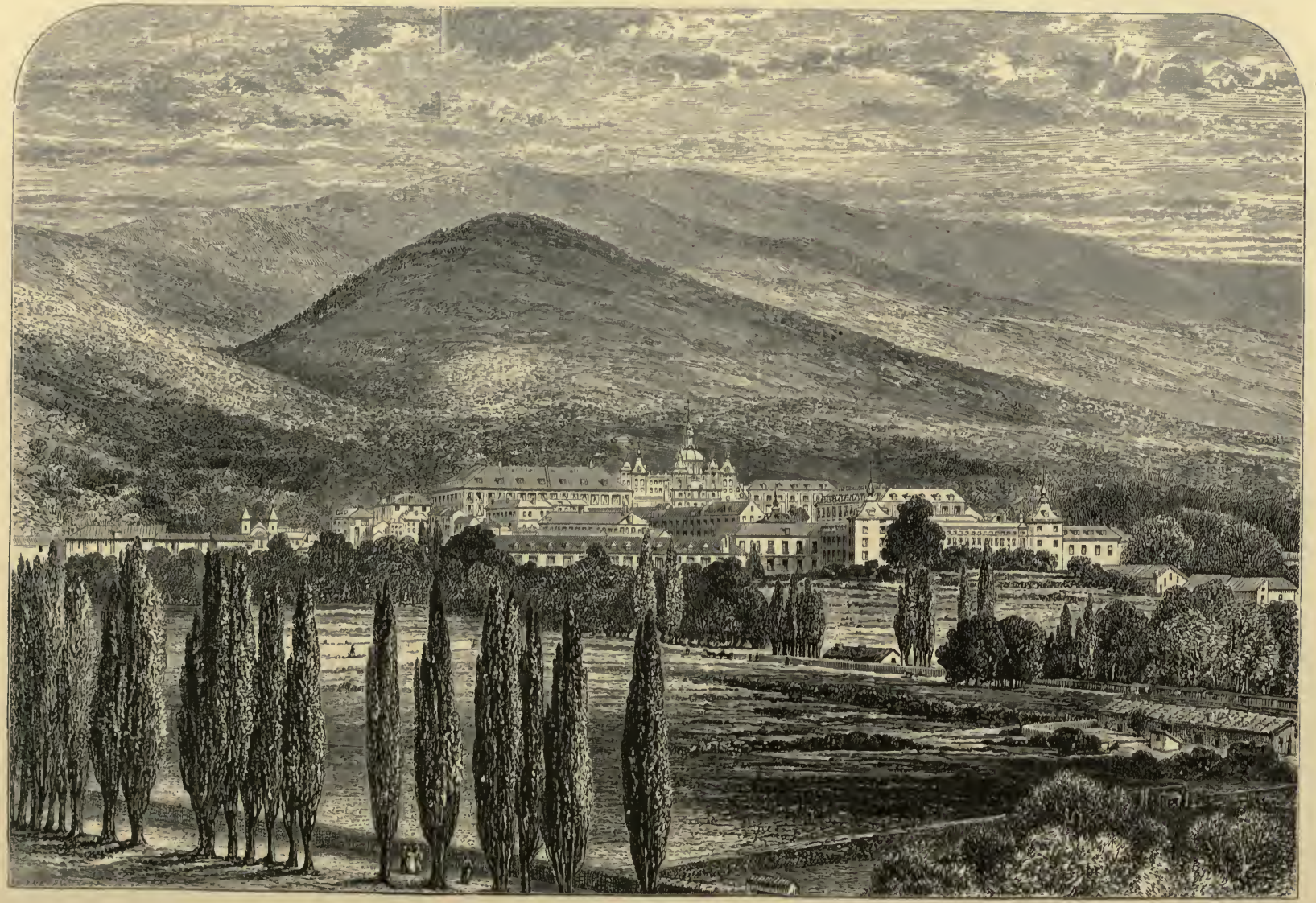
The road still continues across a wild desolate waste, bounded on either hand by savage mountains. In the course of a few leagues forty-four tunnels are passed through. Gorges and ravines and river-beds are spanned by innumerable bridges, which attest the courage of the engineer who designed, and of the English and French shareholders who paid for them. At length the Escorial is passed, and in about an hour we reach Madrid—*Imperial y coronada, muy noble y muy leal y muy heroica*, as its monarchs have styled it: "The imperial and crowned city, most noble, most loyal, and most heroic."

VILLARONA, NEAR SAN SEBASTIAN.

# MADRID, THE ESCORIAL,

AND

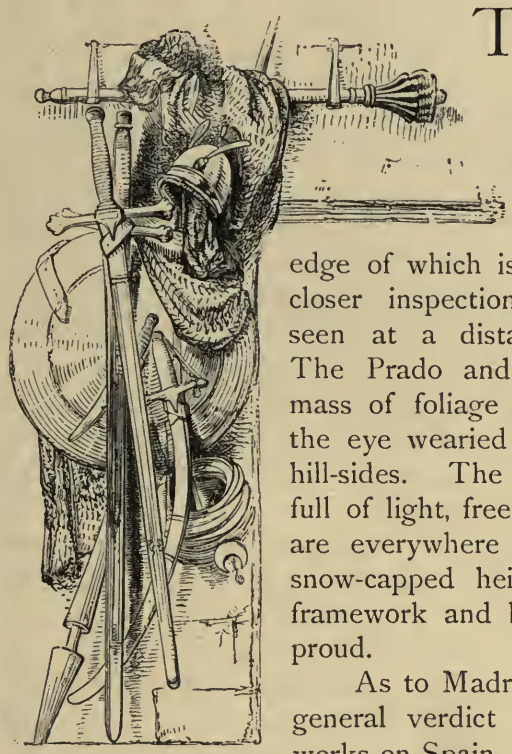
# SEGOVIA.



THE ESCORIAL.

# MADRID, THE ESCORIAL, AND SEGOVIA.

MADRID—SITUATION — CLIMATE — NOT ALTOGETHER WANTING IN PICTURESQUENESS—STREET CRIES—THE PRADO—CHURCH OF THE ATOCHA—THE QUEMADERO—BULL-FIGHTS—PICTURE GALLERY—WORK OF EVANGELISATION—THE ESCORIAL—SEGOVIA.



THE first view of Madrid, from whichever side the visitor approaches it, is very fine. To those coming up from the south, from Toledo and Cordova, there are few cities in Europe which offer a more imposing *coup d'œil*. It stands upon an elevated plateau, the edge of which is lined with noble edifices. These, upon closer inspection, look bare, formal, and meagre; but seen at a distance they have a very striking effect. The Prado and the gardens of Buen Retiro afford a mass of foliage and verdure which is very refreshing to the eye wearied with a monotonous succession of brown hill-sides. The atmosphere over the city is clear and full of light, free alike from smoke and haze. The colours are everywhere bright and cheerful. And the grand snow-capped heights of the Guadarrama range form a framework and background of which any city might be proud.

As to Madrid itself opinions differ very widely. The general verdict of foreigners is unfavourable. Recent works on Spain describe it as "stiff and formal," "a poor little imitation of Paris," "a city of shams and veneer." Even Ford, who finds something to admire in most things Spanish, speaks of it as "disagreeable and unhealthy;" "placed in a most faulty position, which has no single advantage except the geographical merit of being in the centre of Spain." In

these depreciatory estimates the Spaniards themselves do not share. So far from this, they lavish upon it the most enthusiastic and hyperbolical praises. *Solo Madrid es corte*, is one of their sayings. *Donde esta Madrid calle el mundo*, is another : that is, "Madrid is the only court"—and "Where Madrid is let all the world be silent." If the Sevillanos glorify their city in the well-known couplet—

"Quien no ha visto a Sevilla
No ha visto a maravilla."

the Madrileños cap it by another, which declares that he who has not seen Madrid has seen nothing.

In this case, as in most others, the truth lies between the two extremes. Madrid is neither so superlatively good nor so intolerably bad as it is made out to be. If it lacks the brilliancy and exuberant vivacity of Paris on the one hand, and the picturesqueness of Seville or Granada on the other, it yet has a more than French picturesqueness, and a more than Spanish vivacity and sparkle.

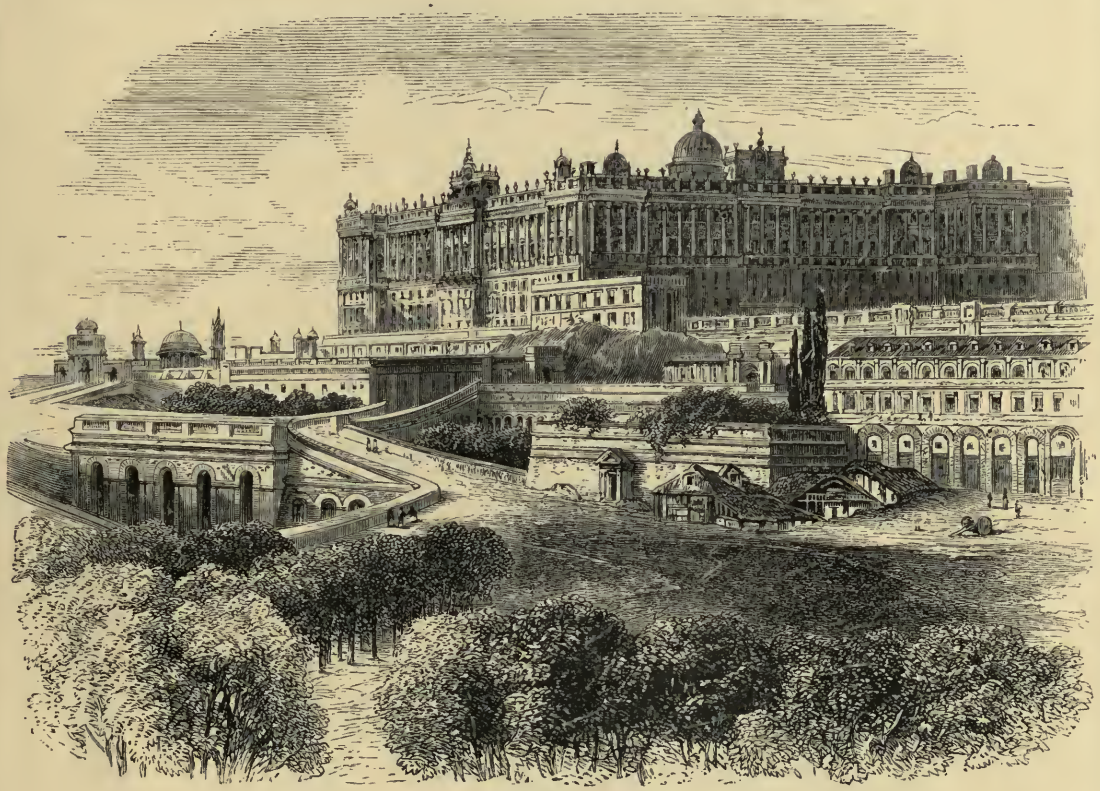
It must be admitted that for all practical and commercial purposes its situation is nearly as bad as possible. It stands, indeed, in the geographical centre of Spain. But the most central spot may happen to be the least accessible. And this is the case with Madrid. Its communications with the other parts of the country are very difficult. The cost of conveying merchandise from Madrid to Bilboa, or any other point upon the coast, is heavier than the freight from Bilboa to London. It was chosen as his capital by Charles V., simply because its keen, bracing air happened to suit his gouty, phlegmatic temperament. It is therefore what the Germans call a *Residenzstadt;* that is to say, a town which has become a capital because it is the residence of the prince.

Almost every other capital in Europe is upon the banks of a navigable river. Madrid is one of the very few exceptions to this rule. At a height of 2450 feet above the level of the sea—the height of Coniston Fell, Plynlymmon, and only a little short of Cader Idris—water communication is of course impossible. Until 1854, indeed, the city was almost waterless, and was dependent for this necessary of life upon the *Gallegos* or water-carriers. So scanty was the supply that it used to be said that every drop of water brought into Madrid was drunk ; none being left for purposes of ablution. The city is now well supplied with abundance of most delicious water, which is distributed into every part by the hydraulic works of an English company.

The jokes current in Madrid at the expense of the dry waterless channel of the Manzanares are innumerable. That of the French troops on entering the city—"What, has the river run away too!"—has been already quoted. It gives point to a favourite epigram that the city has "men without courage, women without modesty, and a river without water." An English writer, remarking upon the facts that it is perhaps the only capital in Europe which is not likewise an episcopal see, makes the "dry joke that Madrid has neither *see* nor river." The Madrileños themselves laugh at the story of a young man who, fainting at a

bull-fight, had a cup of water put to his lips. Having drunk a little, he put it from him, saying, as he did so, in a quaint parody of Sir Philip Sidney, "Pour it into the Manzanares; it needs it more than I do." They do not, however, quite so heartily relish the joke at their own expense which declares that, seeing a pack-saddle lying in the river-bed, they mistook it for a stranded whale!

The elevated position of the city accounts for the great rarity of its atmosphere, and the extreme rapidity and violence of its thermometrical changes. A difference of twenty degrees may often be noted in the temperature of the same



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

street. On one side the sun blazes down with tropical fury, seeming to scorch and blister the very walls. In the shade, on the other side, a wind will be blowing off the snow-clad Guadarramas of almost icy coldness. It is to the keen piercing quality of the mountain air, together with the rapid and violent vicissitudes of heat and cold, that the great unhealthiness of Madrid is due. The Spaniards, who throw everything into the form of a rude rhyming couplet, have one to the effect that—

"The air of Madrid is so subtle and keen
That a life is blown out, whilst a light is left in."

For my own part I cannot say that I have found the climate of Madrid so

execrable as it is commonly represented to be. The heat is indeed very great. But the atmosphere is dry and bracing. The sultry, debilitating heat of the plains—in Seville, for instance, and other cities of Andalusia—is far more oppressive. The sudden gusts of keen north-east wind, against which it seems impossible to guard, and the cold nights succeeding to tropical days, are, it must be admitted, very trying even to strong constitutions. Pulmonary affections are common and fatal.

Madrid is generally said to be wanting in picturesqueness and local colour. This is quite true of the Puerta del Sol and the main streets leading out from it—the Calle de Alcalá, and the Calle San Gerónimo, for instance. "The houses which surround the Puerta del Sol," says Mr. Sala, in his very amusing book, *From Spain to the Peninsula*, "might have been built the day before yesterday. They belong to no particular order of architecture save that very simple style which consists in running up huge blocks of masonry four or five stories high, piercing them with innumerable windows, putting before every window a balcony, and covering every vacant inch of wall up to the sky line with the sign-boards and show-boards of photographers, tailors, milliners, and inn-keepers. But these characteristics are common to the boulevards of Sebastopol and Magenta as well as to the Puerta del Sol; and looking from your window on the buildings which surround you there is absolutely nothing to proclaim that you are in Spain. Many of the show-boards even bear French inscriptions; and one of the sides of a monstrous café between the Calle de Alcalá—the Regent Street—and the Carrera San Gerónimo—the Bond Street of Madrid—proclaims itself to be, in gilt letters a foot long, 'The Imperial Great British Coffee House.'" But go into some of the thoroughfares leading southward from the Plaza Mayor, and there is nothing more intensely Spanish in all Spain. Here are shops windowless and open to the street, like an Oriental bazaar, thronged with peasantry from La Mancha, gipsies from Guadalajara, or smugglers from Andalusia. The other day, passing along a narrow street leading into the Calle del Toledo, the tinkling of a guitar and a pair of castanets caught my ear. It came from a draper's shop, in front of which hangings of purple, crimson, and blue did duty for doors and windows. In the doorway stood a negro and a couple of ugly misshapen dwarfs, playing and singing in order to attract customers. Go down as far as the Puerta del Toledo and peep into the paradors and posadas of the country people. You will scarcely see more picturesque groups, more characteristic costumes, wilder and more unsophisticated Spanish nature at the fair of Ronda itself. Here are a party of muleteers preparing to start, their mules as gay as scarlet worsted and beads can make them; there stands a postilion ready to mount as soon as the *mayoral* of his diligence shall give the signal; or a gipsy chief up in Madrid on the business of his tribe, which probably has something to do with the sale of stolen horses or of smuggled tobacco. Nor can Seville itself show more picturesque balconies, more brilliant curtains, or more coquettish *señoritas* than are to be seen in the older parts of the capital.

Madrid is surely the noisiest city in the world. After a considerable experience of the capitals of Europe, I know none to compare with it in the number, the loudness, and the penetrating power of its street cries. In the evening, when the streets are thronged with promenaders, and in the early


PORTRAIT OF A GIPSY CHIEF.

morning, when the country people are selling their produce, the clamour is astounding. Sleep is impossible in a room opening upon the Puerta del Sol or any of the streets leading into it. For harshness and persistency perhaps the newspaper sellers carry the palm: *Cor-res-pon-den-ci-a-a-a-a-a, Epo-ca-a-a,*

*Ig-u-al-d-a-a-a-d, I-be-ri-a-a-a*, and a dozen other newspaper titles are shrieked in a high-pitched key, which increases in shrillness and intensity to its close. The water-sellers perhaps come next with their *Agua! Agua! quién quiere agua? Agua helada, fresquita como la nieve:* "Water! Water! Who wants

SPANISH POSTILION.

water? Cold water, cold as the snow." The sellers of lucifer matches and cigar-lights push the *aguadores* hard in numbers and vehemence. And the sellers of lottery-tickets are not far behind them: *Hay billetes á ochenta reales,*

or whatever the price may be—is bawled into your ears wherever you go. Sellers of fruit, of honey, of small wares, street musicians, Gallegos with bagpipes, and Andalusians with guitars, join in the din. A train of mules laden with milk from the country, the drivers ringing large bells to announce their arrival and summon their customers, make themselves heard above all the uproar. The clamour is continuous and incessant—except during the hours of *siesta*, when all Spain is fast asleep. But the street cries vary with the hours. If one were shut up in a dark room it would not be difficult to tell the time from the noises in the streets, beginning with the bell and cry of *leche! leche!* which announces the arrival of the milk at about five o'clock in the morning, till the last lingering note of *Cor-res-pon-den-ci-a-a-a* dies away upon the ear long after midnight.

GALLEGO WITH BAGPIPES.

Even then the streets are far from silent. The night-watchmen or *serenos*, as they are called, keep the echoes busy till morning. The general police of Spain—the *Guardias Civiles*—are an admirably organised body of men, equal to any in Europe. But property is still watched and guarded in the cities by night by a body of men who are an exact counterpart of our own traditional *Charlies* of the reign of George III. These broken-down and dilapidated old fellows promenade the streets, or stand and gossip at the corners in a strangely imbecile fashion. They cry the hour and the state of the weather just as our old watchmen used to do—*Las dos y sereno*, or *las cinco ménos un cuarto y lluvioso:* "Two o'clock and a fine night," or "Quarter to five and a rainy night." As fine serene nights in Spain are numerous, out of all pro-

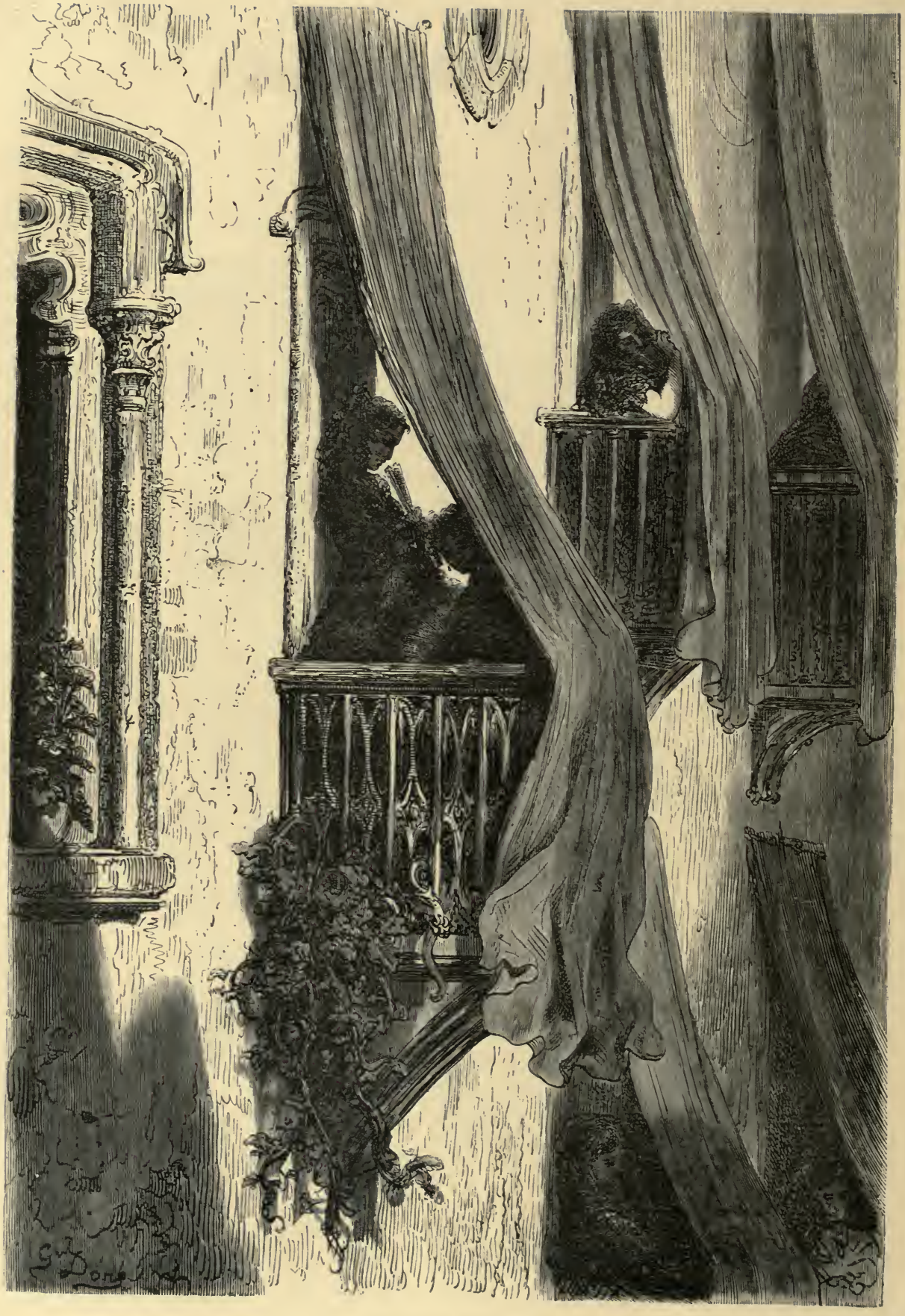
HONEY-SELLER OF MADRID.

portion to rainy ones, the cry of *sereno* has given to the watchmen the name by which they are universally known.

The suburbs of Madrid are very pleasant. The Prado, the fashionable

SERENOS.

drive and promenade of the city, begins at the Puerta de Recoletos, and extends to the Puerta de Atocha, a distance of between two and three miles. It has



BALCONIED WINDOWS.

avenues of noble trees, shady walks for promenaders, and a broad well-kept road for carriages. As every Spaniard spends his evenings in the open air, and as he is generally willing to practise the most rigid parsimony at home in order to keep up a good appearance abroad, the Prado presents a most brilliant spectacle. Scarcely can Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne make a finer show of equipages or company. A lady's judgment, however, upon a point of this kind will have more weight than that of one belonging to the ruder sex. Let us hear the fair authoress of *Cosas de España:*

"We made our way to the 'Prado' this afternoon, at the witching hour which assembles all the beauty and fashion of the capital in a moving crowd on this singular and world-famed promenade. The weather was brilliant, and the sight a most inspiring one. The company was numerous, and consisted of cavaliers and cavalières, handsomely dressed, and mounted on magnificent horses; señoras and fascinating señoritas, with argus-eyed duennas, lazily reclined in open carriages: and graceful, veiled and mantled women with their be-cloaked male relatives, treading with that light step and graceful movement peculiar to the daughters of the Peninsula, the umbrageous walks:

'Illam, quicquid agit, quoque vestigia flectit
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.'

Mounted guards were stationed at fixed intervals on the broad avenue, and rode backwards and forwards until they met each other, along the two-mile length of this busy scene. The dresses were very rich, and we observed great luxury in the bonnets worn by the fair Matritenses, who, in their rage for something foreign, rob themselves of the most attractive ornament of their costume. This 'outlandish' head-dress is as yet, we were glad to see, limited to the upper ten thousand; and the middle-class damsels, who have the good taste to adhere to their bewitching natural accessories, gain immensely by their forbearance. We had not as yet seen the arch and matchless Sevillanas, in whom those coquettish Spanish characteristics, almost irresistible in a Madrileña, are multiplied and intensified; and to our unpractised eye the Prado presented a scene of enchantment to which nothing seemed wanting. It was so unique a vision, that we ceased to wonder at the romances which it is not surprising it should have suggested to vivid imagination; indeed, the incidents in which it seemed to abound might well form the woofs of some of the most intricate webs of fiction."

The Madrileños are especially proud of the fountains which adorn the Prado. They are eight in number, and are certainly very fine. Those of Cybele, Neptune, and Apollo are the most admired.

Not very far from the Prado is the famous church of the Atocha. The Virgin, to whom it is dedicated, is the tutelar saint of Madrid, and, in an especial degree, the patroness of the Royal Family. The shrine is hung round with flags and banners, the trophies of many a battle-field in which the Spanish arms were victorious, and the Virgin itself is almost hidden from view by the mass of votive

offerings—wax-figures, tresses of hair, crutches, clothes, etc.—which have been suspended there by votaries. The Queen used to go to this church every Sunday afternoon in an open carriage drawn by eight fine mules, and accompanied by her husband and children. She presented to it her wedding and her coronation robes, the dresses she wore on festivals, especially that of the Epiphany, and her "best clothes" in general. A fabulous antiquity is claimed for the image, which is quite black, perhaps from age and the smoke of innumerable candles.

FOUNTAIN OF CYBELE, MADRID.

The etymologists here, as everywhere in Spain, have run wild in devising derivations for the name *Atocha*. Some deduce it from Antioch, alleging that it was consecrated by St. Peter, in a church in that city; others contend that it is a corruption of *theotokos*, and that miracles were wrought by it in demonstration of orthodox doctrine during the Nestorian controversy. These are but specimens of the wild and baseless conjectures in which Spanish philologists delight. Miracles even more baseless and incredible are ascribed to the Vírgen de Atocha. It gave speech to a dumb beggar, who immediately exclaimed—

*Da me un cuarto:* "Give me a farthing." It stopped a mason in mid-air who was falling from a roof. The list of its pretended miracles would fill a volume. It failed, however, to do anything for its especial devotee, Isabella II., though she lavished upon it gold, silver, jewels, fans, court-dresses, and embroidered slippers, which made this ugly black doll the most sumptuously dressed person in Madrid. The Queen, with her councillors, Father Clarete and the Sor Patrocinio, have had to escape from the anger of an indignant people, and to seek safety in exile.

FATHER CLARETE.

The Church of the Atocha may serve to illustrate the superstition, *obscurantism*, and idolatrous worship of the papacy. If we visit another suburb of Madrid we may find a most striking illustration of the pitiless cruelty of its persecutions. In the year 1869 a number of labourers were employed in making the excavations necessary for the construction of a new boulevard. A little below the surface they came to a layer of some black substance, a few inches in thickness and several yards in length. As they dug deeper many other layers, like the first, but varying in length and thickness, were laid bare. On examination the black substance was found to consist of charcoal intermixed with fragments of charred wood, bones, iron links, nails, and rivets, which had been exposed to the action of fire. It proved to be the Quemadero or burning place of the Inquisition, and these were the remains of the numerous *autos da fé*. The *auto da fé* itself took place in the Plaza Mayor, where the heretics were arraigned before the judges, condemned, dressed in the *san benito*, handed over to the secular arm, then led forth to this place "without the gate," and consigned to the flames. After each incremation sand was strewn over the spot, and it served as the

SOR PATROCINIO, THE BLEEDING NUN.

rubbish-heap of Madrid until the Inquisition again led forth its victims. For some generations it had been covered up and forgotten, till at last the language of Scripture was fulfilled: "The earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain."

SPANISH PRIEST.

The sensation caused by the discovery of these remains was immense, not only in Madrid, but throughout Spain and the civilised world. Judging from the number and extent of the layers laid bare, many hundreds of persons must have been burned to death on this spot alone, thus affording most striking proof that the number of those who perished in the fires of the Inquisition, as given by Llorente and other writers on the subject, are by no means exaggerated. Among other horrors said to have been found were two bony hands transfixed by a large nail, and clasped in the attitude of prayer; and the ribs of another victim with the spear still protruding by which he had been transfixed. On the attempt being made to separate them from the surrounding substance they crumbled into dust.

Shortly after the discovery I visited the spot, and much as I had heard of the horrors of the Quemadero, I was not prepared for the sight I beheld. Layer above layer, like the strata in a geological model, were these silent but most eloquent witnesses to the murderous cruelty of Rome. Numerous city-Arabs were running to and fro, offering for sale bones and fragments of wood or iron picked out from the sides of the mound. I preferred, however, to search for myself, and in a very few minutes filled a small box with relics which were imbedded in the charcoal. One could not wonder that when this frightful disclosure was commented upon in the Cortes by the eloquence of Echegaray it struck a heavier blow against religious intolerance than could have been produced by any string of arguments founded merely on theoretical considerations.

A book on Spain must of necessity contain some account of a bull-fight; for "the bull-fight," says Ford, "let moralists say what they will, is *the* sight of Spain. There the past is linked with the present, and Spanish nationality is revealed, for trans-Pyreneean civilisation has not yet invaded this sacred spot." But if a bull-fight be described at all, it ought to be described as it is. To conceal its savage brutality, to keep out of sight its disgusting and revolting incidents, and to fling over the whole a halo of romantic sentiment, is not to instruct, but to deceive.

The following plain unvarnished narrative, in which "nothing is extenuated, naught set down in malice," may be taken as a truthful description of an ordinary bull-fight.

Entering the Plaza de Toros, one sees a vast amphitheatre, open to the sky, with an arena in the centre. The seats, which rise tier above tier, in concentric circles, will accommodate many thousand spectators: that at Seville seats eleven thousand persons; that at Madrid, twelve thousand five hundred; that at Valencia, seventeen thousand. The seats are commonly filled to their utmost capacity before the hour of commencement. A double barrier encloses the arena, so that if the bull leaps over the first, there still remains a second between himself and the spectators.

At the hour announced, generally four o'clock in the afternoon—at a bull-fight even Spaniards are punctual and brook no delay—a procession enters the arena, headed by mounted alguazils, dressed in a quaint mediæval costume, followed by *chulos*, *banderilleros*, *picadors*, and *matadors*. The procession is closed by one or two teams of mules, three abreast, and gaily caparisoned. Having marched round the arena to the music of a military band, and saluted the president, who occupies a state box opposite the principal entrance, the various performers take their places, like the fielders in a game of cricket. A trumpet sounds; the president tosses the key of the toril to the alguazil, who catches it in his plumed hat, and proceeds to unlock and open the door, leaping aside the instant he has done so, to escape being knocked down and gored by the bull.

BULL-FIGHTERS.

In a few seconds the noble brute rushes in, with head erect, and looks proudly round. The crowd of spectators greet him with excited shouts and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Catching sight of one of the chulos, he dashes at him. The chulo skips aside, waves his mantle over the eyes of the bull, and escapes. The bull singles out another, and another, and another of the gay and glittering throng, but with the same result. Sometimes he presses a man so closely, and charges upon him so repeatedly, that the fugitive has to escape by leaping over the barrier, which he does as light as a bird. This part of the *fiesta* is very beautiful. The brilliant dresses and agile movements of the men, who skim and disport themselves over the arena like a cloud of butterflies, the gallant bearing of the bull, his sleek hide and powerful graceful form, make a dazzling spectacle. The slight element of

danger, too, adds to the excitement. It is seldom that any of the *toreros* are hurt. But it does sometimes happen that one of them slips down and is gored by the bull in his endeavours to escape. The possibility that this may be the case adds intensity to the interest with which the affair is watched.

But to the Spaniards all this is mere child's play. If it continues too long they become impatient, and begin to clamour for more exciting sport. Two mounted picadors now come forward and engage the notice of the bull. The horses they ride are wretched beasts, fit only for the knacker's yard, and they are generally blinded or blindfolded, to make them stand the charge of the bull without flinching. Each picador is armed with a long heavy spear,

THE BULL-FIGHT.

of which from one to two inches of the blade is exposed. They are protected from injury by a thick padding over their bodies, and greaves of iron and leather upon their legs. The bull forthwith charges upon one of these assailants, and is received by him upon his spear or *garrocha*. Sometimes the horseman succeeds in repelling his assailant, but more often the bull, mad with excitement, is only infuriated by the wound, and presses on in spite of the spear-head in his shoulder. The picador must now endeavour to wheel his horse and so escape the charge. This, however, is very difficult, and if he fail, the horns of the bull are driven deep into the horse's body. The chulos

endeavour to draw off the attention of the assailant, and thus help their comrade to escape. The other picador is then attacked, and so the struggle goes on. Sometimes the horse falls dead in a moment, the horns penetrating some vital part. More often it staggers away bleeding and desperately wounded. Sometimes the horse and man together are lifted clean off the ground and flung with tremendous force to the earth. I once saw two horses staggering about the arena at the same time, their entrails hanging out upon the ground; yet the picadors kept their seats unmoved, whilst the crowd yelled forth its fierce delight at the spectacle. When a horse has been wounded, it is not removed from the arena. So long as it can keep on its legs the torero retains his place upon its back, and invites or repels the attacks of the bull; a handful of tow may be thrust into the gaping wound to stanch the blood and protract for a few minutes its wretched life. When it sinks down to die, it is left unheeded to struggle in its death agony. The picador leaves the arena for a moment, and returns upon another horse, which is to suffer the same fate. From four to six horses are commonly killed by each bull.

In about ten or fifteen minutes the bull, enfeebled by loss of blood, and exhausted by his repeated charges, begins to flag. It is needful to rouse him to fresh fury. Loud shouts are heard for the banderillas. The trumpet again sounds, and two banderilleros enter. The first steps forward with a long barbed dart in each hand, gaily decorated with streamers of ribbons and flowers, and, if the bull be lethargic, armed with fireworks. He stands just in front of the poor beast, and as it stoops to toss him he fixes one in each shoulder, and skips nimbly aside. The gaily decorated instruments of torture fall over by their own weight, but remain fixed in the wound. A second and a third pair are thrust into the poor wretch's neck alongside the first. The bull sometimes bounds into the air with pain and fury, sometimes roars and tears up the sand in his vain endeavours to rid himself of the torturing darts. He rushes to and fro, trying to escape or to avenge himself upon his tormentors. His hide, glossy as the finest satin when he entered the arena, is now covered with blood; his eye, which flashed like fire, is dim and bloodshot; his parched tongue hangs from his mouth. It is impossible to goad or torture him into further fighting. The *matador* or *espada* now comes forward, and watching his opportunity, plunges his sword between the vertebræ into the spine. The bull drops dead. The people thunder forth their applause. If the feat has been courageously or cleverly performed, the ladies shower down their bouquets and the men their hats and caps upon their favourite hero. The teams of mules enter and drag out the dead bodies of the bull and the horses; sand is sprinkled over the pools of blood in the arena; the trumpet again sounds, another bull enters, and the same sickening spectacle is repeated again and again, with slight variations, till the stock of bulls and horses is exhausted.

It only remains to add that at a first-class *fiesta*, like those at Madrid, Seville, or Valencia, from six to eight bulls, and from twenty to forty horses,

are killed each time; that they are always celebrated on a Sunday, or at one of the great Church festivals; that each bull-fight costs from three to four hundred pounds; and that the profits of the performance, which are often considerable, go to the hospitals of the town. It is surely needless to point out the brutal and the brutalising effect of this sport upon the spectators. No one can see it for the first time without a sense of faintness and of sickening horror. Yet gradually this feeling wears off. Not a few Englishmen resident in Spain are known to the writer, who have overcome their natural repugnance, and visit the *corrida de toros* as often as opportunity offers. As for the Spaniards themselves, it still remains the favourite amusement of the people. All classes, all ages, both sexes, may be seen watching with keen and eager interest the bloody spectacle which recalls most vividly the cruel sports of the Coliseum. Few persons can have been present at a bull-fight without being forcibly reminded of the worst times of pagan Rome, when men and beasts were brought together, and "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

It does not come within the plan of this work to describe the "objects of interest" in the places visited. A glance at Murray or O'Shea will show them to be less numerous in Madrid than in most capitals of the same size and pretensions. The Armoury and the collection of paintings in the Real Museo are the only exhibitions which deserve special notice. The pictures are of extraordinary merit and value. The great Spanish painters, Murillo, Velasquez, and Ribera, are splendidly represented. Of the Italian school there are forty-three Titians—a gallery in themselves. Raphael has ten great pictures; one or two are of doubtful authenticity; one or two others have been injured by over-cleaning; but there are three of first-rate excellence—a Holy Family, known as the *Perla*, which once belonged to our Charles I.; a Christ bearing the Cross, known to art-critics as *el Pasmo*, from having been painted for the Church of *la Madonna del Spasimo* in Sicily; and a picture of Tobit and the Fish, "a simple, grand, symmetrical composition." Guido, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Teniers, Snyders, Breughel, Claude, and other great names in art, have some of the finest productions upon the walls. The pictures altogether exceed two thousand in number; and it is perhaps no exaggeration when Ford styles it the "richest gallery in the world."

Before leaving Madrid it seems proper to take notice of the work of evangelisation in progress there. The Spaniards had been kept for many generations in blind, unquestioning adhesion to the Church of Rome. They had been either ignorant of the existence of Protestantism, or had been taught to believe that it was an atheistic and immoral system. Much preparatory work had therefore to be done in the way of removing prejudices. The misconceptions prevalent as to the nature of Protestantism produced indeed one unexpectedly beneficial effect. Infidelity and atheism had made fearful progress amongst the people. Though

in outward form every one was, and was compelled to be, a Roman Catholic, yet multitudes were in heart estranged not only from the Papal Church, but from all religious belief. They had been sedulously taught that the Protestants were, openly and avowedly, what they themselves were secretly. Hence, after the revolution, when liberty came to be enjoyed, and places were opened for Protestant worship, crowds came together under the impression that they were invited to assist in an infidel propaganda. This idea was so fixed and inveterate that even to this day it has been found impossible altogether to eradicate it. Under the same impression the Bible was largely bought during the early days of the revolutionary excitement. The priests had strenuously insisted that to introduce the Bible into Spain would be to open the flood-gates to infidelity and anarchy. The people took them at their word. Wherever the Bible was offered for sale it was bought up with avidity, in the belief that it was an infidel book. Gradually these errors have been corrected, the ferment has subsided, and the work of evangelisation, as it loses its sensational and exciting character, bids fair to assume a healthier tone.

The discovery of the relics of the martyrs who had perished in the fires of the Inquisition gave an immense impetus to the spread of the gospel. It brought vividly before the people the iniquities of the system from which they had just escaped. It showed them, too, that Protestantism was no new thing in Spain, but that it had flourished at the time of their greatest national glories, and that their national decline had been coincident with its suppression. There was a large distribution of Bibles and tracts amongst the excited crowds who flocked to the spot. If the Protestant preachers had chosen to avail themselves of the agitation thus produced, it would have been easy for them to have driven every priest from Madrid, amidst the curses and execrations of the people. A wiser and more Christian course was pursued. The evangelists working in the city, whilst they endeavoured to calm the agitation, turned it to good account.

A personal narrative of what I saw during three days in May of the year 1870, will perhaps put the facts of the case before the reader in the briefest and most precise form. On Thursday, May 5, I visited in the morning the Protestant schools in the Madéra baja. About eighty boys and girls were in attendance. They were bright, intelligent children, varying in age from six to fourteen years. The system of teaching seemed thoroughly good, and the children's knowledge of Scripture was extraordinary. In the afternoon I attended a meeting for prayer held by various English and English-speaking workers in Madrid, irrespective of sect or party. At five in the afternoon a service was held in the Madéra baja. The congregation consisted of from six hundred to seven hundred persons—all Spaniards, except about a dozen English visitors. I have never seen a more attentive and devout congregation, and I never heard a more earnest evangelical sermon. It was from the words, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The preacher

most eloquently and forcibly illustrated our need of peace with God, showed that till justified we could not be at peace, proved that only through Jesus Christ could we be justified, and appealed to his hearers to seek, at once, that peace which Christ promises to all His followers, a promise which is fulfilled in the experience of all who trust in Him.

On Friday morning I met a number of youths who were being sent to Pau, there to receive an education fitting them to return to Spain as teachers, or to hold other posts of usefulness and influence. I then saw several children from schools in connection with congregations south of the Puerta del Sol. They sang, very sweetly, a number of the hymns with which we are familiar in England and America; such as, "I think, when I read that sweet story of old;" "There is a happy land;" "Children, won't you rise and tell?" and others. These have been translated into Spanish, and are sung to the familiar tunes which are becoming as great favourites with Spanish children as they have long been with those of England and America. In the evening I was present at a Bible class in the Lavapiese, where from twenty to thirty adults were going through a course of advanced Scriptural teaching, to prepare them for taking their place at the Communion Table.

On Sunday morning I attended the chapel in the Madéra baja, which will seat eight hundred and fifty persons. It was crowded to the doors. The sermon was from the words, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." The gift of the Holy Spirit, through Christ, to a dark, sinful, sorrowing world was the subject of discourse. At the close of the sermon it was announced that Signor Cabrera, of Seville, who was passing through Madrid, would hold a supplemental service. To this at least four hundred persons remained. In the afternoon I looked in at several Sunday schools, and in the evening attended service at the Lavapiese. There were from three to four hundred persons present, many of whom had Bibles, and I was exceedingly struck by the readiness and ease with which they turned to the passages of Scripture read or referred to by the preacher.

It must not be supposed that these were all the meetings for Protestant worship held in the city at this time. I have merely named those at which I myself was present, and I have reported the impression which they produced on my own mind. There were at least five other services going on simultaneously with that at the Lavapiese, and I was informed that all were well filled, and some were crowded.

Comparing the religious condition of Madrid two years previously with that which I found existing, I was forcibly reminded of the vision beheld by the prophet Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones. It had seemed impossible that those dry bones should live. A religious awakening and revival was beyond the reach of human hope. But already there is a movement and a "shaking." We have all possible encouragement to obey the command, and hopefully to trust

GATEWAY OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEGOVIA.

the promise which follows—"Then said He unto me, Prophesy unto the wind; prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as He commanded me; and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."*

The Escorial and Segovia may be visited *en route* to Madrid from the north. But for many reasons it is more convenient to take these places as a separate tour from the capital. The hotel accommodation is very bad at both of them; and the diligence and railway trains are so ill-adjusted to one another that it is difficult to combine them as parts of a longer tour. We therefore include them in this chapter as excursions from Madrid.

The Escorial is about thirty-five miles from Madrid, on the northern line of railway. Its situation, though ill-suited for a residence, is very grand as a piece of natural scenery. It stands with a vast sweep of barren moor in front, which stretches away into the distance in almost endless undulations. Behind it rise a range of hills of noble height and form, dark and savage in the foreground, till, as they recede into the distance, they melt into a tender delicious blue. The scenery is like that of the Highlands of Scotland. A young Scotchman resident in Madrid told me that he used to run over to the Escorial as often as he could get away from his duties in the city, "it reminded him so much of his old home." But nowhere in Great Britain have we a line of snow-clad peaks like the Sierra de Guadarrama, which form the northern horizon. The keen, serrated edges stand up clear and sharp against the sky, and seem in the keen, pure air as though they were only a few miles away. Mr. Sala speaks of it as "a background of mountain scenery more beautiful and sublime than any I have seen out of Mexico." In this he probably exaggerates *more suo*. But he is certainly nearer the truth than the ordinary run of tourists, who go on repeating the same hackneyed description of the surrounding country, as though it had neither grandeur nor interest. Beauty it confessedly has none, but the scenery round Balmoral is not more grand and wild—and Balmoral has no chain of snow-peaks in view.

It affords a striking illustration of the immense size of the Escorial that even in such a situation as this it looks massive and imposing. An ordinary palace would be dwarfed into insignificance in this waste of moorland and mountain. The stern and severe simplicity of its architecture, almost entirely without decoration or ornamentation of any kind, is in harmony with the scene, and adds to its impressiveness. One cannot, however, suppress a smile at the aptness of the description, that "it is like Newgate magnified a hundred times, with the cupola of Bethlehem Hospital on the roof."

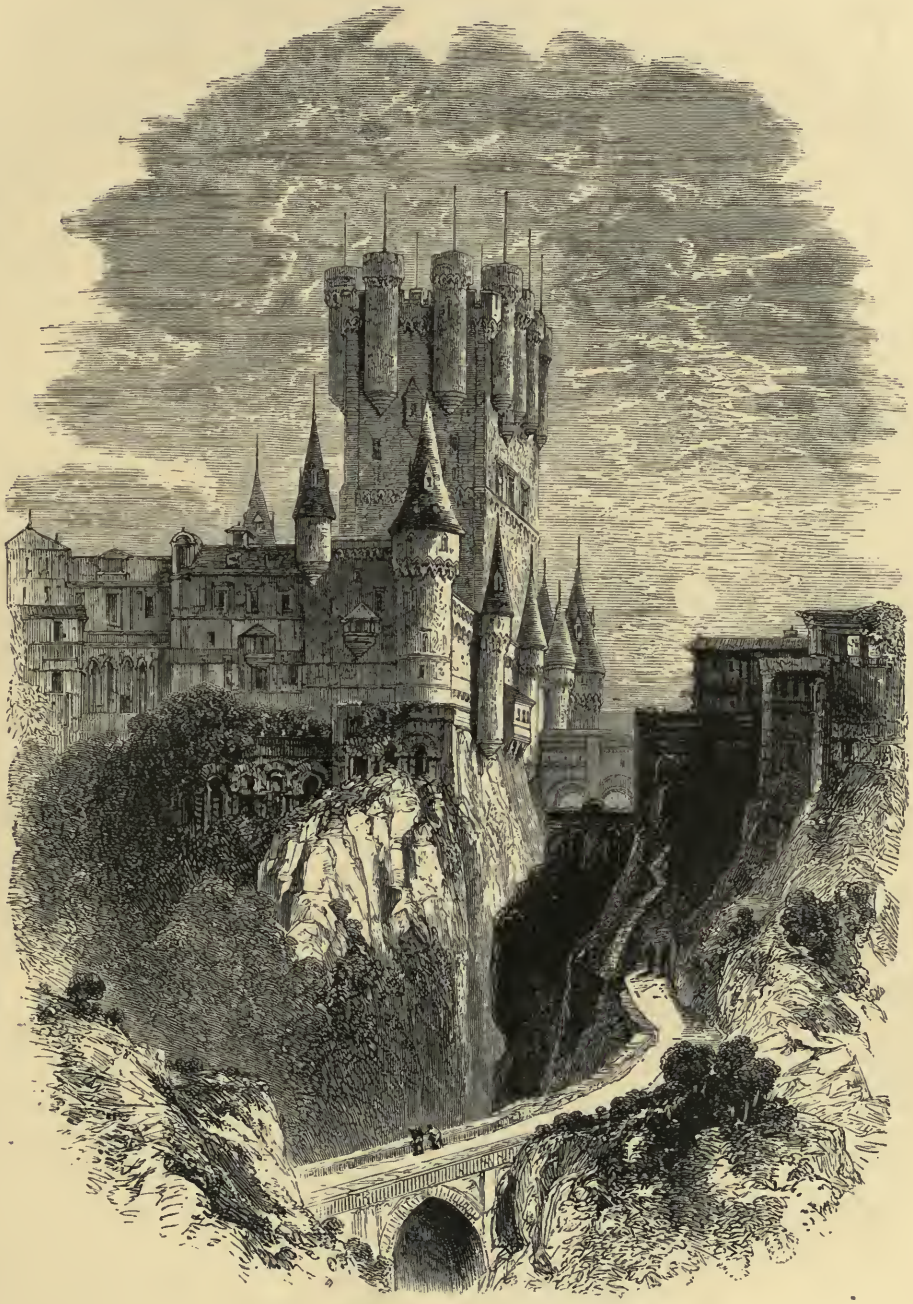
The Escorial was built by Philip II., originally with the view of founding a

* Ezekiel xxxvii. 1–10.

magnificent burial-place for the Spanish sovereigns; but as he proceeded, his plans were enlarged, and not only was it formed to receive the royal dead, but it was also destined as a splendid though most gloomy residence for them during their lives. Nor was the all-powerful Church forgotten: a convent arose within the walls for the reception of a number of monks. In this strange manner did the royal bigot fulfil a vow made by him when suffering from the dread of the French army, about to engage his own forces and those of his allies in a decisive battle. Contrary to his panic fear, he was victorious, and in the first enthusiastic warmth of his gratitude, he fulfilled the vow he had made to erect a convent on a certain spot. Building became his favourite pursuit, and the immense pile rose gradually under his auspices. For nineteen years after its completion (it was nearly twenty-two years before it was finished) did this singular sovereign reside within its melancholy walls, and finally he died there in 1598.

As it first appears in sight the palace has a very imposing effect, but a nearer approach rather lessens these first impressions. It has too modern an aspect, though this in reality arises from the materials used in the building, which have in no way suffered from the lapse of time. Still, even on a near approach, it is very fine. The severity and simplicity of taste apparent in the stately pile give a certain grandeur of effect that is very striking on a first view. Its situation is in perfect keeping with its style of architecture. It is, as it were, actually built on the rocks; and, unlike any other royal palace, it has no external embellishments of luxuriant nature to set it off: all is rugged, and grand, and melancholy. The grey granite of which it is composed sends a cold shudder through one, as one thinks of the cold, cruel heart of its royal founder!

The grand entrance is never opened excepting to admit the reigning sovereign, or the corpse of the monarch when brought there for interment. I have never been more impressed than by the sight of the chapel of the Escorial. Instead of entering it by stately portals, as is usually the case, this sacred edifice is approached from a dark passage. As one emerges from it, and stands at the arched entrance, it is impossible to describe the effect produced by its simple majesty. After a while you begin to wonder what it is that has produced so startling an impression. There is no ornament of any kind—nothing to interfere with the solemn feeling that one stands in a building consecrated to the worship of the Almighty: there is nothing to diminish the grandeur of the idea. All is solemn and imposing; everything trifling seems banished. One can hardly understand how a Roman Catholic chapel can have preserved such severe simplicity in everything belonging to it. Truly the architect of that chapel was a master in his profession. There are none of those puerile trifling decorations which, in Spain, so often mar the beauty of the churches; but all is in severe taste, from the sombre black-and-white pavement to the beautiful screens of bronze and jasper.



ALCAZAR AT SEGOVIA.

After gazing at this beautiful chapel the visitor is but little inclined to listen to the legends poured forth by the guides, of the relics collected by the "pious founder." They are said to have amounted to between seven and eight thousand. Peyron enumerates eleven whole bodies, three hundred heads, six hundred legs and arms, three hundred and forty-six veins and arteries, fourteen hundred odd bits, teeth, toes, etc. When the French were here in 1808 they stripped off the gold and precious stones from the *relicario*, carried away the shrine, and tied up the relics in a table-cloth, with a polite note to the prior, requesting his acceptance of these precious objects, adding, that if the relics really possessed the miraculous virtues ascribed to them, they would easily cause a new shrine to grow up around themselves. It is needless to add that this scoffing wish has not been realised.

The *Panteon*, or royal sepulchre, is under the chapel, and is so arranged that the royal dead lie immediately below the high altar. I last visited the Escorial on one of those delicious days in the late autumn which in Spain are so supremely enjoyable. As we left the clear radiant sunshine and the keen bright air of the mountains for the close dank vapours of the sepulchre, and the yellow lurid light of the torches, the contrast was not a little affecting. The impressiveness and pathos of the occasion were deepened by the strange weird noises of the wind, which had risen with great rapidity and violence, and seemed to wail, and howl, and shriek through the deserted courts of the Escorial with a thrilling effect. It was as though the builders of this grand and massive pile, the lords of this once mighty land, were bewailing their follies and their crimes.

Like all the edifices in Spain which are not in actual occupation, the Escorial seems falling out of repair. On every side are traces of dilapidation. If speedy means be not taken to arrest the progress of decay, this immense palace, convent, and sepulchre will soon become a ruin, like the kingdom of which it is at once the centre and the type. Quite recently it has had a narrow escape of destruction by fire, and in the present deplorable state of Spanish finances there is little probability that the damage done will ever be repaired.

Passing the royal palace of San Ildefonso, and the wild and wooded scenery of La Granja, we reach Segovia, one of the most interesting cities even in Spain to the archæologist and antiquarian. Spanish tradition carries it back to Tubal and Hercules. Sober philology finds in its name traces of an old Iberian origin. And its monumental remains attest and illustrate its pre-Roman, Roman, Gothic, and Moorish occupation. The city is situated on a rocky ridge at a considerable elevation above the plain. Its picturesque old walls, the Alcazar, the curious round towers, the quaint balconied houses, the cathedral, and, above all, the magnificent aqueduct, form a spectacle of rare interest and beauty. But, like all Spanish cities, it has a decayed and impoverished look. Once it was the centre of an important manufacture. Its

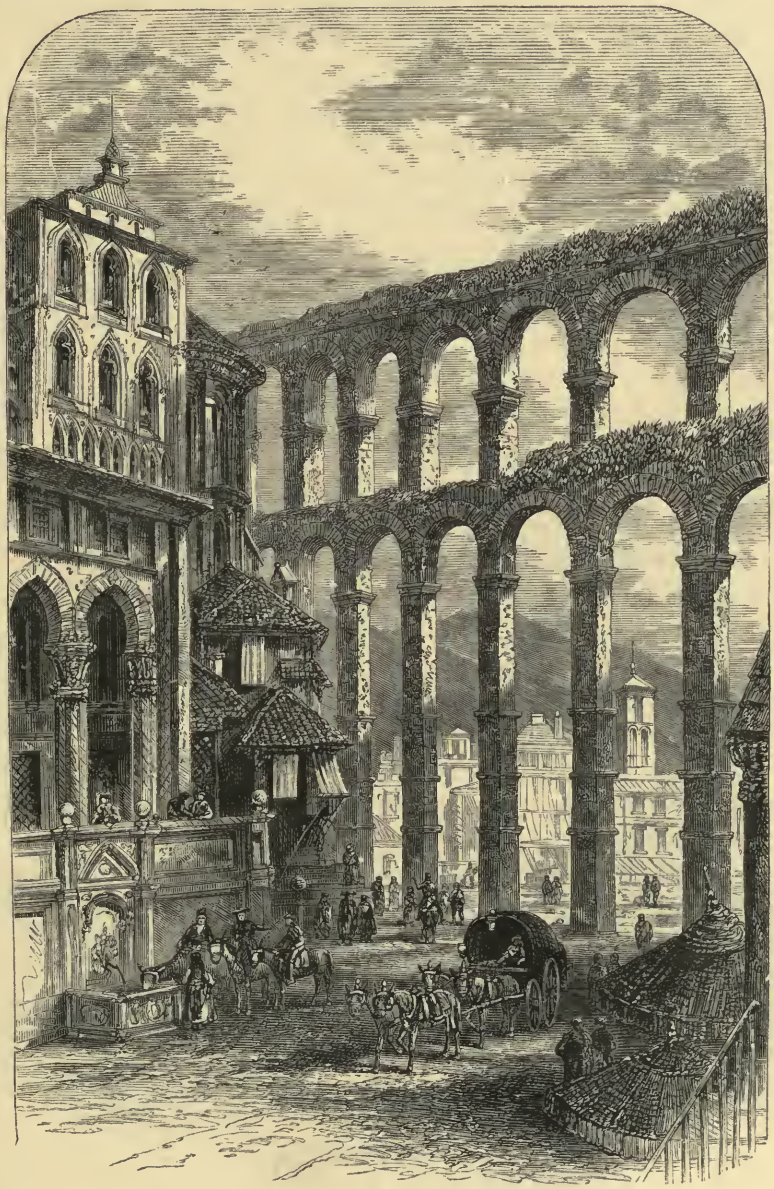
streets were thronged with active and thriving traders. Vast flocks of sheep were driven in from the surrounding country, to be washed in the waters of the Eresma; and their fleeces supplied the raw material which kept busy the numerous looms of the Segovian weavers. In the seventeenth century thirty-four thousand persons were engaged in the manufacture of woollen cloths. The whole population of the city at present does not exceed ten thousand, and a few small poor manufactories in the suburb of San Lorenzo are all that remain of its once thriving industry.

The aqueduct is supposed to have been built by the Emperor Vespasian. The Segovians ascribe to it a much earlier origin, and call it *el puente del diablo.* Of course they have a wild legend to account for the devil having engaged in so arduous a task as the erection of this magnificent work. Its real object was to convey water over a steep ravine, of seven hundred feet wide and more than ninety feet deep. To effect this, two ranges of arches were thrown across, one above the other. The upper one is on a level with the high land on either side, and has, or had, one hundred and fifty-nine arches. Though the middle part of the aqueduct is ninety-four feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide—a fact which may illustrate, to those who have not seen it, the lightness, grace, and beauty of the structure. It is constructed of granite blocks about two feet square, which are hewn and fitted with such admirable accuracy that they are put together without mortar or cement of any kind. Though they depend for their cohesion solely upon the excellence of the workmanship, yet very few of the blocks have fallen away. The edges, however, are rounded and weather-worn.

The cathedral is a spacious and imposing pile of the early part of the sixteenth century. It is a fine but not a first-rate specimen of Gothic architecture. Ford, however, says, "It is one of the finest in Spain, and deserves great attention." The view from the tower is superb.

At Segovia we meet for the first time with one of those castellated and fortified palaces which the Moors built in every important city, and of which we shall meet with numerous specimens as we travel southwards. The Alcazar of Segovia stands west of the city, on the extremity of a rocky peninsula, which is separated from the surrounding country by the deep bed of the Eresma on one side, and on the other by the abrupt ravine which intersects the city. A deep trench cut across the rocky platform on which it stands completely isolates it, and made it almost impregnable before the introduction of siege artillery. It forms a most picturesque object, and is not without historical interest. Originally the abode and stronghold of the Moorish rulers of the country, it has in later times served as a prison for the pirates of Barbary and Morocco who have been taken along the coast of Spain. It may therefore very easily have happened that a descendant of the very prince who reared this stately pile has been brought hither a prisoner, and consigned to its dungeons. The central tower was for a long period the abode of state prisoners accused or condemned

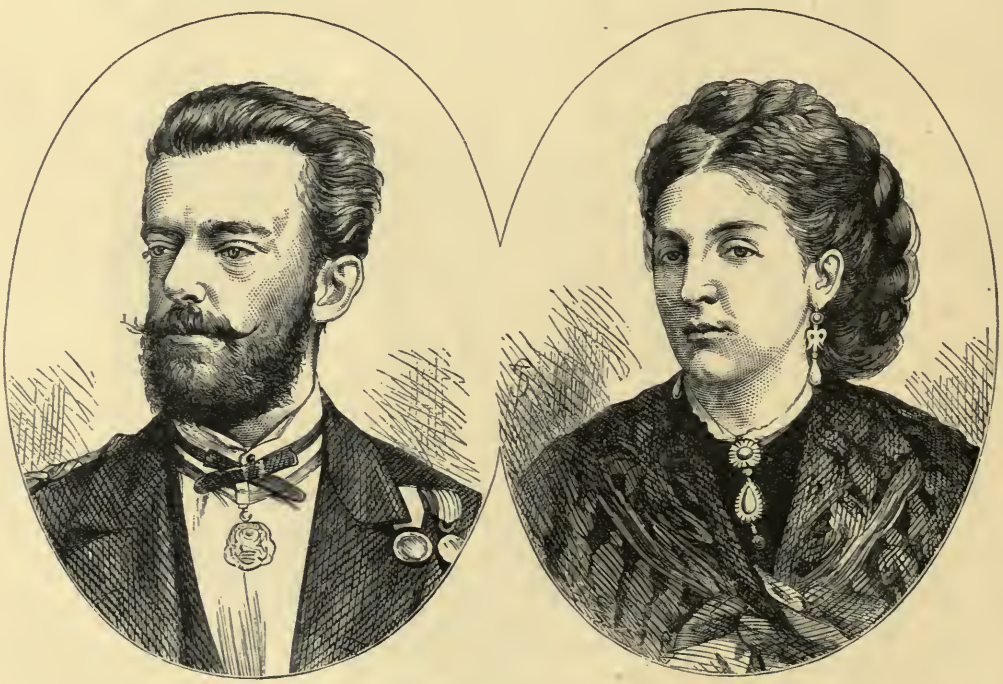
of high treason. The readers of *Gil Blas* will remember that he was confined in this very tower. Here, too, our Charles I. was entertained in princely fashion on his romantic visit to Spain in search of a wife. "He lodged there on Wednesday, 13th September, 1623, and supped," says the record, "upon certaine trouts of extraordinary greatness."



AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA.

A diligence of more than ordinary badness connects Segovia with Villalba, whence the railway carries to the capital in little more than an hour.

NOTE.—In the interval between the appearance of the first and second editions of *Spanish Pictures*, the forebodings expressed in the preceding chapter respecting the future of Spain have been but too fully verified. The first edition had scarcely left the press when an announcement that the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen was a favoured candidate for the Spanish throne furnished the occasion for the war between France and Germany. The obnoxious candidature being withdrawn, the council of ministers, who had been foiled in so many previous attempts, addressed themselves to Amadeus, Duke d'Aosta, second son of the King of Italy. His official acceptance of the candidature was notified on the 19th October, 1870, and on the 16th November following, a large majority of the Cortes voted his election as King of Spain. He landed at Cartagena on the 30th December, expecting to be met by General Prim. But Prim lay helpless in Madrid, the victim of assassination. Before the young king set out for the capital, news of the general's death reached him. He entered Madrid on the 2nd January, 1871, and for two years manfully endeavoured to secure liberty, order, and prosperity for his adopted country. Having seen his efforts thwarted by factious politicians, his queen insulted by the nobility, and having narrowly escaped death by the hands of assassins, he renounced the crown, and returned to Italy early in 1873. Since then the country has been torn to pieces by civil war. A federal republic at Madrid, the Carlists in the northern provinces, and Intransigentes everywhere have been contending fiercely for the mastery. A period of anarchy has set in, the end of which it is impossible to foresee.



THE LATE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

# THROUGH CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

GREAT VASE IN THE ALHAMBRA.

# THROUGH CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—ARANJUEZ—THE TAGUS—TOLEDO—LA MANCHA AND DON QUIXOTE—CORDOVA—THE KINGDOM OF GRANADA—LOJA—THE VEGA—THE ALHAMBRA AND GENERALLIFFE—CITY OF GRANADA.

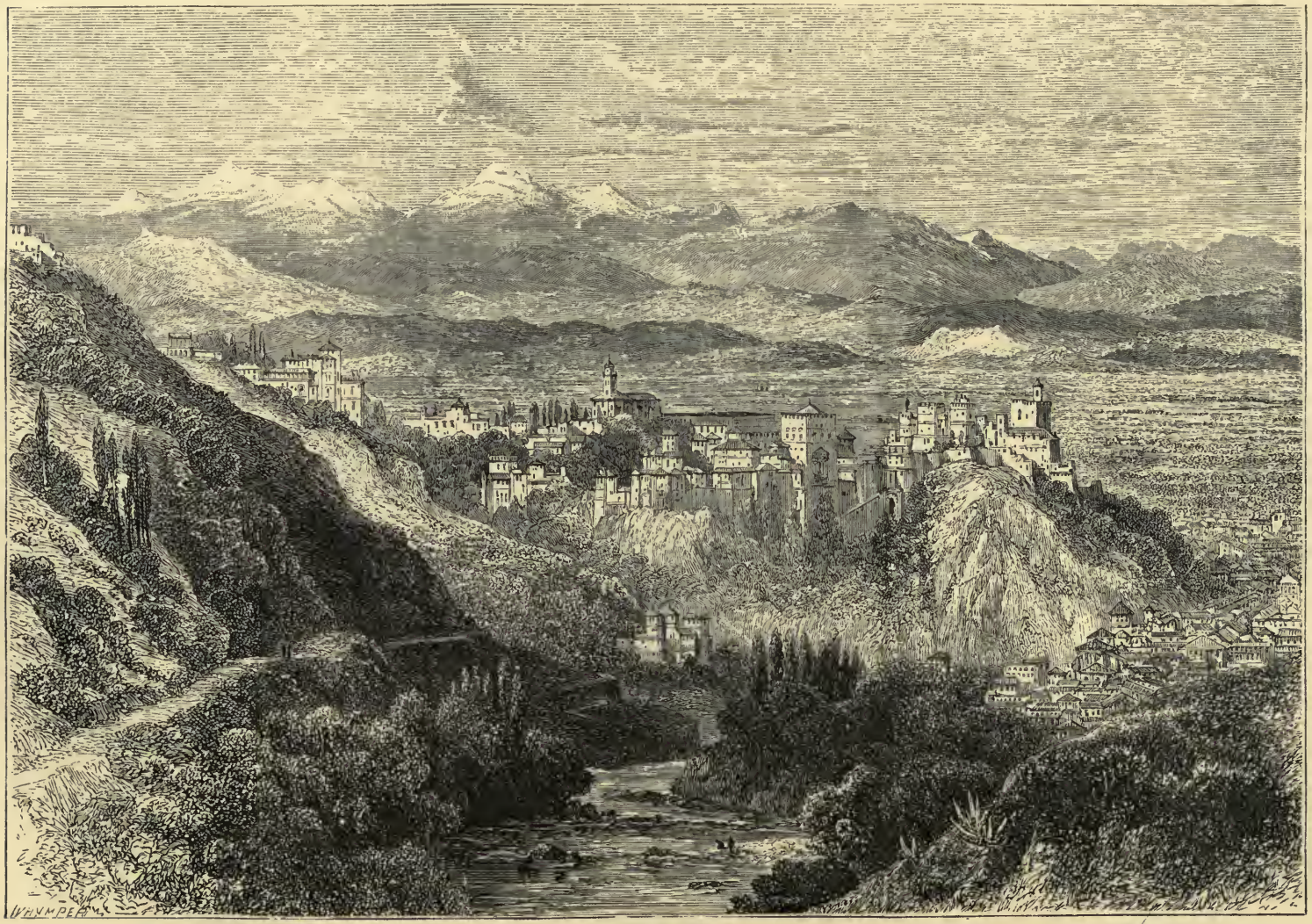
THERE are few routes in Spain of deeper or more varied interest than that over which we are about to pass in the present chapter. The scenery is peculiarly and characteristically Spanish. Snow-capped sierras; bare mountain sides on which not a particle of soil rests; arid, treeless, waterless plains; rivers of high-sounding historic names shrunk to narrow streamlets; hills rich in mineral treasures waiting only human industry to bring forth their hidden wealth; and *vegas* which irrigation has turned into gardens of almost incredible fertility, succeed one another along the whole line of travel. Here, too, are scenes famous in history and romance. We traverse La Mancha, whose villages have been made "familiar in our mouths as household words" by the genius of Cervantes. We cross battle-fields where Moslem and Christian did such desperate deeds of valour, the record of which lies on the border-land between history and romance. Where, too, in stern, hard, historic reality Lord Wellington and the British army defeated, one after another, the most skilful generals and the bravest troops which France could send against them. We linger in cities where some of the noblest productions of Roman, Moorish, and Christian art attest the genius of their builders. And we rest at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, whose eternal snows look down upon the fertile *huerta* of Granada and upon the fortress and palace of the Alhambra, the fame of whose beauty has gone into all lands.

The general aspect of the district and its inhabitants has been often described, but never with more vivid, graphic, picturesque force than by Washington Irving. The truthfulness and accuracy of the sketch will be recognised by every one who has travelled through La Mancha, Granada, and Andalusia:

"Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region, decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing-birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain-cliffs, and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

"In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt; but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length, he perceives some village on a steep hill or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower; a stronghold, in old times, against civil war or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters. But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery is noble in its severity, and in unison with the attributes of its people.

"There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and of La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and possess, in some degree, the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes, the eye catches sight here and there of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste, like a line of camels in the desert; or a single herdsman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket and his knife. The wealthy villager



*The Generalliffe.* *The Alhambra.* *City of Granada.*

GENERAL VIEW OF GRANADA (*from an original sketch*).

rarely ventures to the market-town without his *trabuco*, and, perhaps, a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparation of a warlike enterprise.

"It has a most picturesque effect also to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules breaking, with their

COUNTRYMAN OF GRANADA.

simple melody, the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chanting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the cragged defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs,

so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths; while, as they pass by, the ever-ready trabuco slung behind the packs and saddles gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.

"The ancient kingdom of Granada, into which we were about to penetrate,

COUNTRYMAN OF GRANADA.

is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast sierras, or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites, elevate their sunburnt summits against a deep-blue sky; yet in their rugged bosoms lie engulfed the most verdant and fertile valleys, where the desert and the garden strive for mastery, and the very rock is, as it were,

compelled to yield the fig, the orange, and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose.

"In the wild passes of these mountains the sight of walled towns and villages, built like eagles' nests among the cliffs, and surrounded by Moorish battlements, or of ruined watch-towers perched on lofty peaks, carries the mind back to the chivalric days of Christian and Moslem warfare, and to the romantic struggle for the conquest of Granada. In traversing these lofty sierras the traveller is often obliged to alight and lead his horse up and down the steep and jagged ascents and descents, resembling the broken steps of a staircase. Sometimes the road winds along dizzy precipices, without parapet to guard him from the gulfs below, and then will plunge down steep and dark and dangerous declivities. Sometimes it straggles through rugged barrancos, or ravines, worn by winter torrents, the obscure path of the contrabandista; while, ever and anon, the ominous cross, the monument of robbery and murder, erected on a mound of stones at some lonely part of the road, admonishes the traveller that he is among the haunts of banditti, perhaps at that very moment under the eye of some lurking bandolero. Sometimes, in winding through the narrow valleys, he is startled by a hoarse bellowing, and beholds above him, on some green fold of the mountain side a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls, destined for the combat of the arena. I have felt, if I may so express it, an agreeable horror in thus contemplating near at hand these terrific animals, clothed with tremendous strength, and ranging their native pastures in untamed wildness, strangers almost to the face of man: they know no one but the solitary herdsman who attends upon them, and even he at times dares not venture to approach them. The low bellowing of these bulls, and their menacing aspect as they look down from their rocky height, give additional wildness to the savage scenery around."

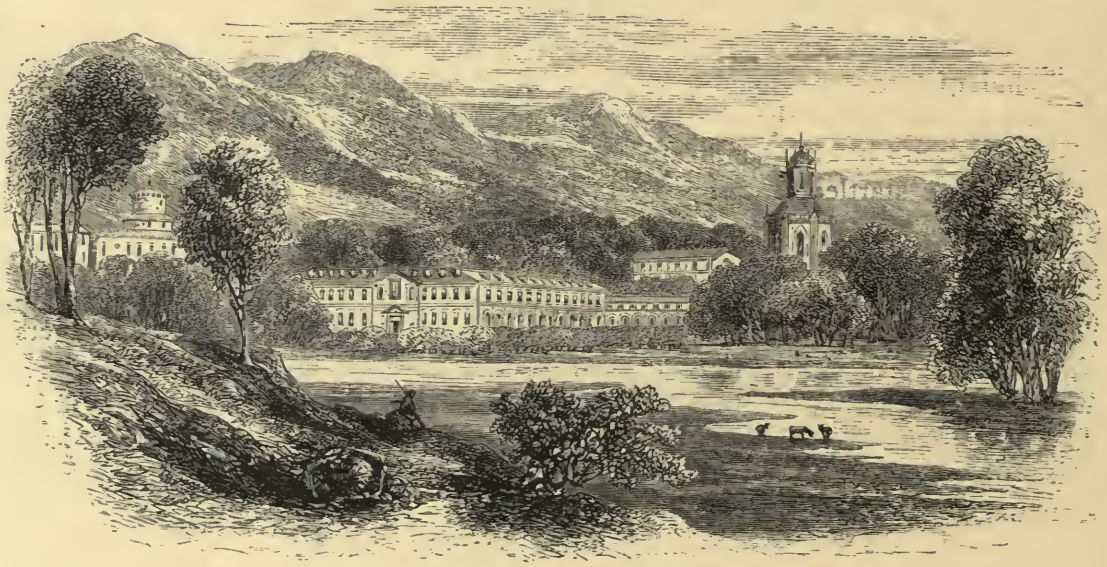
Leaving Madrid by the Calle de Alcalá, and the Prado, we reach the railway station for Toledo and Cordova. The view of the city from this point and for some miles along the road is magnificent. It stands nobly upon an elevated plateau, with the snowy Guadarramas as a background, and a clear intensely-blue sky above. Judging from this view alone, one would be disposed to retract all that has been said in disparagement of the site of Madrid.

In about an hour and a half Aranjuez is reached. Most people who have heard or read any accounts of Spain will remember how famous this place has been as a royal palace. Situated in a valley wooded and well watered by streams, it enjoys cool green shade and healthful breezes when the rest of Castile is burned into an arid waste. Fountains abound in the gardens. Birds, so rare elsewhere in Spain, are numerous. Nightingales keep up a perpetual melody, prompting the listener to exclaim, with Izaak Walton: "He that should hear, as I have, the clear airs of the nightingale, the sweet descants, the rising and falling of her voice,

might well be lifted above the earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music here on earth!'" The stately elms and planes bear comparison with those of our own well-wooded island. The palace itself, however, and the gardens are formal and unattractive. They were constructed by the Bourbons at a time when French taste—or want of taste—was dominant throughout Europe:

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the garden but reflects the other."

Those who care for rare glass and china, for porcelain grotesques, for gilt clocks which will not keep time, and gilt chairs which were never meant to be sat upon, may find abundance of such fine things here. The stables are fine,



ARANJUEZ.

and contain some noble animals. Such mules are probably not to be seen out of Spain.

Immediately on leaving Aranjuez the Tagus comes into view. It is a noble river even at this distance inland, and meanders gracefully through green meadows, which owe their fertility to its refreshing stream. Water is the one requisite for Spanish agriculture. Where irrigation is practicable, and where the Spaniard has energy enough to irrigate the thirsty soil, crops of almost incredible richness may be raised. To some extent the Tagus is utilized for this purpose—but for this only. By a little exertion it might be made navigable to the sea, and thus confer an inestimable boon upon the central provinces of Spain. Madrid would share in the benefit and be brought into communication with Lisbon and the sea. "Schemes have been proposed by *foreigners* to effect this, and they

have been approved by the Spanish authorities. Meanwhile, nothing has been done. The thing remains in projection to the present day. *Verémos!* for 'Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper,' says Bacon. Meantime this Tagus, a true thing of wild romantic Spain, is made for the poet and artist; how stern, solemn, and striking indeed is the lovely unused river! No commerce ever made it a highway, its waters have reflected castles and dungeons, instead of quays and warehouses; few cities have risen on its banks as on the Rhine, scarcely even a village. It flows away solitary and unseen; its waters without boats, its shores without life." *

Toledo soon comes into view, standing proudly upon a rocky eminence. Even those who are already familiar with the cities of Granada and Andalusia can hardly fail to be impressed by the imposing grandeur of the site, the air of venerable antiquity, and the picturesque, Oriental aspect of Toledo. But visitors from the north who now see for the first time one of the old Moorish capitals of Spain can scarcely find words to express the emotions it awakens. It looks like what it is—one of the oldest cities in Europe. The vulgar tradition of the district, indeed, affirms that Adam was the first king of Spain, with Toledo for his capital, and that the sun started from a point vertical to the city. The Jews assert that it was settled by their forefathers who fled from Palestine in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, and they derive its name from the Hebrew word *Toledoth*, understanding it to mean "the city of generations." This much is certain that it was in existence 193 B.C. when it was taken by Marcus Fulvius Novilior. On the decline of the Roman power it became the capital of the Gothic kingdom. Here the half-mythical King Wamba reigned. And here, according to tradition, Roderick, the last of the Goths, committed the outrage upon the beautiful Florinda which prompted her father, Count Julian, to call in the Moors to avenge his private wrongs.†

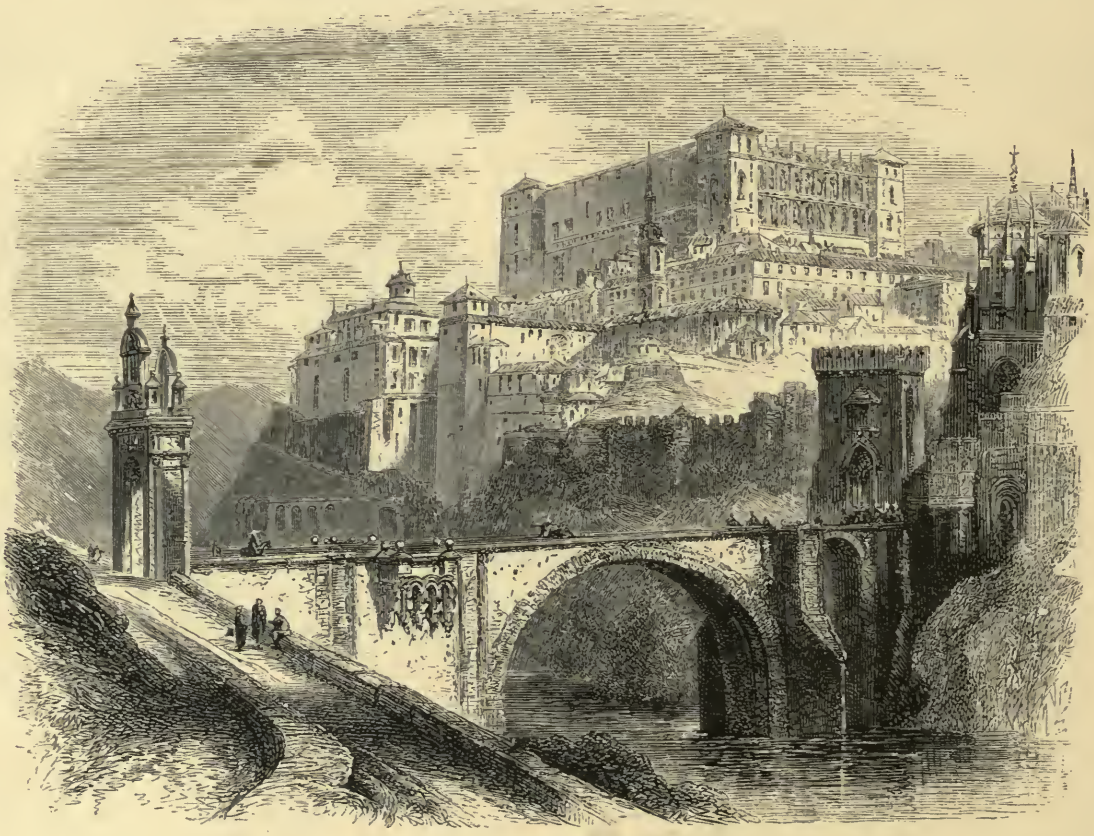
Under the dominion of the Moors, Toledo rose to a very high degree of prosperity. The Christians were protected in the enjoyment of their property and the exercise of their faith. The Jews held posts of high influence and authority, like Joseph and Mordecai, administering the affairs of an alien government to the advantage of the rulers and of the people and to their own enrichment. The system of agriculture introduced by the Arabs into Spain was calculated to increase immensely the productiveness of a country where cultivation is greatly hindered by the extreme dryness of the soil and climate.

* Ford's "Handbook for Spain," vol. i. p. 100.

† The local tradition, as I heard it from a young peasant who volunteered to be my guide through the district, makes of the beautiful Florinda, "a Moorish maiden of whom the king became enamoured as he saw her bathing in the Tagus, at the foot of the Alcazar, whereupon great troubles followed." "What troubles?" I asked. "Ah!" replied my informant, "to know that you must read history, in which are many things hard to understand and difficult to believe." So untrustworthy is even local tradition.

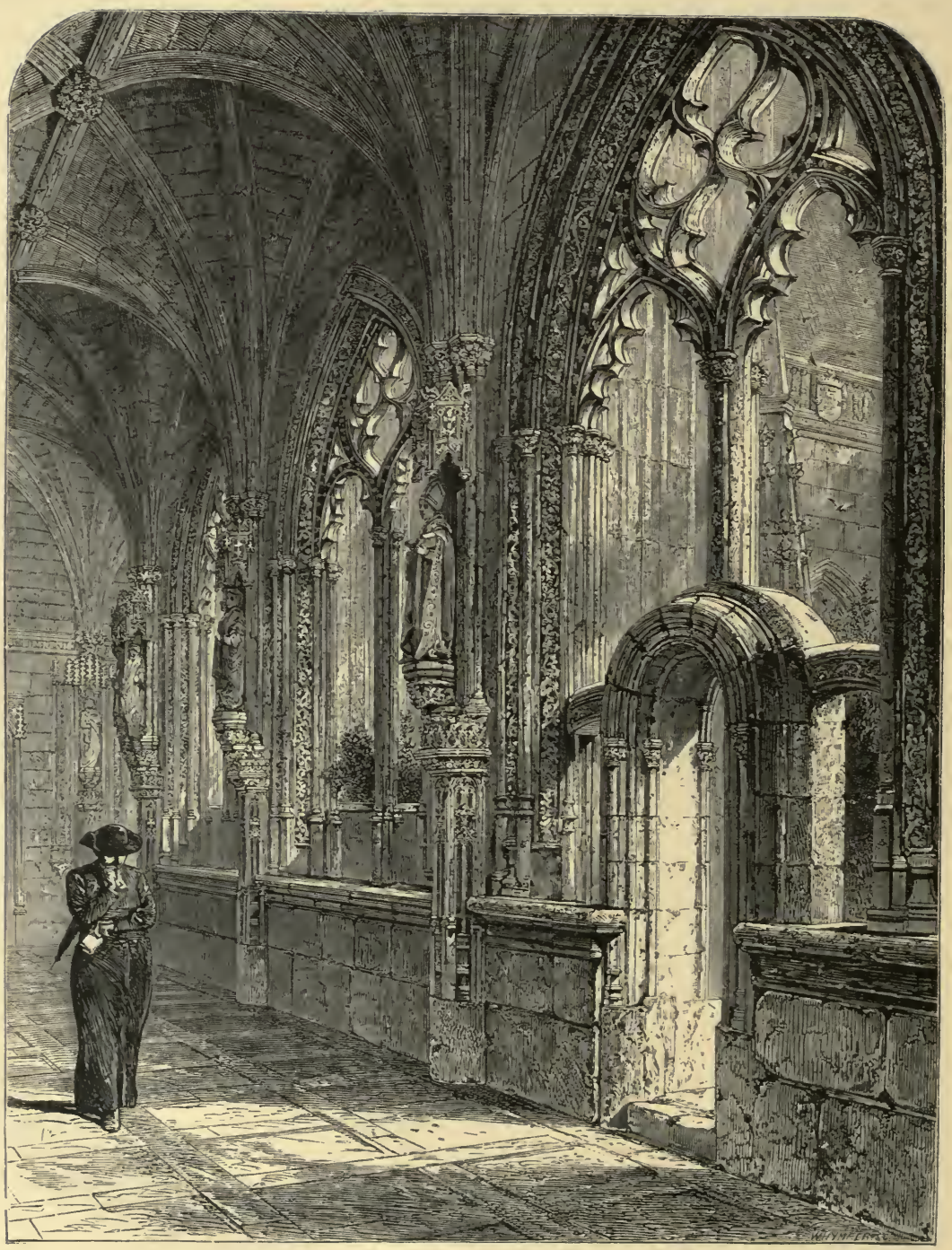
The soil was everywhere irrigated by the aid of streams and rivers where they were available and elsewhere by the digging of wells and the construction of *nórias*.

After the conquest of Toledo by the Christians in 1085, its prosperity declined. The conquerors broke faith with the Moors. The terms of capitulation were violated. The mosques were turned into churches. The property of the Moors which had been secured to them by treaty was taken from them. At length they were glad to escape from a city which, though



TOLEDO.

dear to them as their birthplace, was now embittered by injustice and cruelty. After a considerable lapse of time, Toledo again rose from its ruins, and became a most flourishing commercial and manufacturing city. At the beginning of the seventeenth century it had a population of not fewer than two hundred thousand souls. It was the Sheffield and the Birmingham of the Middle Ages. A "Toledo blade" was famous throughout Europe and was scarcely inferior to one of Damascus. At a time of great depression its inhabitants petitioned for a redress of grievances, and to illustrate their fallen



CLOISTERS AT TOLEDO.

condition protested that there no longer remained in the city more than thirty thousand artisans. At present the entire population of Toledo does not exceed fifteen thousand, and it displays no tendency to increase. The streets are silent and deserted. The houses are falling into decay. Its manufactures are almost extinct. Even the world-famous *fabric de armas* offers but a shadow of its former greatness and prosperity. This condition of decay is partly due to the departure or the banishment of the Moors, partly to the bloody persecutions of the Jews and their descendants, who had professed Christianity in order to save their property, their liberty, and their lives. They were amongst the most industrious and the richest of the inhabitants. To this fact perhaps they were especially indebted for the suspicions and the solicitude of the Holy Office which enriched itself by their plunder. The loss of its liberties and privileges under Charles V., and the enslavement of the whole nation under his successors, accelerated and completed the downfall of Toledo, the decline of which in industry and wealth is even more remarkable than in any other part of Spain.

There is great diversity of judgment respecting the cathedral. Critics of a severe and simple taste find it too florid and ornate. They complain, too, of its mixed and irregular character, and of the intrusion of an enormous *coro*—large even for Spain—into the body of the church, obstructing the view, and marring the general effect. The truth of these criticisms may be admitted. And yet it is a most noble edifice. The general effect is gorgeous beyond description—the more gorgeous on account of the Moorish element which manifests itself everywhere. "A practised eye," says Mr. Fergusson, in his *Handbook of Architecture*, "will detect on every side a tendency to depart from the sober constructive rules of the pure Gothic, and to give rein to an Oriental exuberance of fancy which is so typical of the style. The cathedral of Toledo is even more remarkable for the richness of its furniture than for that of its architecture. The altars, the screens of its tombs, the candelabra, the paintings on glass and canvas, make up a mass of ornament to which no parallel is to be found in France or England. Many cathedrals in these countries may once have possessed furniture equally rich; but spoliation and neglect, and, worse than either, the so-called spirit of restoration, have swept most of this away, and it is in Spain only that we are carried into the bodily presence of a mediæval church. Even Toledo has been sadly disfigured with whitewash; and neglect and poverty are fast fulfilling the destructive mission of the age. Still enough remains to enable the architect to understand and re-create the glorious vision of a cathedral as it appeared in ancient days."

The once splendid convent called *San Fuan de los Reyes*, though gutted of its treasures by the French, and now closed and falling into ruins, deserves a visit. It stands finely on an eminence looking down upon the Tagus, which flows far down in the valley below. An immense number of fetters and manacles are suspended over the entrance of the church and round its sides, placed there as

votive offerings by captives who had escaped from slavery amongst the Moors. Many other churches in central and southern Spain have similar records of the cruelties inflicted by the Moslem on their captives. This fact should be remembered when we judge the Spanish conquerors severely for the hard measure dealt out to the Moors after their defeat. For eight hundred years a bitter and ceaseless warfare had been waged between the two peoples. The Spaniards of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella inherited the hatred and revenge accumulated during long centuries of pitiless warfare. The gospel enjoins forgiveness of injuries, bids us, when smitten on the one cheek, to turn the other, and lays down the golden rule to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. But, however much we regret, we cannot greatly wonder that these pacific precepts should be forgotten in the moment of victory closing a struggle so protracted and so fierce.

Near the Museum is the Juderia or Jews' quarter. It has been already stated that the Jews at one time were very numerous and influential in Toledo. Many archæologists and historians, indeed, believe that the city was originally a Jewish settlement.* Two synagogues, now turned into churches, yet remain. They are Oriental in style, and though rich in arabesque work, are more simple and severe in taste than are most Moorish edifices. One built in the ninth century is called the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca. The French degraded it to a store-house and cavalry stable, and it is now unused. The ceiling is said to be constructed from the cedars of Lebanon, and the soil to have been brought from Mount Zion. The other synagogue was built by Samuel Levy, treasurer to Don Pedro the Cruel, in 1357. The ornamentation of the ceiling and walls is delicate and beautiful. The eighty-fourth Psalm, in very elegant Hebrew letters, runs as a cornice round the building. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

Space will only permit the mention of one more out of the innumerable places of profound interest in this most picturesque old city—the Alcazar. It was built soon after the Moorish occupation of Spain on the site of the Roman

* The shrewd and well-informed author of *A Year in Spain*, so highly commended by Ford in the *Quarterly Review*, as a book of unusual merit, and betraying a rare knowledge of the country, says: "It was in the neighbourhood of Toledo that Taric the Moslem general, at the time of the conquest of Spain by the Arabs, found that precious table adorned with hyacinths and emeralds, which Gelif Alexis, in his description of Spain, calls the table of Solomon bar David. This table is supposed to have been saved by the captive Jews, with other precious and sacred vessels, from the pillage of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and brought with them into Spain. It was probably the same table of shew-bread spoken of in the Book of Kings and by Josephus. There can be little doubt that this was the original table of shew-bread made by Solomon, and that it was secreted by the Jews when the treasures of the temple were carried by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon." We may hesitate to accept this conclusion, notwithstanding the arguments by which the writer proceeds to support it. But that so competent a writer should give credence to the legend may illustrate the high position held by the Jews at Toledo.

*Arx*, which probably had already superseded some yet earlier fortress—Carthaginian or Iberian. It was enlarged, strengthened, and beautified by successive monarchs of Spain down to the days of Charles V. and Philip II. It has been used as a palace, a fortress, and a prison, a poor-house in which paupers were employed in silk-weaving, and barracks for French troops. It has been twice burned, and for many years has been left, roofless and neglected, to crumble into ruins. A feeble and desultory effort is now being made to restore it; but those who know how such matters are managed in Spain entertain little hope from such efforts. It is more imposing in ruins than in any restoration it is likely to receive at the hands of the Spaniards. The view from the top is superb.

Leaving Toledo by the noble Moorish gateway, the Puerta del Sol, and crossing the Romano-Gothic bridge which spans the Tagus, we reach the station. Convenient as railways are everywhere, especially in Spain, one cannot but feel that a railway here is something of an incongruity and an anachronism. The vehement denunciations of the *ferro carril* by Ford seem almost justifiable at Toledo and Cordova.

To resume our journey southward we must retrace our steps to Castillejo, near Aranjuez, in order to rejoin the main line from Madrid for Cordova and Seville. Soon after doing so we cross the frontier of La Mancha, the towns and villages of which have been made familiar to us by the genius of Cervantes. He sketched from nature. His art was intensely realistic. Except in the character of the Don himself, almost every detail can be made out and verified at the present day. Here is Toboso, the home of the "never-to-be-enough-admired Dulcinea;" yonder the Venta de Quesada where the knight of the sorrowful countenance received the *accolade*. The lakes of Ruydera and the cave of Montesinos, the muleteers, and the windmills, and the wine skins, are all to be seen just as Cervantes described them.

Shortly after passing the Venta de Cardenas and the Torre Nueva the railway enters a wild and savage gorge, the *Despeñaperros*, or "Pitch the dogs over." This name it owes doubtless to some desperate, but forgotten, struggle between Moor and Christian in the times when this was the border-land between the two races. Down these precipitous cliffs "the infidel dogs" were hurled to perish in the depths below.

Shortly after leaving the gorge of Despeñaperros, we pass the mineral district of Linares, the resources of which are being developed by English capital and energy, and enter the fertile plains of Andalusia. The traveller crossing Europe from north to south, can scarcely fail to be struck by the successive zones of vegetation through which he passes. Soon after entering France a few straggling vines remind him that he is reaching the vine country. These become more numerous as he continues his journey, till he reaches districts where the whole landscape is covered with vineyards as far as the

eye can reach. Then come, in the south of France, first an occasional olive-tree, with its meagre, grey, willow-like foliage. Groves of olives gradually take the place of single trees, till the hill-sides are covered with them for miles. As we approach Cordova the cactus and prickly-pear, which had been growing more common ever since we left Madrid, are now used as the fences of fields and gardens, and grow wild in dense masses on the enbankments of the railway. Groves of oranges and lemons too begin to appear with their glossy leaves and golden fruit. And here and there a tall feathery palm-tree rises, the advanced guard of the great army of giants we shall meet farther south.

Reaching the old Moorish capital the road into the city leads us along a shady Alameda, with gardens on either side, where the cool plash of water from innumerable fountains, the fragrance of roses and orange-blossoms, the palms and bananas and oleanders in infinite profusion are doubly delightful after the weary monotony of brown bare hills over which we have been passing.

Cordova is now a poverty-stricken, decayed, and dilapidated city, of about forty thousand inhabitants, without trade, without manufactures, without life or movement of any kind. It has a dejected and deserted air, beyond almost any other town I have ever visited. Yet in the days of the Moors it was the capital of a kingdom which contained eighty large cities, three hundred towns of the second class, and innumerable villages. It is said, perhaps with an Oriental exaggeration and disregard of arithmetical accuracy, that twelve thousand hamlets stood on the banks of the Guadalquivir alone. The revenues of Abd-ur-rahman amounted to upwards of five million pounds annually, and he was one of the richest and most powerful monarchs in Europe. The city contained, if we may trust the statement of the Moorish chroniclers, six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eight hundred schools, nine hundred public baths, eighty thousand shops, two hundred and sixty-three thousand houses, six hundred inns, a library of six hundred thousand volumes, and one million of inhabitants. The surrounding country was laid out in parks, pleasure grounds, and forests. All this grandeur has disappeared. From one of the stateliest capitals in the world it has shrunk into an insignificant and pauperized town; and but for the activity and energy of some English firms carrying on business in the vicinity, there seems to be nothing to avert its further decadence.

One relic of its former glories it yet retains—its incomparable Cathedral, which was erected shortly after the foundation of the western caliphate. Its founder resolved to give his capital the finest mosque in the world. He is reported to have himself traced the plan, and to have worked upon the building daily with hod and trowel, in order to set to his people an example of diligence, humility, and piety. The Arab historians say that it originally rested upon twelve hundred columns. On one side were nineteen gates, of which

the centre was covered with gold plates, the others were of bronze beautifully decorated. The minarets terminated in gilt balls surmounted by golden pomegranates. The vast edifice was lit by four thousand seven hundred lamps fed by oil perfumed with amber, aloes, and frankincense. They add numerous other marvels, which if only approximately true, justify the claim set up for it as one of the wonders of the world.

And enough remains to warrant us in crediting all which they report. Entering at any of the doors one is bewildered by a perfect forest of columns,

THE GREAT MOSQUE, CORDOVA.

which stretch away in every direction. Nearly a thousand of the original number are yet remaining. Their number seems greater than it really is, and the bewildering effect of the whole is increased by the artful arrangement of the building. Twenty-nine naves run in one direction and nineteen in the other. A sort of geometrical pattern is thus traced, the intricacy of which produces a marvellous effect. The columns were brought from all the shores of the Mediterranean. The temples of Sicily, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Egypt, Phœnicia, were despoiled of their finest marbles to contribute to this masterpiece of Moorish art. They are of marbles of all hues, green and

blood-coloured, black and white, red and yellow, of chalcedony, lapis-lazuli, porphyry, granite, serpentine, and verde antique—all monoliths, and all highly polished.

The building has suffered much from the tasteless and reckless zeal of the ecclesiastics who turned the mosque into a cathedral. They ran up an enormous *coro* in the centre of the building, removing many of the finest columns to make way for it. They whitewashed the edifice from end to end, hiding the brilliant arabesques and delicate fretwork of the Arab artists who had been engaged upon it. And they have constructed about forty tawdry chapels, full of gaudy, tinsel ornament. When Charles V. visited Cordova and saw what mischief had been done, he reproached the bishop and chapter, saying—"You have built here what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

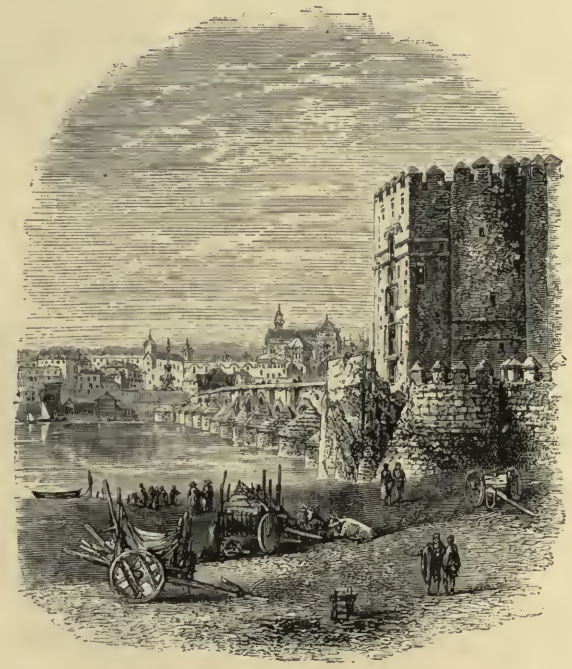
FOUNTAIN AND ORANGE-TREES, CORDOVA.

Only a few parts of the edifice remain uninjured by the hands of the spoiler. Amongst these is the Mih-rab or sanctuary, in the which the Koran was deposited. It is a recess lined with mosaics, said, with probable truth, to be the finest in the world. The roof is formed of a single block of pure white marble, carved into a shell. The cornices are inlaid with Arabic inscriptions in letters of gold. When lit up by the sacristan the recess seems a fairy cavern, radiant with gold and jewels. The brother of the Emperor of Morocco, visiting Spain a few years ago, traversed the Mih-rab on his knees, weeping bitterly and beating upon his breast at the contrast between the past and present condition of his people as illustrated by this gem of art.

Like most other Moorish buildings, the exterior of the Cathedral is plain and unimpressive. But the *Patio de los Narranjos*, or Court of Oranges, is surpassingly beautiful. This is a large quadrangle enclosed within the Cathedral walls. The pavement is of coloured marbles arranged in mosaic patterns. Fountains fall into marble basins. Tall palm-trees rise in stately

grace from amongst groves of orange, lemon, and citron trees, the great size and age of which give support to the tradition that they were planted by the Moors—some of them by Abd-ur-rahman himself. The air is heavy with the fragrance of the orange-blossoms, even when the branches are borne down with the weight of the ripe golden fruit. Spanish girls gather to gossip around the fountains as they fill their vessels, the forms of which are classical in design, handed down from the times of the Romans. Few things can be conceived more enjoyable than to sit in the cool shade of these noble trees, whilst the green light flickers around one from the glossy leaves, to inhale the fragrance, to let the eye wander from point to point, each of which seems more beautiful than the last, and to listen to the strains of the Cathedral organ and the choir, as they fall fitfully upon the ear.

The Cordovese take a special pride in the bridge which spans the Guadalquivir, with its sixteen buttressed arches. It seems to be a Moorish superstructure upon Roman foundations. Tradition ascribes it to Octavius Cæsar, which is probable enough. The Romans had an important settlement here, and the city took an active part in the civil wars between Pompey and Cæsar. Here Lucan and the two Senecas were born.



MOORISH BRIDGE AND GATE, CORDOVA.

The city itself has small claims to beauty. The streets are even narrower, more crooked, and more dilapidated than those of Toledo. The walls which surround it present a curious patchwork; the brickwork of the Romans, the stonework of the Goths, and the *tapia* of the Moors join on to one another. The enclosure within the walls now is the same as in the days of the city's prosperity; so that the abodes of thirty thousand people now straggle over a space which once held a million. The vacant spots thus left are either encumbered with ruins or are laid out as gardens, in which the fruits and flowers of the tropics flourish, unprotected, in the open air, intermingled with the productions of more temperate climes. The peach, the pear, and the apple, the orange, the fig, and the banana come to perfection side by side. But the palms are the special glory of Cordova. In the Alamedas and gardens the

dwarf variety flourishes most luxuriantly, springing from an undergrowth of semi-tropical plants. Others rise high above the walls and housetops of the city, and are among the first objects which the traveller sees as he approaches it.

It is said that all the palms in Spain descend from one planted by

PALMS IN THE ALAMEDA, CORDOVA.

Abd-ur-rahman in his favourite garden on the banks of the Guadalquivir. He composed a poem in praise of it, of which the following is a translation:

"Beautiful palm-tree! like me, thou art a stranger in the land;
But thy roots find a friendly and a fertile soil,
Thy head rises into a genial atmosphere;
The balmy west breathes kindly amongst thy branches.
Thou hast nothing to fear from evil fortune;
But I am ever exposed to its treachery!
When cruel fate and the fury of Abbas drove me from my dear country,

My tears often watered the palm-trees which grew upon the banks of the Euphrates.
Neither the trees nor the river have preserved the memory of my sorrow.
And thou too, beautiful palm! hast also forgotten thy country.
But I remember with a ceaseless and unavailing regret."

One of the hotels in Cordova deserves passing mention, on account of the ingeniously bad English in which it invites the custom of tourists. The following is a copy *verbatim et literatim* of this curious document:

> Rizzi Hotel Situated in the Nmost centrick place of Cordova. This splendid and distinguished establishment contains spacious and elegant rooms with independant lodging house for families who wish live in. The foods are served into and out of establishment besides of the table d'hote with wines of all countries after the bill of fare. Ynterpre ters who speak English france germany Ytalian. Yt also has ackney coach and hole of post office. Spring season hotel Belongs to Rizzi Hotel. Yt is the most picture sque region of the Sierra Morena brow. The water and clime of the land are very beautiful!!!

From Cordova to Granada the journey is made by railway as far as Archidona, a distance of about eighty miles. Here a gap in the communication occurs, and a diligence ride of four hours brings the traveller to Loja. This part of the journey is very picturesque. The grandeur of the scenery affords ample compensation for the execrable condition of the road, over which the diligence jolts and pitches to an alarming extent. Wild, savage sierras, intersected by almost inaccessible ravines, groves of olives, forests of cork wood, and rich fertile valleys where winter is unknown, and which produce two or three harvests in the year, succeed one another. Soon the Sierra Nevada comes into view, and adds that element of beauty to the scene which only snowy peaks can give.

In the final conflicts between the Spaniards and the Moors this was the border land, the possession of every inch of which was fiercely and repeatedly contested. The readers of Washington Irving's *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, or of Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, will recognise the name of every town and hamlet, every mountain height and savage gorge he passes, and will connect each with some deed of desperate daring. Loja, which was the key of the kingdom of Granada, played a most important part in the final struggle. It is intrenched amongst rugged hills, surrounded by deep ravines, was strongly fortified, and was defended by a powerful garrison under the command of Ali Atar, one of the boldest and ablest of the Moorish generals. Again and again the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella attacked it in vain. The bravest troops and the most skilful dispositions were powerless against a fortress so strongly situated and so bravely defended. It was only

taken at last after a siege of thirty-four days, in which the Conde dé Escalas, as the Spaniards called Lord Scales, and a strong body of English archers rendered important services.

At Loja we enter upon the rich and beautiful *vega* of Granada. Rejoicing in perpetual sunshine, watered abundantly by innumerable streams, and replenished through the summer by the snows of the Sierra Nevada, it is a region of almost incredible fertility.

"The Moorish territory of Granada contained," says Mr. Prescott, in his *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, "within a circuit of about one hundred and eighty leagues, all the physical resources of a great empire. Its broad valleys were intersected by mountains rich in mineral wealth, whose hardy population supplied the state with husbandmen and soldiers. Its pastures were fed by abundant fountains, and its coasts studded with commodious ports, the principal marts in the Mediterranean. In the midst, and crowning the whole as with a diadem, rose the beautiful city of Granada. In the days of the Moors it was encompassed by a wall, flanked by a thousand and thirty towers, with seven portals. Its population, according to a contemporary, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, amounted to two hundred thousand souls; and various authors agree in attesting, that, at a later period, it could send forth fifty thousand warriors from its gates. This statement will not appear exaggerated, if we consider that the native population of the city was greatly swelled by the influx of the ancient inhabitants of the districts lately conquered by the Spaniards. On the summit of one of the hills of the city was erected the royal fortress or palace of the Alhambra, which was capable of containing within its circuit forty thousand men. The light and elegant architecture of this edifice, whose magnificent ruins still form the most interesting monument in Spain for the contemplation of the traveller, shows the great advancement of the art since the construction of the celebrated mosque of Cordova. Its graceful porticos and colonnades, its domes and ceilings glowing with tints which in that transparent atmosphere have lost nothing of their original brilliancy, its airy halls, so constructed as to admit the perfume of surrounding gardens and agreeable ventilation of the air, and its fountains, which still shed their coolness over its deserted courts, manifest at once the taste, opulence, and Sybarite luxury of its proprietors. The streets are represented to have been narrow, many of the houses lofty, with turrets of curiously wrought wood or marble, and with cornices of shining metal, 'that glittered like stars through the dark foliage of the orange-groves;' and the whole is compared to an 'enamelled vase, sparkling with hyacinths and emeralds.'* Such are the florid strains in which the Arabic writers fondly descant on the glories of Granada.

* Conde, Dominacion de los Arabes, tom. ii. p. 147.—Casiri, Bibliotheca Escurialensis, tom. ii. pp. 248 et seq.—Pedraza, Antiguedad y Excelencias de Granada (Madrid, 1608), lib. 1. Pedraza

GRANADA—THE BANKS OF THE DARRO.

"At the foot of this fabric of the genii lay the cultivated *vega*, or plain, so celebrated as the arena, for more than two centuries, of Moorish and Christian chivalry, every inch of whose soil may be said to have been fertilised with human blood. The Arabs exhausted on it all their powers of elaborate cultivation. They distributed the waters of the Xenil, which flowed through it, into a thousand channels for its more perfect irrigation. A constant succession of fruits and crops was obtained throughout the year. The products of the most opposite latitudes were transplanted there with success; and the hemp of the North grew luxuriant under the shadow of the vine and the olive. Silk furnished the principal staple of a traffic that was carried on through the ports of Almeria and Malaga. The Italian cities, then rising into opulence, derived their principal skill in this elegant manufacture from the Spanish Arabs. Florence, in particular, imported large quantities of the raw material from them as late as the fifteenth century. The Genoese are mentioned as having mercantile establishments in Granada; and treaties of commerce were entered into with this nation, as well as with the crown of Aragon. Their ports swarmed with a motley contribution from 'Europe, Africa, and the Levant;' so that 'Granada,' in the words of the historian, 'became the common city of all nations.' 'The reputation of the citizens for trustworthiness,' says a Spanish writer, 'was such, that their bare word was more relied on than a written contract is now among us;' and he quotes the saying of a bishop, that 'Moorish works and Spanish faith were all that were necessary to make a good Christian.'"

The short railway ride across the Vega from Loja to Granada is interesting, not only from its rare beauty, but from its historical associations. The hill called to this day *El sospiro del Moro*, or "the sigh of the Moor," is in view all the way. Here the unhappy Boabdil, as the Spaniards call Abdallah, the last Moorish king of Granada, turned to take his farewell look at the city which he had just surrendered. As he did so he burst into tears. "You do well," exclaimed his mother, "to weep like a woman over what you could not defend like a man." "Alas!" exclaimed the exile, "when were woes ever equal to mine?"

Pinos Puentes, which is about midway between Loja and Granada, is the spot where Christopher Columbus was for a second time prevented from leaving Spain when on the very point of doing so to offer his services to some

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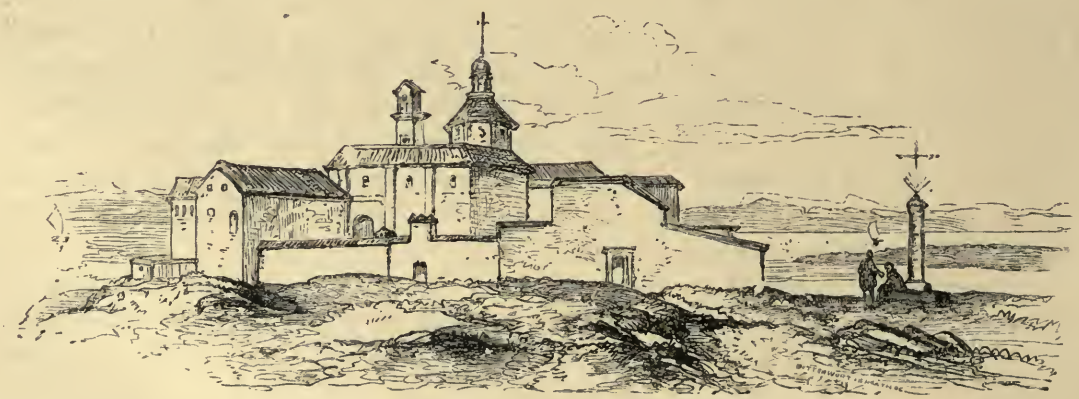
has collected the various etymologies of the term *Granada*, which some writers have traced to the fact of the city having been the spot where the *pomegranate* was first introduced from Africa; others to the large quantities of *grain* in which its vega abounded; others again to the resemblance which the city, divided into two hills thickly sprinkled with houses, bore to a half-opened pomegranate (lib. 2. cap. 17). The arms of the city, which were in part composed of a pomegranate, would seem to favour the derivation of its name from that of the fruit.

other country. Once at the convent of Rabida he stopped for a night's shelter before sailing the next day from the neighbouring port of Palos. The prior entered into conversation with his guest, learned his business, became interested in it, and induced him to await the result of another appeal to Isabella. Columbus returned to Court, but again wearied out with coldness and delays, he had left, meaning to visit England and offer his services to Henry VII. The queen, unable to move the suspicious and avaricious Ferdinand, resolved to pledge her own jewels to raise the requisite funds. Her messenger overtook the great navigator at this point, brought him back to Court, and very speedily we find him once more in the convent of Rabida, rejoicing with his friend the prior over the removal of all the difficulties in the way of his memorable voyage.

MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS.

Near to Pinos Puentes is the Soto de Roma, so called from a fine grove of trees near the village of Roma, on the banks of the Xenil. This is the estate conferred upon the Duke of Wellington by the Spanish Cortes, after the battle of Salamanca, in recognition of the services rendered by him. I was told on the spot that during the time of the late Duke, the property was neglected



CONVENT OF SANTA MARIA DE RABIDA.

and badly managed, but that now it is well cared for and very productive. The olive-groves were said to be unusually fine and extensive. The estate certainly seemed to be in excellent order, and the peasantry to be more than usually well-to-do.

THE GENERALLIFFE.

Granada is a city of about eighty thousand inhabitants, on the edge of the Vega, and at the foot of some of the spurs of the Sierra Nevada which here come down into the plain. Its situation is most delightful. Seated at a height of 2445 feet above the sea level, the air cooled by the snows of the neighbouring sierra, abundantly supplied with water, that prime requisite in a southern climate, the city combines all the natural requisites for enjoyment.

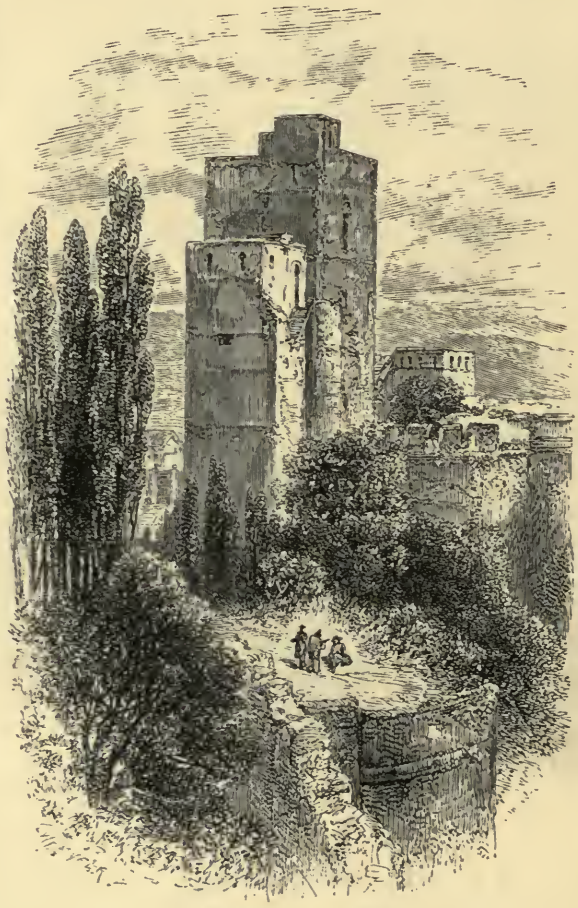
The Alhambra and the Generalliffe are on the crest of two hills which

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

stand above the city. The approach to the former is through avenues of elm-trees, planted here by the Duke of Wellington. They have thriven wonderfully, and though inferior in size to the forest-giants of our own parks, they afford a most delicious shade by their dense foliage.

Washington Irving thinks it necessary to apologize for attempting to describe the Alhambra afresh after the numerous and minute descriptions which had been given of it. He himself, however, has done it so eloquently and well that it needs no apology to adopt his description with some additions, omissions, and modifications.

Leaving our posada,* we traverse the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the Captain-general, we ascend a confined and winding street, the name of which reminds us of the chivalric days of Granada. It is called the Street of the Gomeres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street leads up to a massive gateway of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V., forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra.

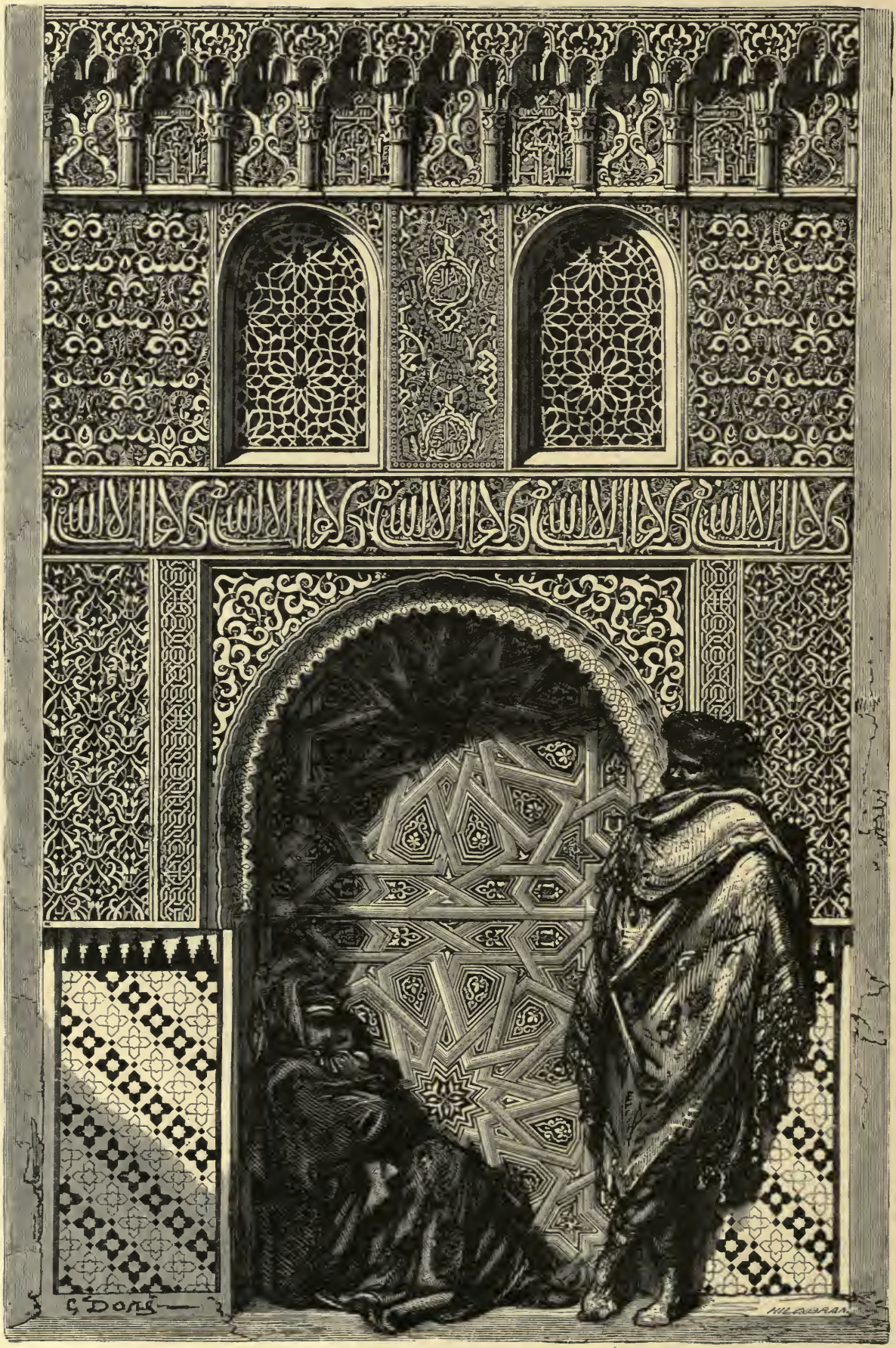


THE VERMILION TOWER.

We now find ourselves in a deep narrow ravine, with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue, and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats and ornamented with fountains. To our left, we behold the towers of the Alhambra above us; to our right, on the opposite side of the ravine, we are equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These are the Torres Vermejos, or Vermilion Towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra: some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others, by a wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrive at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch, during the Moslem domination, for the immediate trial of petty causes: a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the Sacred Scriptures.

The great vestibule, or porch of the gate, is formed by an immense

* There are now two excellent hotels in the grounds of the Alhambra, which are preferable to those in the city.




GATE OF THE TORRE DE LAS INFANTAS.

Arabian arch, of the horseshoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the keystone of the portal, is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols, affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross.

It was a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitants, that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. The Moorish king who built it was a great magician, or, as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several hundred years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin, and disappeared. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.*

Soon after passing the gate we come to the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., intended, it is said, to eclipse the residence of the Moslem kings. With all its grandeur and architectural merit, it appears like an arrogant intrusion; and passing by it, we enter a simple, unostentatious portal, opening into the interior of the Moorish palace.

The transition is almost magical: it seems as if we were at once transported into other times, and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We find ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles: it is called the Court of the Alberca. In the centre is an immense basin, or fishpond, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold fish, and bordered by edges of roses. At the upper end of this court rises the great Tower of Comares.

From the lower end we pass through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the

* Over the inner arch is a sculptured key, in which some see the Oriental symbol of power (Isaiah xxii. 22), and others the key of David (Rev. iii. 7). Others hold that it is allusive to "the power of the keys" by which the prophet opened the gates of heaven and hell. The key, however, was a symbolical sign among the Sufis denoting knowledge, "the key by which Allah opens the heart of true believers." It occurs over many Andalusian castles, especially those built after the arrival of the Almohades, a domineering religious sect, who bore this particular badge on their banners.—Murray's *Handbook of Spain.*

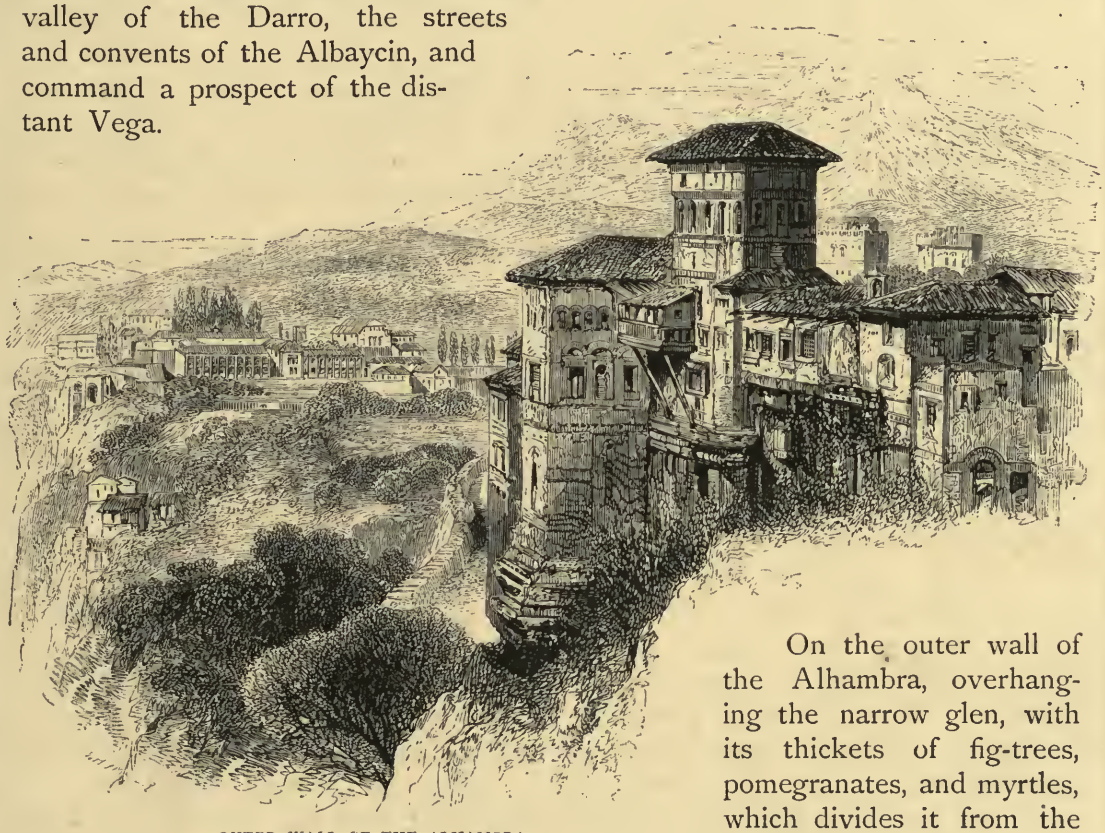
fountain, famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions, which support them, cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterised by elegance rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, and the violence of war: it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

In a recess there stands an immense vase enamelled in blue, white, and gold, about which various traditions cling. The peasantry regard it with mysterious awe; for it, like most other things in the Alhambra, has some connection with magic. It is said to be one of two which were filled with gold-dust, and conveyed hither from Damascus, or Egypt, or Morocco—a Spanish peasant's geography is not very precise—to defray the cost of building the palace.

On the opposite side of the Court of Lions, is the hall of the Abencerrages; so called from the gallant cavaliers of that illustrious line who were here perfidiously massacred. There are some who doubt the whole truth of this story; but our attendant pointed out the very wicket of the portal through which they are said to have been introduced, one by one; and the white marble fountain in the centre of the hall, where they were beheaded. He showed us, also, certain broad ruddy stains in the pavement, traces of their blood, which, according to popular belief, can never be effaced. Finding we listened to him with easy faith, he added, that there was often heard at night, in the Court of Lions, a low, confused sound, resembling the murmuring of a multitude; with now and then a faint tinkling, like the distant clank of chains. These noises are probably produced by the bubbling currents and tinkling falls of water, conducted under the pavement, through pipes and channels, to supply the fountains; but, according to the legend, they are made by the spirits of the murdered Abencerrages, who nightly haunt the scene of their suffering, and invoke the vengeance of Heaven on their destroyer.

From the Court of Lions we retrace our steps through the Court of the Alberca, or Great Fishpool; crossing which, we proceed to the Tower of Comares, so called from the name of the Arabian architect. It is of massive strength and lofty height, domineering over the rest of the edifice, and overhanging the steep hill-side, which descends abruptly to the banks of the Darro. A Moorish archway admits us into a vast and lofty hall,

which occupies the interior of the tower, and was the grand audience-chamber of the Moslem monarchs, thence called the Hall of Ambassadors. It still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are richly stuccoed, and decorated with arabesques; the vaulted ceiling of cedar-wood, almost lost in obscurity, from its height, still gleams with rich gilding, and the brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil. On three sides of the saloon are deep windows cut through the immense thickness of the walls, the balconies of which look down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, the streets and convents of the Albaycin, and command a prospect of the distant Vega.



OUTER WALL OF THE ALHAMBRA.
(*The Generalliffe in the distance.*)

On the outer wall of the Alhambra, overhanging the narrow glen, with its thickets of fig-trees, pomegranates, and myrtles, which divides it from the Generalliffe, is a tower of great beauty though seldom visited. It is called La Torre de las Infantas, the Tower of the Princesses, from having been, according to tradition, the residence of the daughters of the Moorish kings. The interior is equal for beauty of architecture and delicacy of ornament to any part of the palace. The elegance of the central hall, with its marble fountain, its lofty arches, and richly fretted dome, accords with the story of its having been the abode of royal beauty.

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and

fishpools, sparkling in jets within its halls, or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and parterres, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the hill of the Alhambra.

The reader has had a sketch of the interior of the Alhambra, and may be desirous of a general idea of its vicinity. We will mount the tower of Comares, and take a bird's-eye view of Granada and its environs.

From the summit, we have immediately below us the whole plan of the Alhambra laid open, and can look down into its courts and gardens. At the foot of the tower is the Court of the Alberca, with its fishpool, bordered with flowers; and yonder is the Court of Lions, with its fountains and its light Moorish arcades; and in the centre of the pile is the little garden of Lindaraxa, buried in the heart of the building, with its roses and citrons, and shrubbery of emerald green.

On the northern side of the tower is a giddy height, the very foundations of which rise above the groves of the steep hill-side. A long fissure in the massive walls shows that the tower has been rent by earthquakes. The deep, narrow glen below us, which gradually widens as it opens from the mountains, is the valley of the Darro. It is a stream famous in old times for yielding gold, and its sands are still sifted, occasionally, in search of the precious ore.

The airy palace, with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breasts yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalliffe, a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months, to enjoy a still more breezy region than that of the Alhambra. The naked summit of the height above it, where you behold some shapeless ruins, is the Silla del Moro, or Seat of the Moor; so called, from having been a retreat of the unfortunate Boabdil, during an insurrection, where he seated himself, and looked down mournfully upon his rebellious city.

Let us leave this side of the tower, and turn our eyes to the west. Here you behold, in the distance, a range of mountains bounding the Vega, the ancient barrier between Moslem Granada and the land of the Christians. Among their heights you may still discern warrior towns, whose grey walls and battlements seem of a piece with the rocks on which they are built; while here and there is a solitary Atalaya, or watch-tower, mounted on some lofty point, and looking down, as it were, from the sky into the valleys on either side. It was down the defiles of these mountains, by the pass of Lope, that the Christian armies descended into the Vega. It was round the base of yon grey and naked mountain, almost insulated from the rest, and stretching its bold rocky promontory into the bosom of the plain,

GIPSY CAVES NEAR GRANADA.

that the invading squadrons would come bursting into view, with flaunting banners, and the clangour of drums and trumpets. How changed is the scene! Instead of the glittering line of mailed warriors, we behold the patient train of the toilful muleteer, slowly moving along the skirts of the mountain.

Here, towards the south, the eye revels on the luxuriant beauties of the Vega; a blooming wilderness of grove and garden, and teeming orchard, with the Xenil winding through it in silver links, and feeding innumerable rills, conducted through ancient Moorish channels, which maintain the landscape in perpetual verdure. Here are the beloved bowers and gardens and rural retreats, for which the Moors fought with such desperate valour. The very farmhouses and hovels which are now inhabited by boors, retain traces of arabesques and other tasteful decorations, which show them to have been elegant residences in the days of the Moslems.

Beyond the embowered region of the Vega, you behold to the south a line of arid hills, down which a long train of mules is slowly moving. It was from the summit of one of those hills that Boabdil cast back his last look upon Granada, and gave vent to the agony of his soul. It is a spot famous in song and story—El sospiro del Moro—"The last sigh of the Moor."

Now raise your eyes to the snowy summit of yon pile of mountains, shining like a white summer cloud in the blue sky. It is the Sierra Nevada, the pride and delight of Granada; the source of her cooling breezes and perpetual verdure, of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains that gives to Granada that combination of delights, so rare in a southern city, the fresh vegetation and temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardour of a tropical sun, and the cloudless azure of a southern sky. It is this aerial treasury of snow, which, melting in proportion to the increase of the summer heat, sends down rivulets and streams through every glen and gorge of the Alpuxarras, diffusing emerald verdure and fertility throughout a chain of happy and sequestered valleys.

The Cathedral of Granada just misses being a grand and imposing edifice. It is built in the pseudo-classical style which prevailed in the sixteenth century. Its great height and width would be impressive but for its faulty proportions, and the hideous whitewash which covers the delicate cream-coloured stone gives it a mean and poverty-stricken look. The passion of the Spaniards for whitewash far exceeds that of our eighteenth-century churchwardens. Only a year or two ago they whitewashed the Generalliffe from end to end. The great interest of the Cathedral is to be found in the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella and the historical relics in the Capilla de los Reyes.

An inscription which is to be found in every part of the Cathedral—as in many other churches in Spain—painfully illustrates the state of morality

amongst the people. It announces that "any man walking with or speaking to a woman in the church shall be subject to excommunication, and a fine of two ducats." In the mind of the Spaniard, religion and morality have little connection with each other. Crimes are committed during the performance of the most sacred rites. Passing the Cathedral of Granada the other day, a procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries came out, bearing the host beneath a canopy, with much appearance of devotion. The bystanders fell on their knees as it passed, and began to pray loudly. As we extricated ourselves from the kneeling crowd, some of the worshippers succeeded in picking the pockets of three of our party at the moment the host was receiving their adoration.

The Cartuja, a suppressed Carthusian monastery, about a mile from the city, is well deserving a visit. Its doors, inlaid with ebony, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, its marbles of extraordinary richness and variety, and some relics of exquisite carving, attest its wealth and luxury before the hand of the spoiler was laid upon it. A series of fresco paintings in the cloisters afford a curious illustration of how history is written by partisans. They profess to give a pictorial record of the Reformation in England. The Carthusians are represented as being tortured with a diabolical cruelty which makes one's blood run cold; and miracles are being wrought on their behalf which, if authentic, must have secured an easy and universal victory for the Romanists. On my assuring the curator that our history had no trace of either the persecutions or the miracles, he shrugged his shoulders and turned away with a significant gesture of incredulity.

Amongst the most curious places in the neighbourhood of the city is the gipsy town. Here, as in the heights above Carthagena, and in many other parts of Spain, the rocks are honeycombed into cave-dwellings. These excavations probably date from pre-historic times, and were the work of some troglodytic race. They are now principally occupied by the gitanos. The settlement near Granada is said to consist of five thousand persons. The number is probably exaggerated, though the gitano chief himself assured me that the estimate was correct. Some of the caves are of considerable size, and are comfortably furnished. The gipsies profess to be good Catholics, but they practise many Moslem rites in secret; and they always pray turning towards Mecca.

# SEVILLE AND THE INQUISITION.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

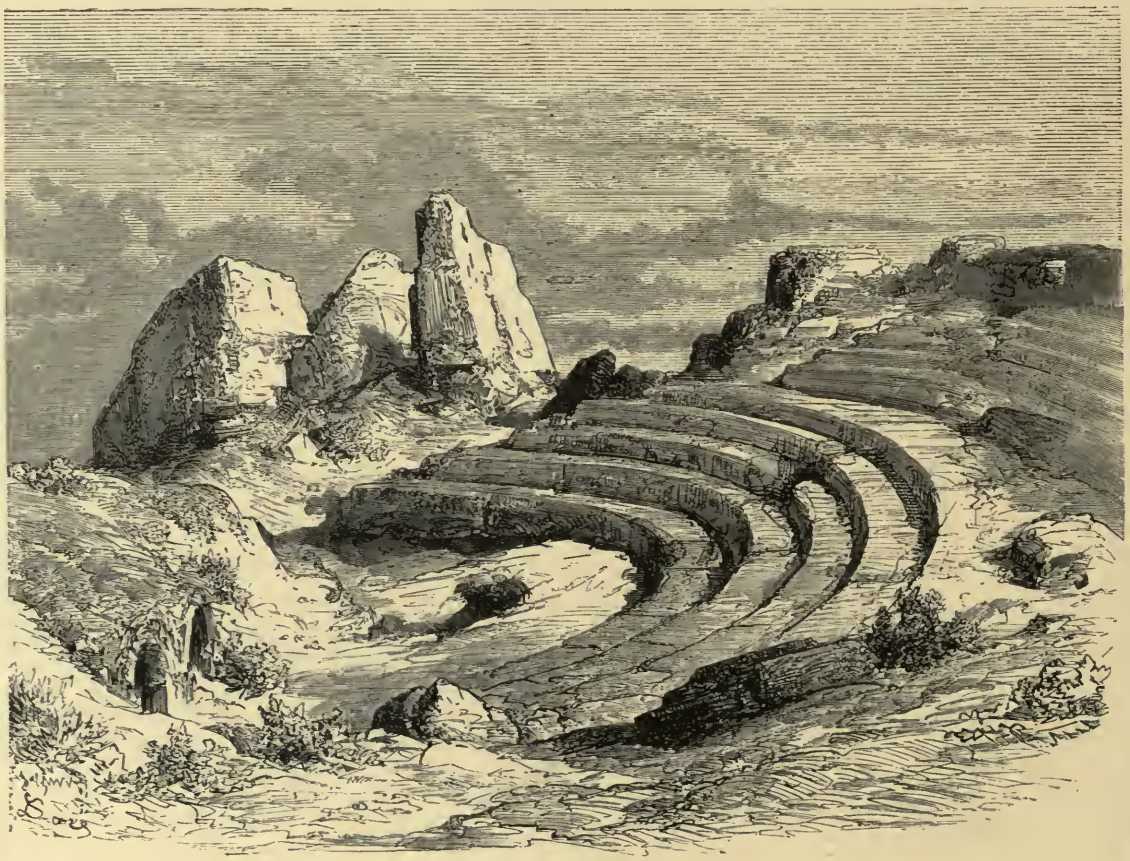
# SEVILLE AND THE INQUISITION.

ROMAN ORIGIN — ITALICA AND TRIANA — MOORISH CHARACTER — THE GIRALDA — THE ALCAZAR — TORRE DEL ORO — TRADE OF SEVILLE — CASA DEL AYUNTAMIENTO AND LONJA—GIPSY MUSICIANS AND DANCERS—MURILLO—CATHEDRAL—THE INQUISITION.

THE ALCAZAR.

SEVILLE, like most Spanish cities, claims Hercules for its founder. Gainsayers, who doubt the tradition, may be readily confuted by an inscription over one of the city gates which asserts the fact, with the addition that Julius Cæsar surrounded it with walls and towers, and that "the holy king St. Ferdinand" gained it from the Infidel. That Cæsar raised it into importance, made it the capital, and gave it the title of Romula, or Little Rome, is indeed certain. Cordova having espoused the cause of Pompey, his successful rival punished the error of choosing the wrong side by conferring his favour upon Seville. In this city, or in the immediate neighbourhood, three Roman emperors were born—Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. Italica, pleasantly situated at the foot of olive-covered hills, five miles away, retains the ruins of a spacious amphitheatre, which is all that is left of a town founded by Scipio and adorned with sumptuous edifices by Adrian. Like most Roman remains

in Spain, it has served as a quarry for subsequent builders. Its massive stones have been removed to supply material for the neighbouring convent of San Isidro, and for a breakwater in the Guadalquivir. The tiers of benches may yet be traced, though they are broken and often buried beneath the mass of débris. A rank and luxuriant growth of grass and wild flowers, of cactus and prickly pear, covers the arena, the soil of which was fertilized through successive generations by the blood of martyrs, of gladiators, and of



RUINS OF AMPHITHEATRE.

wild beasts. In the vaults which once served as dens for the animals and as prisons for the captives, a few gitanos now lurk and beset the visitor with importunate entreaties for alms. All else is silent as the grave, where once stood a wealthy and magnificent city, the birthplace and home of emperors.

The Triana, now a poverty-stricken suburb of Seville, lying between it and Italica, takes its name from the Emperor Trajan—*optimus*, as the Romans called him, and from whom they draw the blessing pronounced upon his successors, "May he be happier than Augustus! May he be better than Trajan!"

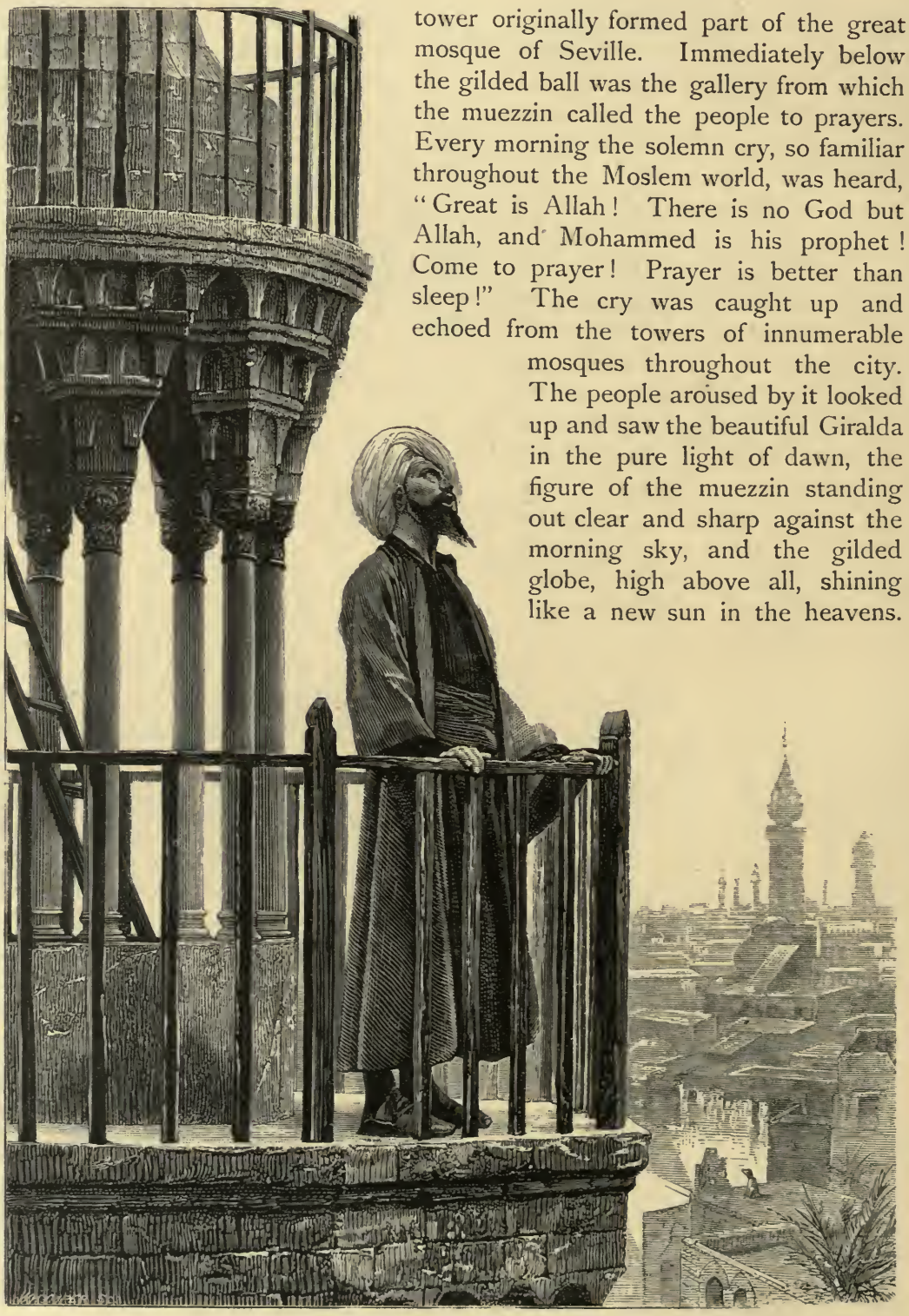
CASA DEL PILATOS.

Whilst all traces of the Roman occupation of Seville and its neighbourhood have so nearly disappeared, the Arabs have left their mark indelibly. The city is Moorish in style and character. The streets consist of labyrinths of narrow winding lanes like those of Toledo or Cordova. Grilles of light airy iron-work open into patios, bright with fountains and flowers and greenery. Even the modern houses retain this old Moorish arrangement, which is admirably adapted to the climate, securing cool shade, and a constant current of air. The Casa del Pilatos is a good specimen of this style of building. It was erected early in the sixteenth century by the Marquis of Tarifa, on his return from Jerusalem, in imitation of the so-called house of Pontius Pilate there. The principal court is very fine, with exquisite arabesque work, antique statuary, well-proportioned columns, and a marble fountain, supported by a group of well-designed dolphins, in the centre.

By far the finest relic of purely Moorish architecture in the city is the tower of the Giralda. It rises to a height of about three hundred and fifty feet, from the angle of the Patio de los Narranjos, or Court of Orange-trees, and is surmounted by a vane or weathercock (*girandola*) from which it takes its name. This weathercock is the figure of a woman, which, though it weighs nearly three tons, is yet so finely balanced that it turns at the slightest breeze. Oddly enough, it represents Faith, and innumerable are the jokes current in Spain at the expense of the Sevillanos, who have chosen a woman and a weathercock—the emblems of fickleness and inconstancy—to represent the virtue which ought to be, before all things, steadfast.

The Giralda is the most elegant structure of the kind in Spain, perhaps in Europe. I have seen it under all aspects, and am at a loss to say under which it looks most lovely—whether rising into the deep, radiant blue of an Andalusian noontide, flooded by a light so intense that every detail of fret-work, and arabesque, and fresco comes out with the utmost vividness; or on the night of some high festival, when the belfry lights seem so unconnected with earth and so far up in the sky that they look like strange lurid stars; or, perhaps more beautiful than all, in the brilliant light of a full moon, when everything is bathed in a fine white radiance, brilliant enough to bring out the marvellous beauty of the tower, and yet kindly veiling the marks of decay which deface it. So sensitive were the Moors to its beauty, that when Seville was conquered by Ferdinand they had arranged to destroy it before surrendering the city, that it might not fall into the hands of their enemies. They were only prevented from fulfilling their purpose by the threat that, if they did so, the city itself should be given up to be sacked by the troops.

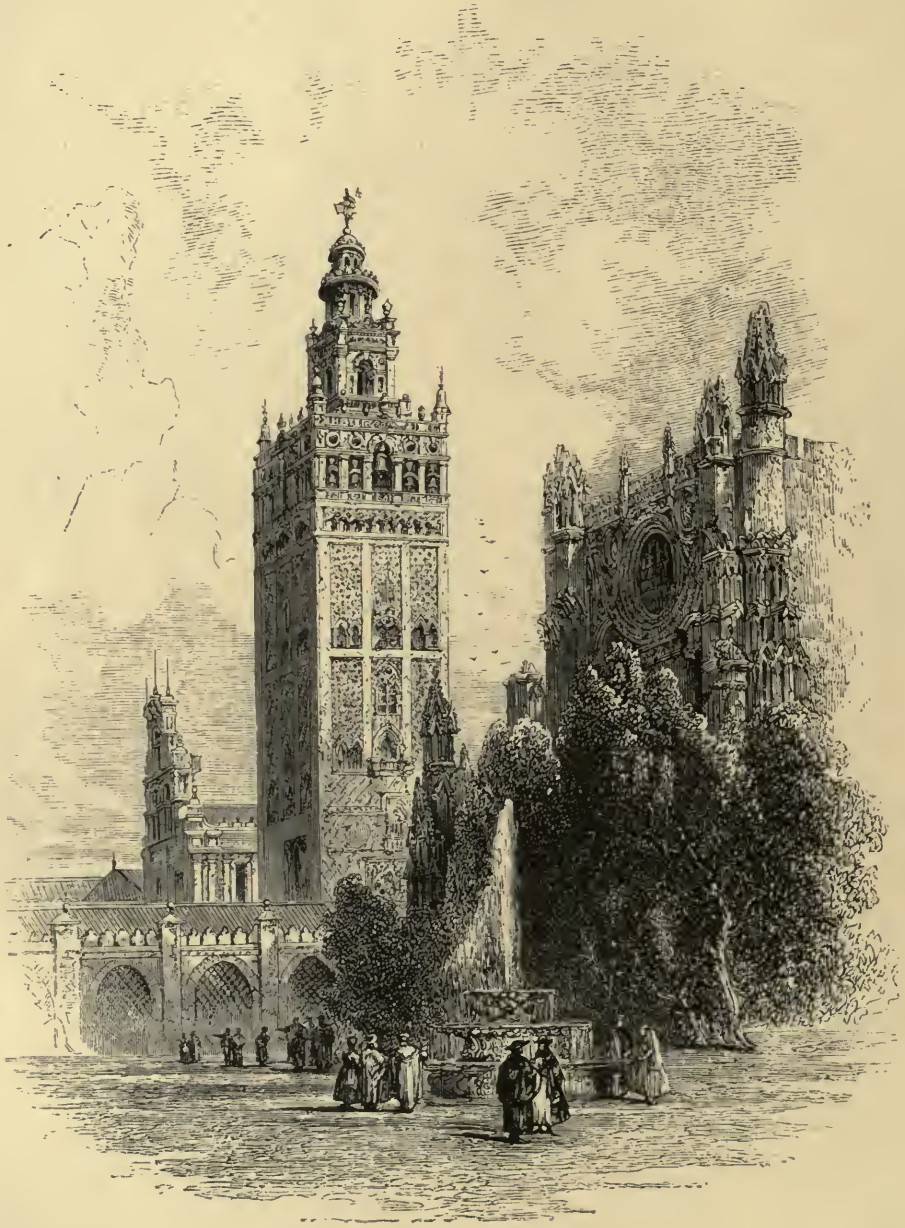
The vane and the belfry on which it rests are comparatively modern additions. In the time of the Moors the tower terminated with an immense iron globe plated with burnished gold, which is said by Arab chroniclers to have reflected the sun's beams so brilliantly as almost to rival the sun itself. The



tower originally formed part of the great mosque of Seville. Immediately below the gilded ball was the gallery from which the muezzin called the people to prayers. Every morning the solemn cry, so familiar throughout the Moslem world, was heard, "Great is Allah! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!" The cry was caught up and echoed from the towers of innumerable mosques throughout the city. The people aroused by it looked up and saw the beautiful Giralda in the pure light of dawn, the figure of the muezzin standing out clear and sharp against the morning sky, and the gilded globe, high above all, shining like a new sun in the heavens.



THE CALL TO PRAYER.



THE GIRALDA.

The Alcazar of Seville is the most sumptuous of the Moorish palaces which remain. In strictness it ought not, perhaps, to be called Moorish, having been rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel, who enlarged and beautified the original edifice, employing for that purpose architects and builders who had been engaged on the Alhambra. Inferior to the Alhambra in size, situation, and artistic beauty, it is much richer in detail, and is in far better preservation. The Alcazar of Seville, indeed, looks too new and has too much paint and gilding about it. It was occupied as a palace long after the fairy-like courts of Granada had been allowed to fall into dilapidation. The Duke and Duchess de Montpensier used it as an occasional residence up

THE GOLDEN TOWER.

to a very recent period. On my last visit the traces of a grand ball given only a short time before were still visible. The furniture is in modern French taste, and therefore out of keeping with the style of the building. The modern colouring is too hot and violent in tone. A purist in Moorish art will detect innumerable inconsistencies and anachronisms. The life of its present occupants is altogether unlike that for which it was first designed. And yet these signs of human occupation and interest enable one the better to repeople in imagination the palace with its old inmates. A bath-room with the water actually "laid on," a council-chamber in which councillors really meet, a garden in which the flowers and fruits are plucked daily, aid

one to realise the past far more vividly than when all is cold, silent, and deserted.

On the banks of the Guadalquivir, at a little distance from the Alcazar, is an octagonal tower, four stories in height, which seems originally to have formed part of the outworks of the palace-fortress. It is partly Roman, partly Arabic in structure. Its name—the Torre del Oro, or Tower of Gold—has of course given rise to innumerable legends. The common tradition of Seville is that the first gold brought by Columbus from the New World was stored here. The fact may be as alleged; but the name is much older than the discovery of America, and goes back to the time of the Moors.

Near the Torre del Oro is a quay, at which the external commerce of Seville is carried on. Under the Romans, under the Moors, even in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, this was an important port. After the discovery of America it was known as the Golden Gate of the Indies. Its streets were thronged with merchants from the most distant countries of Europe. Its quays were covered with the produce of the eastern and the western hemisphere. Its river was crowded with galleons laden with gold and silver. Even so recently as 1601, Seville gave employment to sixteen thousand looms, and one hundred and thirty thousand persons were engaged in the manufactures which furnished the return freight of vessels from the Indies. Now the river is deserted save by small coasting vessels, and by a few steamers, built, owned, and manned by Englishmen. Its manufactures have almost disappeared. The government tobacco factory alone is flourishing. As many as five thousand women and girls are sometimes to be seen at work here making snuff and cigars. A porcelain manufactory, owned and managed by Englishmen, some railway works and an iron foundry outside the town, in which English capital and energy are largely concerned, are almost the sole relics of the once world-famous industry of Seville.

The town-hall (*Casa del Ayuntamiento*) and the Exchange (*Lonja*) are two stately edifices reared at the time of the city's commercial prosperity. The former is remarkable not so much for its architecture as for the exquisite beauty and richness of its details. The ornamentation is in the style known as plateresque; that is to say, it is like the work of a silversmith operating upon stone instead of metal. The texture of the stone allows of the finest and most elaborate carving, and the atmosphere is so pure that work executed three centuries ago remains unimpaired by time. The chiselling of many parts is as sharp and perfect as though only executed yesterday. The Lonja is an immense quadrangle, each side being two hundred feet in width and sixty-three feet in height. Its style is severe and simple, but very elegant. Floors of black and white marble, a

CASA DEL AYUNTAMIENTO.

magnificent staircase of rose and grey marble, and columns of alabaster and serpentine produce an effect of calm, cool magnificence, well suited for the meeting-place of merchant princes. But all is now silent and deserted. The whole of the documents connected with the discovery and conquest of the Indies are treasured up here; the papers of Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro lie hid in the mahogany cases which line the walls. They are all registered and dated, but not shown.

Seville is the head-quarters of the gipsy musicians and dancers. Here, at Granada, or at Murcia, it is always easy to arrange for a *funcion*. "Make way for the gipsy-girl," says Walter Thornbury in his *Life in Spain*, "who is going to show us how the Egyptian ghawasses and the Hindoo nautch-girls dance. She will dance the Romalis, which is the dance Tiberius may have seen, and which no one but a gipsy dances in Spain. She will dance it to the old Oriental music of hand-clapping, and to an old religious Eastern tune, low and melancholy,—diatonic, not chromatic, and full of sudden pauses, which are strange and startling. It will be sung in unison, and will have a chorus, in which every one will join. Ford, the great authority on Spain, says these tunes are relics of the old Greek and Phœnician music. Even their guitar, of that strange calabash shape, is Moorish; it is worn and played just as it was four thousand years ago in Egypt. The dancing-girl is, to tell the whole truth, not romantic; no antelope eyes; no black torrents of overflowing hair; no sweeping fringe of eyelash; no serpentine waist; no fairy feet; no moonlight voice. No. She is rather like a sailor's wife at Wapping. She has ropy black hair, drawn back behind her ears, in which dangle heavy gold earrings. She wears a large, red, cauliflowered-pattern gown, and her small neat feet are protected by strong high-lows; she is stout and thick-set, and by no means a sylph. I don't think the harebell would ever lift up his head again, if her strong foot had once come on it. She rises to the incitement of that quivering nasal wail that the wriggling cripple doles out from his straining throat, and, amid cries of 'Jaleo,' and various exclamations of delight, sways herself slowly with balancing arms and shuffling feet that hardly seem to move. Every now and then the girl lowers her arms, and begins to beat the palms of her brown hands together to the same low incantation tune that stirs you strangely by its supernatural and untiring ceaselessness. Her arms, when they sway, move in curves of perfect harmony; and her hands, when they beat, beat in low unison like a muffled drum. As for the recitative song, it is more fit for Irish wake-singers or Arab serpent-charmers than for festive dancers, who dance to the pulsation of their own heart-music, and what other extraneous help Heaven may send them. The perpetual hand-clapping is exciting, just as the perpetual low beat of the Sioux calabash-drum is exciting. It keeps the mind in a state of fevered tension

highly stimulating to the imagination—tap, tap, tap, tap, it goes, like the perpetual drip, drip, of a wet day."

I am bound to say that Mr. Thornbury's typographical description of the Gitana is more accurate than Mr. Phillips' pictorial one. Graceful forms and pretty faces may indeed be seen amongst them, but they are rare and are for the most part accompanied by a coarseness of feature and of figure which takes off the charm. Far more graceful and elegant are the songs and dances of the Spaniards, as seen in the streets during some village fiesta, when the national costumes and customs yet prevail.

THE CACHUCA.

To describe or even enumerate the paintings by Murillo which adorn the walls of the Museo, the Caridad, the Cathedral, and almost every church and public building in the city, would take far more space than we have at our disposal. Some of his masterpieces are here. Seville was his birthplace and his home. He seems always to have regarded it with special affection, and to have worked with special enthusiasm upon whatever was intended to adorn its walls. The house in which he lived and died is yet pointed out.

The great glory of Seville is its magnificent cathedral. In grandeur and sublimity it not only surpasses every other in Spain, but probably it is unequalled in Christendom. The Spaniards correctly characterise their three principal cathedrals as "*La de Sevilla, la grande; la de Toledo, la rica; y la de Leon, la bella.*" The extent of the church is four hundred and twenty feet by two hundred and sixty.* It is divided into seven naves, of which the centre rises to the immense height of one hundred and forty-five feet, whilst the dome of the transept is thirty feet higher still. Thirty massive columns support the roof, each fifteen feet in diameter. An enormous *coro* blocks up and encumbers the central space, and for some time prevents the eye from discovering the vast extent and magnificent proportions of the edifice. By degrees, however, its grandeur makes itself felt, and however much subsequent reflection may modify the judgment, few persons can visit this stately fane without feeling that they

* Ford says 431 feet by 315.

GIPSY MUSICIANS OF SPAIN.

stand within the noblest Gothic church in Christendom. It was built upon the foundations of the Great Mosque, which occupied the site of a temple to Astarte or some other Phœnician deity. Traces of its Moorish origin yet remain, not only in a certain Oriental feeling which appears in portions of the ornamentation, but many noble fragments of the earlier edifice have been built into the walls. Amongst these is the exquisite Puerta del Pardon, a horseshoe arch of rare beauty and richness.

Amongst the objects of interest in the cathedral is the tomb of Fernando Colon or Columbus, son of the great discoverer. With the filial piety which so highly distinguished him, he here, as elsewhere, merged himself in the reputation of his illustrious father. The grave bears the inscription which Ferdinand placed on every spot to which he could gain access, "*A Castila y a Leon, Mundo nuevo dió Colon*"—To Castile and to Leon, Columbus gave a new world.

Seville was the head-quarters of the Holy (?) Office in Spain. It was, too, one of the most important centres of the Spanish Reformation in the sixteenth century. This, therefore, seems the proper place for a brief narrative of the operations of the Inquisition and the suppression of Protestantism.

The precise date of the introduction of the Inquisition into Spain is uncertain. In the year 1236, a papal brief was issued authorizing its establishment in Castile, and Ferdinand *el Santo*, St. Ferdinand as he is called, is reported to have carried fuel, with his own hand, to burn his heretical subjects. For some time, however, its operations were desultory and intermittent. In the year 1484 it received its permanent organisation under the infamous Torquemada, the first inquisitor-general. With some modifications it retained for three centuries the form which he gave to it. Its period of greatest activity was after the introduction of Protestanism into Spain. The Lutherans were persecuted with such relentless severity that, though at one period Spain appeared to be on the verge of becoming a Protestant country, by the year 1570 the doctrines of the Reformation had been practically extirpated. Llorente calculated that during the three centuries of its existence 341,000 persons fell under its sentence. This estimate does not include those who escaped into exile, or who suffered indirectly from its cruelties.*

* The following works may be advantageously studied in connection with this brief sketch: *Histoire Critique de l'Inquisition de Espagne*, par Don I. A. Llorente. *The Spanish Protestants and their Persecutions, an Historical Sketch*, by Senor Don Adolfo de Castro. *A History of Religious Intolerance in Spain*, by Senor Don Adolfo de Castro. *The Reformation in Spain*, by Thomas Macrie, D.D. The *Quarterly Review* for April, 1823, contains a very able article on the same subject. The great authority on the Spanish Inquisition from which subsequent writers have drawn their information is, of course, Llorente's history. He gives the following account of himself and his work in the preface:—"I held the post of secretary of the Inquisition at Madrid during the years 1789, 1790 and 1791, and I learned enough of the nature of this

In 1519 or 1520 some Latin copies of a few of Luther's writings came into Spain from Basle; and towards the end of the latter year Luther's commentary on the Galatians was translated into Spanish. Subsequently there appeared the reformer's treatise on Christian liberty, and on Free Will. It is to these works, together with a new-born desire to "search the Scriptures," that we must ascribe, under the operation of the Holy Spirit, the fructifying of the good seed in many hearts in Spain. The change, indeed, was not rapid or instantaneous. A few earnest men were, in the words of Scripture, "pricked in their hearts," and began to inquire, "What shall we do?" When it pleased the Lord to "open the heart" of any man, he began to cry to God for mercy, and soon the answer, in some form or other, was sent to him—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world:" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And, having found salvation for himself, he soon began to long to make it known to others.

Still the progress of Divine truth was not at first rapid; and for several years it excited little attention. A single individual, one Juan de Avila, was denounced to the Inquisition as early as the year 1525; but one of the inquisitors favoured and protected him. Five years later, Alonso de Valdes, secretary to the Chancellor of Charles V., being at Augsburg, had several interviews with Melancthon; and on his return to Spain, he too was brought under the notice of the Holy Office. A chaplain to the emperor, Alfonso de Virves, was similarly dealt with on his return to Spain, being confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition for the space of four years; after which he was ordered to abjure the doctrines of Luther, to be imprisoned in a monastery, and to be prohibited from preaching.

As Charles' reign passed on, the establishment of the Reformation in Germany became a notorious fact, and a few men of note received grace to discern the real nature of the gospel. Amongst these was Rodrigo de Valer, a young gentleman of fashion, at Lebrija, near Seville. Suddenly he dis-

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establishment to be thoroughly convinced that it is vicious alike in its principles, in its constitution, and in its administration. It is this conviction which led me to avail myself of the advantages of my position to collect notes, documents, extracts, and other materials relative to its history. My perseverance in this task, the pains I took and the expenses I incurred in procuring official records of the proceedings of the tribunal, and making extracts from the private papers of deceased inquisitors, furnished me with abundant material. And I further succeeded beyond my hopes in the acquisitions I made in 1809, 1810 and 1811, when the Inquisition had been suppressed. At this period all the archives were put at my disposal, and from 1809 to 1812 I devoted myself to abstracting from them whatever seemed important in the records of procedure, alike in the capital and in the provinces. The design of this great labour has been to prepare and publish a critical history of the Inquisition in Spain from its commencement to its destruction, which will include all the most remarkable events of the three centuries during which it lasted."

appeared from those circles of which he had been the ornament. A vast change had passed over him. Arrested by the power of the Spirit of God, the thoughts of unseen and eternal things wholly possessed his mind. Procuring a copy of the Scriptures, he became so thoroughly versed in God's word as to be able to repeat almost any passage in it from memory. When settled in a well-grounded faith, he returned to society a different man. He had now an errand and a purpose. He cultivated the society and the friendship of the clergy, "reasoning with them out of the Scriptures." He was summoned before the Holy Office; but, on the first time of his appearance, some persons of influence interested themselves in his favour, and he was leniently dealt with. The inquisitors contented themselves with the confiscation of his property, and released his person, adding, however, a caution and an admonition. He was soon brought a second time before the tribunal. And now the influence of his friends could only avail to save his life; the inquisitors condescending to assume that he was mad. About the year 1541 the final sentence was passed upon him. He was imprisoned in a monastery near the mouth of the Guadalquivir; and here he died. But Valer had not lived in vain. "He was the first," says De Castro, "who publicly preached the Protestant doctrine in the heart of our country."

One of the fruits of his labours was the conversion of an eminent member of the clerical body, Juan Gil, commonly called Dr. Egidius—a professor of divinity in Siguenza, and a preacher in the Cathedral of Seville. Valer succeeded in drawing him from the study of Aquinas and Scotus, to the more profitable reading of the word of God; and thus he became a valued and useful preacher. He was joined by De Vargas, and by Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, who had been his fellow-students. These three distinguished men soon gathered a Christian Church among the people of Seville, and it was not long before the attention of the Inquisition was drawn to their proceedings. But Vargas died, Constantine was called to Flanders, and Egidius, whose reputation had previously stood so high that it had been intended to raise him to the archbishopric of Tortosa, was immured in the dungeons of the Holy Office, charged with heresy as to the doctrines of justification, human merit, purgatory, and the worship of images. He was brought to trial about the year 1550, and was finally sentenced, in 1551 or 1552, to read a public abjuration, to be imprisoned for one year, and to be prohibited from preaching or writing for ten years. His imprisonment then commenced, and on its termination he was once more free. He paid a visit to Valladolid, where he met a number of the converts to Scriptural truth. But travelling, after an imprisonment of several years, brought on a fever which quickly ended his days. A few years after, his bones were taken from their grave and burned by order of the Inquisition, who declared him to have died "in the Lutheran heresy."

Three brothers, of the name of Enzinas, of Burgos, were also prominent in the Protestant movement; and Juan, the eldest, being sent by his father on a visit to Rome, was seized by the officers of the Inquisition in that city, and publicly burned in the year 1546.

The death of Juan Diaz, a friend and convert of Juan Enzinas, deserves particular notice. Diaz was a native of Cuença, and had studied for several years at Paris. In order to be able to read the Scriptures in the original, he had learned Hebrew as well as Greek. He soon became grounded in the truth, and openly avowed the change which had taken place in his views. His brother Alfonso, who held high office in the Romish church, was filled with grief and anger at such a defection. He sought him out, and at length found him at Neuburg. For several days the brothers communed together, and Alfonso vainly used every effort to shake the resolve of Juan. At last he took his leave, feigning to depart for Italy. But returning to Neuburg at an early hour the next morning, he despatched a messenger with a letter to his brother, he himself accompanying the man and waiting at the gate while he went in. Juan rose from his bed, took the letter, and went to the window to read it. The assassin—for such was the pretended messenger—stepping softly behind him, struck him a deathblow with an axe which he had concealed beneath his cloak; and then instantly joining Alfonso at the gate, the two succeeded in making their escape. But they were pursued and apprehended, and would have been tried and executed had not the Emperor Charles himself interposed. Ultimately, through the imperial favour, both the murderers were released. Alfonso repaired to Trent, where he was received with open arms by the holy fathers there assembled in council; and afterwards to Rome, where he was equally honoured and caressed.

But the most remarkable man in the whole of this movement was Constantine Ponce de la Fuente. He was one of those rare characters to whom the appellation "great" is by common consent applied. His learning was associated with a higher taste and discernment than was common in his day. Such was the popular appreciation of his pulpit oratory, that when it was known that he was to preach in the Cathedral, that spacious edifice was crowded with hearers three or four hours before the time for commencing the service. When Philip went into Flanders, Charles sent Constantine in his suite, "to let the Flemings see that Spain was not without scholars and orators." And in an account of this royal progress, printed by authority, Constantine is described as "the greatest philosopher, the profoundest divine, and the most eloquent preacher who has been known in Spain for many ages."

Various other friends of the Reformation were men of education and high position in Society. Francisco Zafra, a doctor of laws, was vicar of

San Vincente. The Protestant church in Seville was under the pastoral care of Christobal Losada, assisted by Cassiodoro. Among its more distinguished members were Don Juan Ponce de Leon, and Domingo de Guzman, a son of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. At Valladolid the Protestants had for their pastor Domingo de Rojas, who was allied to some of the noblest families in Spain. A Romish historian says, speaking of the persecution of 1558, "All the prisoners in the inquisitions of Valladolid, Seville, and Toledo were persons abundantly well qualified. I shall pass over their names in silence, that I may not stain the honour of their ancestors or the nobility of the illustrious families which were thus infected with this poison."* And another writer confesses, that "had not the Inquisition taken care in time to put a stop to these preachers, the Protestant religion would have run through Spain like wild-fire."† A third uses this strong language: "There is not a city, and, if one may so speak, there is not a village, nor a hamlet, nor a noble house in Spain that has not had one or more illuminated with the light of the gospel."‡

It was towards the close of 1557 that the watchful ecclesiastics who were attached to the court of Philip II. at Brussels discovered that many Lutheran books had been sent into Spain, and that heretical opinions were gaining ground in that country. They quickly transmitted this intelligence to the Inquisition at Seville. The emperor Charles, in his retirement at Yuste, was also informed of the same facts. He wrote to the regent, Juana, pressing the matter upon her, and even speaking of his own inclination to leave his retirement in order to superintend the needful inquiries.

Thus urged, and themselves not backward, the inquisitors at once put their extensive police in motion. A very active and energetic man, named Hernandez, who had been concerned in the importation of Spanish New Testaments, was soon apprehended, and was repeatedly put to the torture, to extort from him the names of the persons with whom he had been acting. For three years he was kept in prison, and tortured from time to time; but his resolution never gave way, and from him they could wring nothing. But in other quarters they were more successful. Two individuals in Seville, and one in Valladolid, supplied them with the information they desired; and when the necessary preparations had been completed, a general seizure of suspected persons filled the prisons. Two hundred were apprehended in Seville in one day; and the number was soon increased to eight hundred. At Valladolid eighty were seized, and in other towns proportionate numbers. The castles and prisons were found insufficient to contain the crowds who were accused or suspected of heresy. "The inquisitors were in the condition of a fisherman whose cast has been so successful that the draught of fishes seems likely to be too heavy for his net."§

* Illescas: *Hist. Pontif.*, vol. ii. p. 451.
† Paramo: *Hist. Inquisition.*
‡ Valera: Preface to *La Biblia.*
§ Prescott, b. ii. ch. 3.

It was not until eighteen months had passed away that the Holy Office announced the conclusion of the trials of many of the accused, and issued its orders for a solemn *auto de fé*. This, the first of the public executions of the Protestants in Spain, took place at Valladolid, in May, 1559; and it was witnessed by the regent, Doña Juana, and the young prince of the Asturias, Don Carlos, attended by all the principal grandees of the court. There suffered, on this occasion, Dr. Augustin Cazalla, preacher to the emperor, a man of great learning and eloquence; his brother Francisco; Doña Beatriz Cazalla; Alfonso Perez; Doña Catalina de Ortega, and nine others.

A second celebration of the same kind took place in the same city in the following October, at which Philip himself was present, accompanied by his sister Juana, his son Don Carlos, his nephew Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, and the principal grandees and higher ecclesiastics of the kingdom. The scene for this second *auto de fé*, at Valladolid, was the great square in front of the church of St. Francis. At one end a platform was raised, covered with rich carpeting, on which were ranged the seats of the inquisitors, emblazoned with the arms of the Holy Office. Near to this was the royal gallery; opposite to this gallery a large scaffold was erected.

At six o'clock in the morning all the bells in the churches of the city began to toll, and a solemn procession moved from the dismal fortress of the Inquisition. First came a body of troops, to secure a free passage for the procession. Then came the condemned, each attended by two familiars of the Holy Office; and those who were to suffer at the stake, by two friars in addition, who ceaselessly exhorted the heretic to abjure his errors. Those who were admitted to penitence wore a sable dress; while the unfortunate martyr was enveloped in a loose sack of yellow cloth—the *san benito*—with his head surmounted by a cap of pasteboard, of a conical form, which, as well as the cloak, was painted with figures of flames, and of devils fanning them. Next came the magistrates of the city, the judges of the courts, the ecclesiastical orders, and the nobles of the land on horseback. These were followed by the members of the dread tribunal, and the fiscal bearing a

PUERTA DEL PARDON IN THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

standard of crimson damask, on which were displayed the arms of the Inquisition, and of its founders, Sixtus V. and Ferdinand the Catholic. Then came a numerous train of familiars, well mounted; among whom were many gentry, who were proud to act as the body-guard of the Holy Office. The rear was brought up by an immense concourse of the people, who were estimated, on this particular occasion, to have amounted to 200,000.

"The inquisitors took their places, the condemned were conducted to the scaffold, and the royal gallery was occupied by the king, surrounded by the brilliant circle of which we have already spoken. A sermon 'On the Faith' was preached by the bishop of Zamora; and when he had concluded, the grand inquisitor administered an oath to all present, to defend the Holy Inquisition, to maintain the purity of the faith, and to give information against any one who should depart from it. As Philip took the oath, he rose from his seat, and drew his sword from the scabbard, as if to announce himself the personal champion of the Holy Office.

"The secretary of the Inquisition then read aloud a schedule, containing the names of the prisoners, the crimes charged against them, and the punishments which had been decreed. Those who were admitted to penitence knelt down, abjured their errors, and received absolution. Some of these were condemned to imprisonment, some to lighter punishments; but all suffered the loss of their whole property—a point never lost sight of by the Holy Inquisition. Thus stripped of everything, and branded with perpetual infamy, these poor sufferers were said, in the silky language of the Inquisition, to have been 'reconciled.' When these subdued victims had been remanded to their prisons, all eyes were turned to the remaining sufferers, who now stood, with cords round their necks, expecting their coming doom. Their haggard looks, their emaciated forms, and often their distorted limbs, told the story of their past sufferings; many of them having been immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition for more than a year, during which time they had felt what the Holy Office could do in the infliction of bodily torture. The process against them was read, and the grand inquisitor consigned them to the corregidor, beseeching him 'to treat them with all *kindness and mercy*'—the meaning of which was, that he was immediately to burn them alive at the stake."

In the present *auto de fé* the number of convicts amounted to thirty, of whom sixteen were "reconciled," and the remainder handed over to the secular authorities. One of these was Don Carlos de Seso, a noble Florentine, who had stood high in the favour of Charles V. Marrying a Castilian lady of rank, he took up his abode in Valladolid, and while there resident he became a convert to Protestantism. During the fifteen months which he spent in the cells of the Inquisition, no sufferings shook De Seso's constancy. As he passed before the royal gallery, he said to Philip, whom he well knew,

"Is it thus you allow your innocent subjects to be treated?" To which Philip replied, "If it were my own son, I would fetch the wood to burn him, were he such a wretch as thou art."* The ceremony lasted from six in the morning until two in the afternoon.

The *autos de fé* which were celebrated at Seville were even more memorable than those at Valladolid. The first of these was solemnized on the 24th of September, 1559. It was attended by four bishops, the members of the royal court of justice, the chapter of the cathedral, and a great assemblage of nobles and gentry. Twenty-one persons here suffered death, and eighty were condemned to lighter punishments. Among those who died was Don Juan Ponce de Leon, son of the Count de Baylen, and a near relative of the Duchess de Begar, who was herself present at the spectacle. Another sufferer was Don Juan Gonzalez, one of the most celebrated preachers in Andalusia. He had left his mother and his brethren behind him in prison, and was accompanied by two sisters, who, like himself, were doomed to the flames. Four monks of the convent of San Isidoro also laid down their lives for the truth. Four ladies of the highest families were also among the victims—Doña Isabel de Baena, Maria de Virves, Maria de Cornel, and Maria de Bohorques, daughter of a grandee of the first class.

A second *auto de fé* at Seville took place in December, 1560, when fourteen persons suffered death, and thirty-four received inferior punishments. Julian Hernandez here died, fearless and triumphant; and eight women, some of them distinguished by their rank and education, met death without shrinking. Maria Gomez suffered, along with three daughters and a sister.

One lady of rank, Doña Juana de Bohorques, had previously passed to her rest. She had been apprehended on suspicion of heresy; her sister Maria having suffered in the *auto* of September. This young lady was put into the rack, which was applied with such violence that the cords cut to the bones of her arms and legs. In the agony an internal blood-vessel burst, and she was carried back to her cell insensible, where she shortly afterwards expired. Even the fiends in human shape who had thus handled her were appalled at their own deed, the character of which could not be concealed.

Of two of the most eminent men in Spain who were despatched without either the rack or the stake, we must speak with more particularity. The first of these was Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, already spoken of. He was, beyond all doubt, the most distinguished scholar in Spain. When information was conveyed to Charles V. that his favourite chaplain was thrown into prison, he exclaimed, "If Constantine be a heretic, he is a great one." Constantine was kept in prison for nearly two years. Either respect for the emperor, whose favourite he had been, or a consciousness of his place in the public esteem, seems to have deterred the inquisitors from subjecting this

* Cabrera: *Filippe II.*, lib. v., c. 3.

PRISON OF THE INQUISITION, BARCELONA.

eminent man to the torture. "He was thrust into a low, damp, and noisome vault, where he endured more than his brethren had done from the torture." Here putrid air and unwholesome diet soon brought on a dysentery, which quickly ended his days. The inquisitors at the *auto de fé* of December, 1560, presented his effigy as that of a deceased heretic.

The second of the names alluded to is that of Bartolomé de Carranza y Miranda. He had taken part in the Council of Trent, and had attended Philip II. to England, where he had seen many of the martyrs of the Marian days. On his return to Spain he was advanced to the first dignity in the Spanish Church—the archbishopric of Toledo. But the Inquisition had been instructed by the Pope to spare neither archbishops, nor cardinals, nor kings, nor emperors. He was no Protestant; he had, indeed, counselled the persecution of Protestants; but in his writings he had seemed to favour the doctrine of justification by faith. Before he had been a year in his primacy, the officers of the Inquisition appeared at the doors of the archiepiscopal palace, dragged the prelate from his bed, hurried him into a coach, and conveyed him to the prison of the Inquisition at Valladolid. He was kept, without trial or sentence, for more than seven years. At the end of that time, the Pope himself grew indignant at such treatment of the highest prelate in Spain, and removed the cause into his own court. Carranza was carried to Rome, and lodged as a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo.

Pius V. was inclined to favour Carranza, but his successor, Gregory XIII., had a contrary bias. The delays interposed by the Spanish accusers protracted the cause for nine years longer. At last, in 1576, more than sixteen years after his first accusation and imprisonment, the Pope pronounced sentence. He found Carranza "violently suspected of heresy," ordering him to abjure certain Lutheran propositions, to be suspended from his archiepiscopal functions and confined in the Dominican convent of Orvieto for five years. Such was the close of a persecution of almost eighteen years. In sixteen days after receiving this sentence he departed this life.

Meanwhile, the work of persecution had suffered no delay in Spain, and long before the archbishop's cause had been decided, the last embers of Protestantism had been trampled out. After the four *autos de fé* of which we have spoken, a number of similar ceremonials took place in succeeding years, until the prisons of the Inquisition were relieved from their burdens. At Seville, in 1563, a celebration took place, in which six persons were committed to the flames, besides those criminals who were "reconciled." In Murcia, in 1560, an *auto* was solemnized, and in 1563 another. At Toledo, in 1560, the Inquisition prepared a grand *auto* for the entertainment of their young queen, Elizabeth of France, Philip's third wife. Next year, at the same place, four priests were burned alive, and nineteen penitents were "reconciled." One of the latter was a page of the household, who escaped through the

queen's intercession. In 1565 another *auto* is recorded, in which a number of Lutherans were condemned to the fire, and to minor punishments. In 1571 a like ceremony occurs, in which two persons were burned alive, and thirty-one condemned to other punishments. Especially active, too, were the tribunals of Logrono, Saragossa, and Barcelona.

"And thus," says Mr. Prescott, "the fires lighted for the Protestants continued to burn with fury in all parts of the country, until at length they slackened and died away, from mere want of fuel to feed them. The year 1570 may be regarded as the period of the last *auto de fé* in which the Lutherans played a conspicuous part. The subsequent celebrations were chiefly devoted to relapsed Jews and Moriscos; and if a Protestant heretic sometimes appeared, it was 'but as the gleaning of grapes after the vintage is done.' Never was there a persecution which did its work more thoroughly. A period of little more than ten years had sufficed to extirpate Protestantism from the land; and Spain might now boast that the stain of heresy no longer defiled her garments."

PRISON OF THE INQUISITION, CORDOVA.

# HOMEWARD BY THE EAST COAST.

PALM-FOREST OF ELCHE.

# HOMEWARD BY THE EAST COAST.

CADIZ—TRAFALGAR—GIBRALTAR—TANGIERS—RONDA—MALAGA—CARTHAGENA—MURCIA—ELCHE—VALENCIA—ROMAN SETTLEMENTS ALONG THE COAST—BARCELONA—LERIDA—SARAGOSSA—CONCLUSION.

CADIZ FROM THE SEA.

FROM Seville to Cadiz the traveller may, if he pleases, take the steamer down the Guadalquivir. But he is not likely to do so twice. The river is so shallow, the practicable channel so narrow and tortuous, that the navigation is very slow. The banks offer nothing to interest the weary traveller. The stream itself is languid and turbid. The high-sounding Guadalquivir (*wady-l-gebir*, or Great River) has nothing romantic but the name.

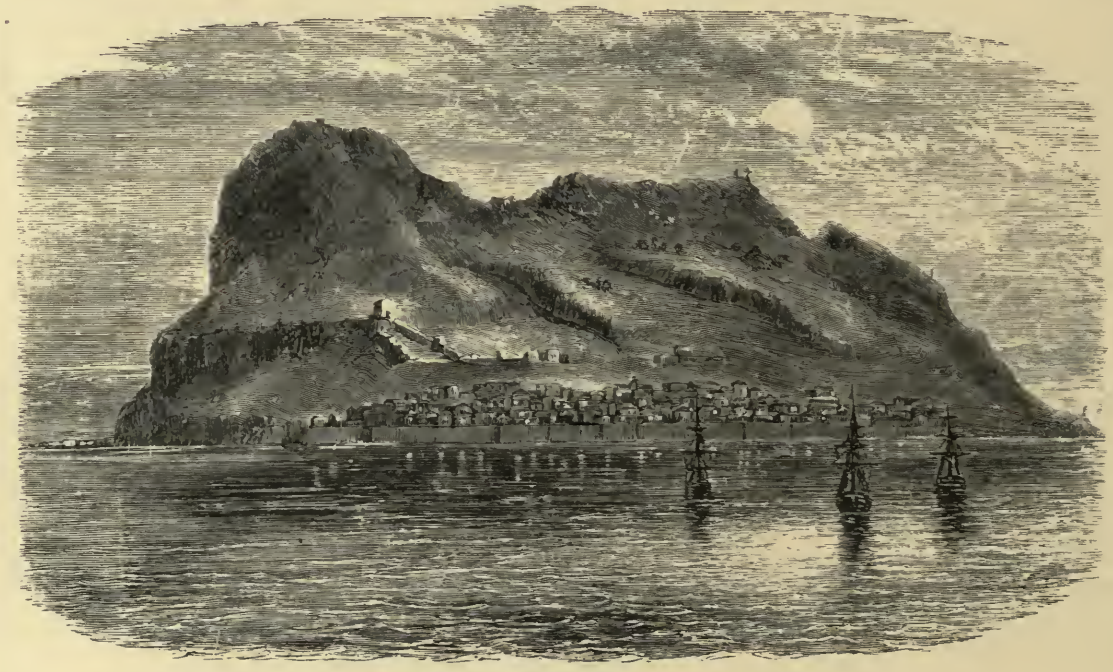
Cadiz is a bright, cheerful city. Its situation is perhaps unsurpassed in Europe. Even Genoa scarcely presents a finer aspect from the sea. The great Atlantic waves roll in upon its beach, or dash in masses of green crystal upon its sea-walls. Its houses of white stone, surmounted by Moorish turrets, domes, and pinnacles, have a most imposing effect.

Steaming out from the Bay of Cadiz we soon find ourselves approaching Trafalgar.* Passing Barossa—a name famous in the Peninsular War—the coast trends inwards, leaving a wide, open bay. Upon the flat shores, just

* I was curious to learn the true pronunciation of this word. The usual Spanish accentuation makes it Trafálgar. But the seamen along the coast pronounce it Trafalgár, as in the familiar line of *Childe Harold*—"Alike the Armada's pride and spoils of Trafalgár."

under the shelter of a range of hills stretching away far inland, lies the little white-walled village of Conil, over which a cluster of tall feathery palm-trees rise in stately beauty. A long, low, sandy spit, with a lighthouse at the extremity runs out to seaward. And then comes the bay in which British naval supremacy was secured for half a century. Sailing over the smooth, sunlit waters, with shoals of porpoises gambolling around, it was difficult to realise that just below us lay the shattered navies of two great nations.

The enormous masses of the Atlas range on the right are soon confronted by the rock of Gibraltar on the left, and shortly we steam into the bay, and cast anchor beneath the British flag. To an Englishman who has been travelling,



GIBRALTAR.

or residing abroad, for some time, it is not a little exciting to land on this bit of British territory, to see the British uniform, to be accosted in British speech in all the varieties of its vernacular, and to hear the familiar strains of "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," or "The British Grenadiers."

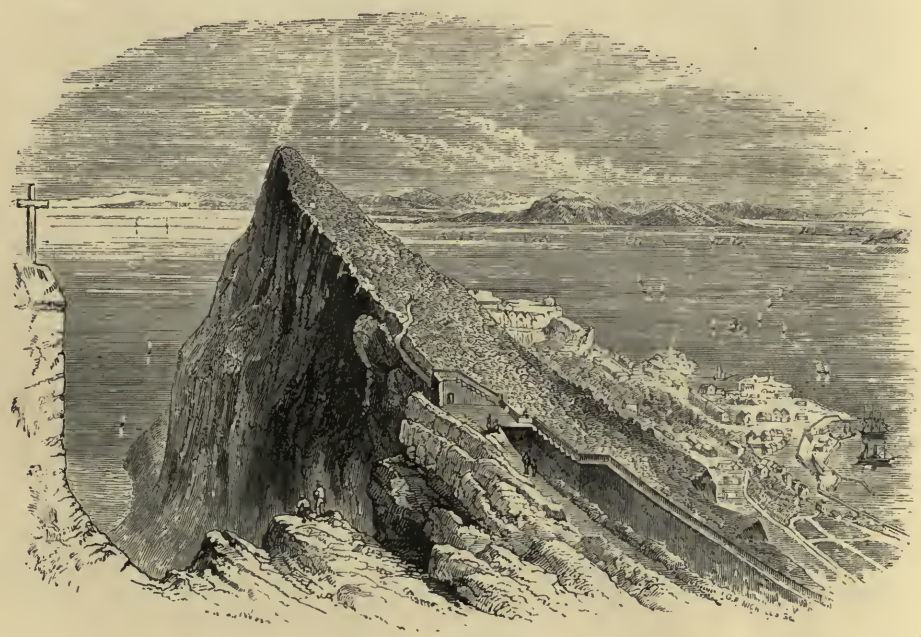
Except at Alexandria, there is perhaps no spot where so many and various nationalities meet as at Gibraltar. It is a perfect Babel of strange tongues. All the tribes of Northern Africa are there, from the negro of Soudan to the Jew of Tangiers. Every island and port in the Levant sends its contingent. The Peninsular and Oriental steamers bring visitors from the farthest east, and a Chinese mandarin jostles against a Lascar sailor. But amidst all these

various nationalities the Briton seems more than ever conscious of his superiority, and to verify Goldsmith's description:

> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by."

The rock itself, its batteries, galleries, and caverns, and the magnificent view from its summit, have been described so frequently and so fully, as to make another description a work of supererogation.

Those who do not object to three days in the saddle may advantageously take the route from Gibraltar to Malaga by way of Ronda. For a great



SIGNAL ROCK.

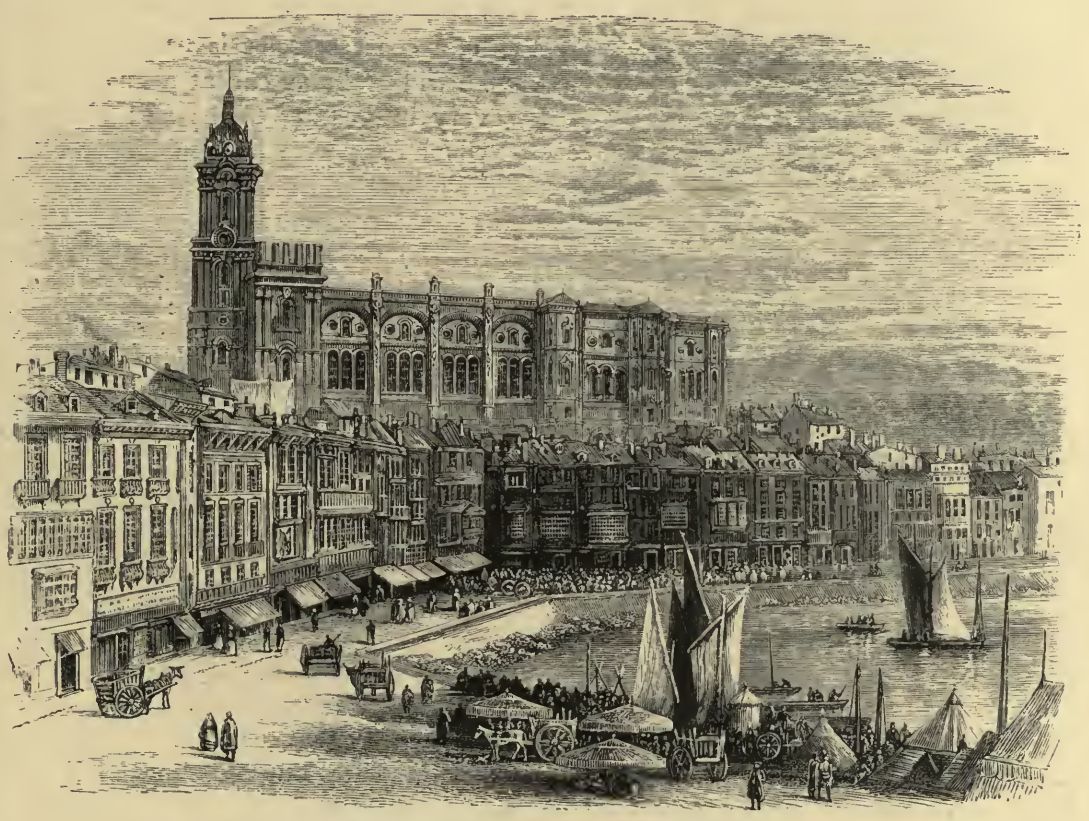
part of the journey the road passes through magnificent mountain scenery; sometimes skirting the edge of a precipitous abyss, sometimes winding along the depths of a ravine, the steep sides of which almost shut out the sun, and then emerging upon some breezy table-land, with noble views of Spanish sierras and African mountains, and the blue Mediterranean lying between them. Ronda itself is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. It stands on a steep rock encircled by the Guadiana, which foams and dashes through a chasm so narrow as to be bridged over. The bridge which spans the Tajo, or rift in the rock, is a most striking object as looked at from beneath. At a height of six or seven hundred feet above the Moorish mills

and castle in the valley, it seems as though suspended from the clouds. The beautiful river emerging into light and sunshine from the gloomy defiles

RONDA.

through which it has struggled, leaps from rock to rock as though rejoicing in its emancipation. Ford may well wax enthusiastic, and exclaim, "There is but one Ronda in the world."

Malaga, which may be reached in one long day from Ronda, is an active and prosperous city of one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. It retains few traces of its extreme antiquity except its name, which is said to be Phœnician; though philologists cannot decide whether it comes from *Melech*, a king, or *Melach*, salt fish. Its cathedral, like that of Granada, is an immense but unimpressive pile, Græco-Roman in style, and much defaced by whitewash. From its great height it is visible far out to sea, and at a distance its size makes it an imposing object.



MALAGA—PORT, QUAY, AND CATHEDRAL.

Malaga is memorable in the history of Spanish evangelization. Half a century ago two priests, attached to one of the churches, were accustomed to retire to a secluded spot at a distance from the city where, unobserved, they might read the Scriptures and pray together. A young friend occasionally joined them. Suddenly they disappeared. What became of them could never be discovered. The young layman, their companion, escaped, and survived to see the day when he could openly and joyfully profess that Saviour whom he had faithfully served in secret.

In a cellar in Malaga, too, the first modern edition of the New Testament was printed secretly and stealthily. A devoted Christian, at the peril of his life, prepared three thousand copies, which, like seed sown in secret, has sprung up and borne an abundant harvest unto everlasting life.

Onward from Malaga land communication fails us. The traveller is dependent upon coasting steamers, at least as far as Carthagena. If, however, he is fortunate in the choice of his boat, this is not to be regretted. The coast scenery is very fine, and he will probably call at a number of very interesting towns and villages which otherwise he could only visit by a long and tedious land journey. The whole journey from Gibraltar to Barcelona may be made most agreeably by steamer, and a few hours may be well spent at such picturesque, out-of-the-way places as Estepona, Marbella, Motril, and Adra, with a longer stay at the more important cities.

IN THE ALAMEDA AT MALAGA.

There is little along the east coast to detain us till we reach Carthagena. This ruinous and dilapidated city is one of the oldest in Europe. The sides of the rock overhanging it formed the abode of some early Troglodytic race, who excavated numerous cave-dwellings, which are still occupied by the peasantry. To them succeeded the Phœnicians, by whom a fortress and lighthouse were reared on the summit of the rock. The Carthaginians came next. Here the Barca family established themselves, and gave the city its present name—New Carthage. Livy and other historians describe the march of Scipio Africanus across the plain to take the Carthaginian stronghold in the rear, and vividly depict the consternation of the garrison as they watched the foe approaching to attack them on a side which was undefended. Under the Romans it formed one of the most important posts in Spain. The magnitude and splendour of the city are attested by columns of exquisitely-coloured marbles, which are built into the walls of poverty-stricken houses, by the numerous inscriptions which, till a few months ago, were visible in the old Phœnician fort on the hill-top, and by the constant recurrence of the imperial

sign, *S. P. Q. R.* on slabs of stone now forming part of the pavement. *Colonia Victrix Julia*, or *Carthago Nova*, as the Romans called the city, declined under the Goths. But under the Moors it again sprang into importance. They restored and enlarged the castle above the city. Until a few months ago a magnificent horse-shoe arch, with beautiful arabesque work, was yet standing. It was often visited by Ferdinand and Isabella, who could appreciate the magnificent natural harbour, which makes it one of the best ports in the Mediterranean. But from that time it began to decline—sharing in the decline of Spain — till now its dockyards and arsenals are silent and deserted. The bay, which seems to invite the commerce of the Mediterranean and the Levant, is visited only by a few coasting vessels and fishing boats. Last year, the populace showing signs of discontent, the government employed them to tear down the castle, with its relics of Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, and Moorish occupation, and cast the stones into the bay. A few bare, roofless walls are all that now remain of the lighthouse by which vessels trading to Tarshish may have steered, and of the fortress which the family of Hannibal held, and which Scipio stormed. The stones torn from them lie along the beach or form a mound in the sea.

LABOURERS OF VALENCIA.

PEASANT OF ARAGON.

Local tradition declares that a superb suite of tapestry in the old dismantled cathedral was brought back from the Indies by Christopher Columbus on his first voyage, and was suspended there by him as a grateful recognition of God's mercy, in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella. This is not quite exact. The truth seems to be that the tapestry was paid for by the gold which Columbus brought back with him, and that it represents the birds and beasts, the fruits and flowers

of the New World, as far as he could describe them. That it was suspended by Columbus seems certain, attested as it is by the familiar escutcheon and legend which are placed over it. It will scarcely be credited that the cathedral is rapidly falling into ruins, and that the tapestry is rotting from the walls.

From Carthagena to Murcia, the capital of the province, is a short railway journey. Lying out of the route of travellers, it is almost unvisited; and having little commerce, except with the peasantry of its fertile *huerta*, it retains its

MURCIA.

old costume, manners, and customs, with even more than Spanish tenacity. The men wear a tartan plaid, like that of a Scotch shepherd, only more brilliant in colour. The women greatly affect bright yellow and scarlet, and even the poorest contrive to interweave a few flowers into their hair. The costumes through the whole of the eastern provinces are very strange and very Moorish. Hempen sandals take the place of shoes; the legs are either bare or covered by a footless cotton stocking. In many districts the peasantry wear very wide calico drawers, reaching down to the knees, and looking like

AT A GIPSY FESTIVAL NEAR MURCIA.

a short petticoat, and a close-fitting jacket covered with spangles and embroidery. The plaid is commonly substituted along this coast for the mantle patronised by the Castilians.

In the suburbs of Murcia is a large gipsy settlement, numbering some

PEASANT OF THE EAST COAST.

hundred families. Recently I had the good fortune to fall in with a great festival which they were celebrating amongst themselves. I and my companions were the only *busné* present. A few friendly words soon made us quite at home with these strange people, and we saw their characteristic

dances, games, and amusements as few strangers have the opportunity of doing. The dances of the children, whilst one old contrabandista played the tambourine, another the guitar, and an old woman marked the time with her castanets, was a most amusing sight.

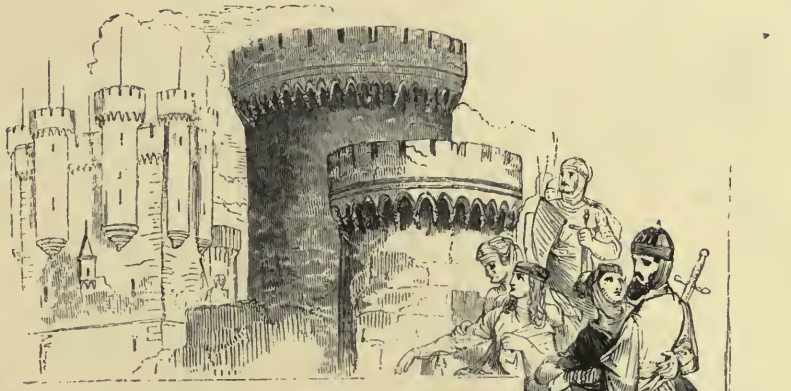
The road from Murcia or Carthagena leads through Elche, whose forests of palms have been already referred to. Single palms or small clusters of them are common throughout the southern provinces of Spain. This is the only spot in Europe where they flourish in such numbers as to cover a large extent

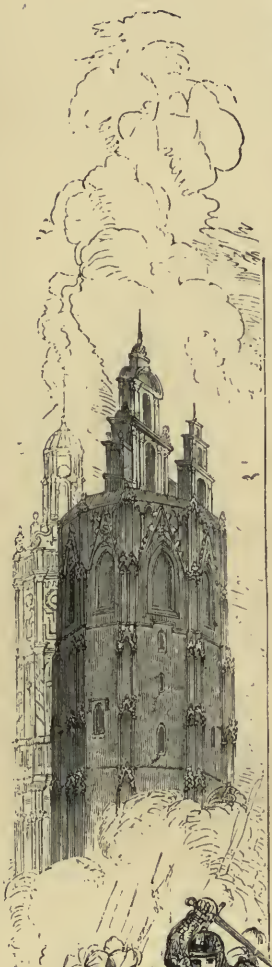
ALICANTE.

of ground. Here they grow by thousands. The dates which they produce form an important article of export.

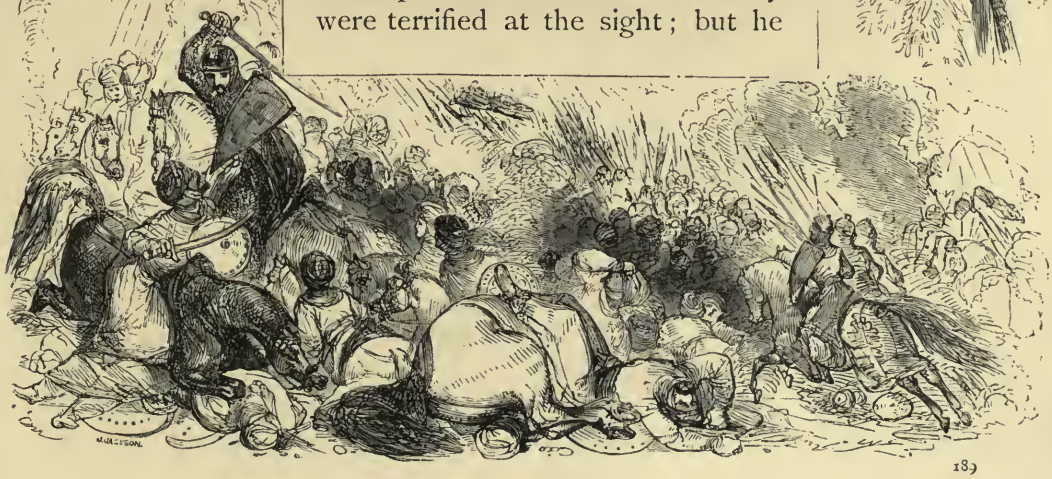
About a dozen miles from Elche is Alicante, a city grandly situated, and which, as approached from the sea, has a most imposing effect. But, like many other Spanish towns, it is disappointing on a nearer view. Denia and Gandia are small but interesting coast-towns. The old walls and fortifications are curious, and will well repay a visit. The former was a place of importance under the Romans, and was the naval station of Sertorius.

Valencia del Cid is so called from the Cid Campeador, whose chivalrous





deeds were narrated at some length in connection with his birthplace, Burgos. Having wrested the city from the Moors, after a siege of ten months, he despatched a messenger for his wife and daughters. Scarcely had they joined him before an army of fifty thousand horsemen and an innumerable host of infantry—so says the chronicle—under the command of the King of Tunis, marched to retake Valencia. The Cid led Ximena and her two daughters to the summit of a high tower, that they might look down upon the mighty host who were encamped beneath the walls. They were terrified at the sight; but he



encouraged them by the assurance of speedy victory. Though his whole force was three thousand nine hundred and seventy men, he charged fiercely upon the enemy, and defeated them.

The tower of Miguelete is pointed out by tradition as that to which the Cid led Ximena. The view from the summit is very fine. It extends over the bright and picturesque city, with its innumerable towers and domes, the rich fertile vega, the Lake of Albufera, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

RUINS AT TARRAGONA.

At Valencia the steamer may advantageously be exchanged for the railroad. The coast loses much of the bold striking character it has had hitherto. A long stretch of shallows and sandbanks compels the vessels to keep well out to sea. And the district through which the railway passes is one of unusual interest. Some of the most important Roman settlements were along this coast. Shortly after leaving Valencia, Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, is reached. Few towns out of Italy hold a more prominent place than this in the pages of Roman history. From the days of Hannibal to the fall of the empire it was constantly rising into notice. Tortosa, a little way farther up

YOUNG WOMAN OF VALENCIA.

the coast, was likewise an important Roman station. Coins, struck here under the empire, yet remain. Still farther to the north is Tarragona, once the abode of the Scipios, Augustus, and Adrian. It is said to have contained a million inhabitants at the time of its prosperity, and to have been styled an imperial city. Its population has now dwindled to less than twenty thousand. The fertile country in its rear still secures to it a commerce in fruit, oil, and wine, but it retains only a shadow of its former greatness.

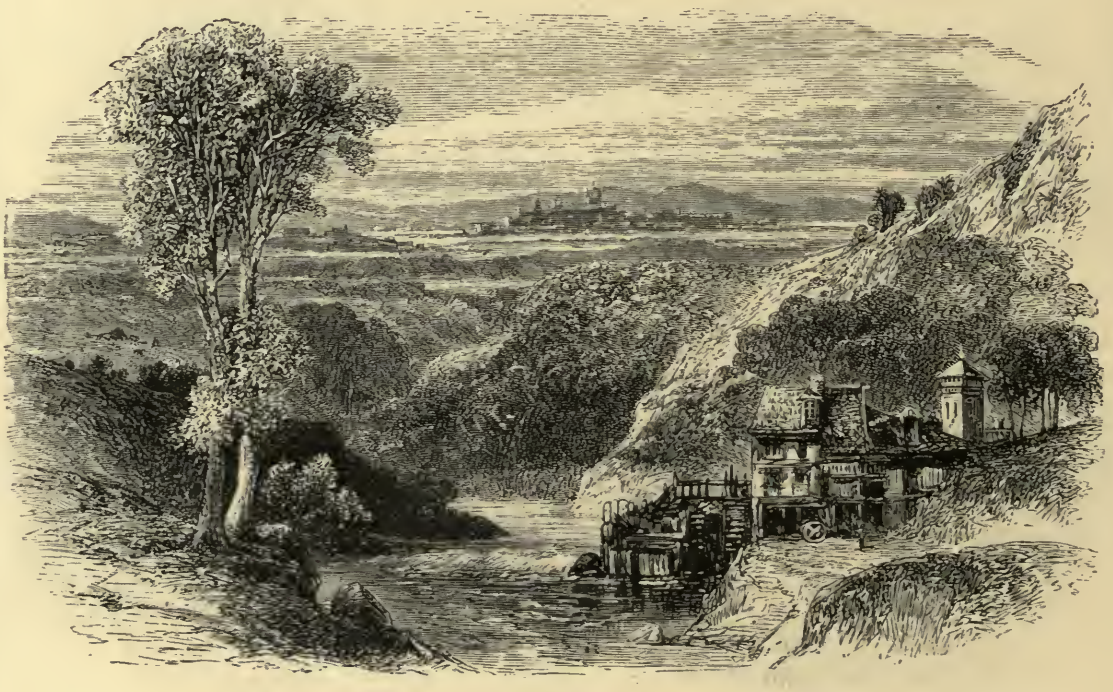
THE PORT OF BARCELONA.

In all these cities, and throughout the whole route from Valencia, we find the traces of bygone splendour. Temples, theatres, bridges, aqueducts, fortresses, attest the vigour and magnificence of the old imperial dominion. These have served as quarries for modern builders. The mole at Tarragona is constructed out of the stones of the amphitheatre. Suchet used the Temple of Diana and the Amphitheatre at Saguntum to strengthen his lines during the Peninsular War. Everywhere we meet with the same wilful and reckless dilapidations.

Barcelona has already been described as one of the most busy and thriving cities in Spain. Yet even here the streets at a short distance from the

quays and Rambla* are as stagnant and as purely Spanish as any in the peninsula. The Cathedral is a striking specimen of the stern, sombre, severe style of architecture in which the Spaniards delighted before the introduction of French taste under the Bourbons.

From Barcelona a railway runs past Lerida, through the old kingdom of Aragon, to Saragossa. Though stern and bare, the country is not devoid of picturesqueness and interest. The spurs of the Pyrenees run down into it, and afford a succession of bright smiling valleys enclosed by barren hills. The Pyrenees themselves are constantly in sight, and form the boundary on the north. Lerida is finely situated, and is very strongly fortified. The



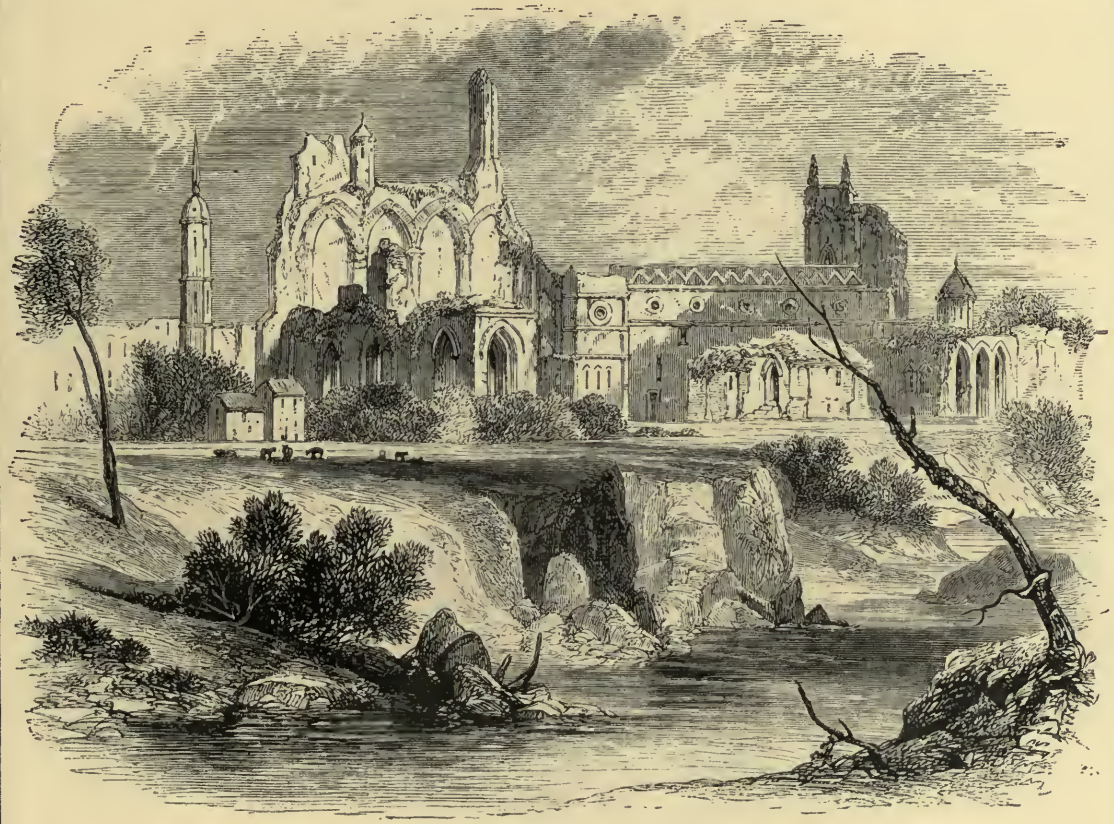
LERIDA.

Cathedral can only be visited with difficulty, and by permission of the commandant of the district, it having been appropriated by the military authorities. So eminent an authority on architectural matters as Mr. Street says, that "it alone is worth the journey from England to see," being one of the finest and purest specimens of the Early Pointed Style he has ever examined. A grotesque tradition of the district affirms that Herodias and her daughter

* Rambla is a common name for the chief street in towns along the east coast of Spain. It is a Moorish word, meaning a river-bed, which, dry in the summer, serves as a roadway. Ramleh, near Alexandria, is the same word.

were drowned in the river here. They were dancing on the ice when it broke beneath them. Herodias sank at once, but the ice inclosed the neck of Salome and beheaded her!

Saragossa, the capital of Aragon, was in the pre-Roman times called Saduba; but Augustus bestowed upon it the imperial title of Cæsarea Augusta, of which high-sounding epithet Saragossa is a corruption. It is a gloomy and poverty-stricken town of about sixty thousand inhabitants. Its ruined and dilapidated appearance is in a great measure due to the French, who, in

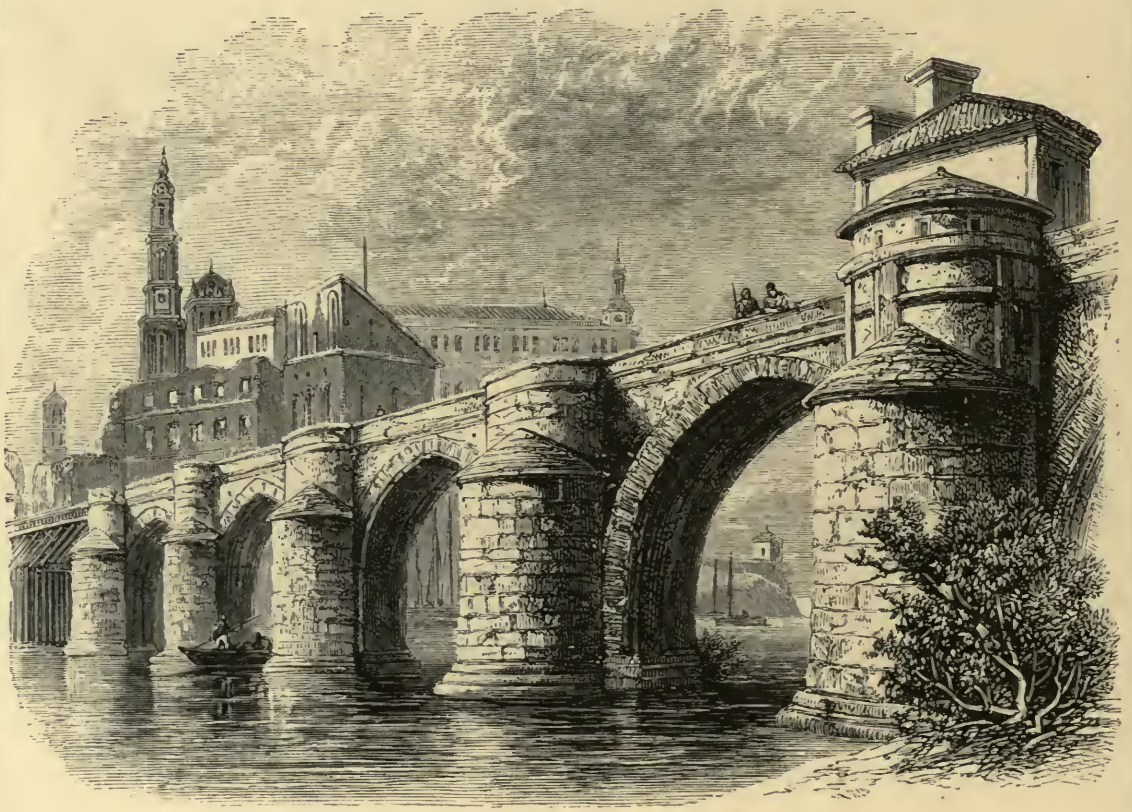


RUINED CONVENT AT SARAGOSSA.

the famous siege, fought their way into it bit by bit, and house by house. Hospitals, churches, palaces, convents, crumbled away beneath the fire of their artillery, as the inhabitants sullenly fell back before them.

The Ebro, on which the city stands, is spanned by a fine stone bridge, built in 1487. From this bridge a striking view of the two cathedrals is obtained. As Ford remarks, in this land of contrasts and inconsistencies, Madrid, the capital, has no cathedral, whilst Cadiz and Saragossa have two apiece. La Seo, the old cathedral, is a Gothic edifice, vast, severe, and gloomy, though

much defaced by modern improvements (?) in the worst possible taste. El Pilar is dedicated to the Virgin, and takes its name from the absurd legend attached to it. St. James, so it is said, applied to the Virgin for permission to preach the Gospel in Spain. She gave her consent, and having "kissed her hand" he set out on his journey. In due time he reached Saragossa, and forthwith converted eight pagans before he slept. Greatly desiring to see the Mother of his Lord once again, a company of angels brought her to him on a pillar of jasper. She commanded him to build a chapel to her

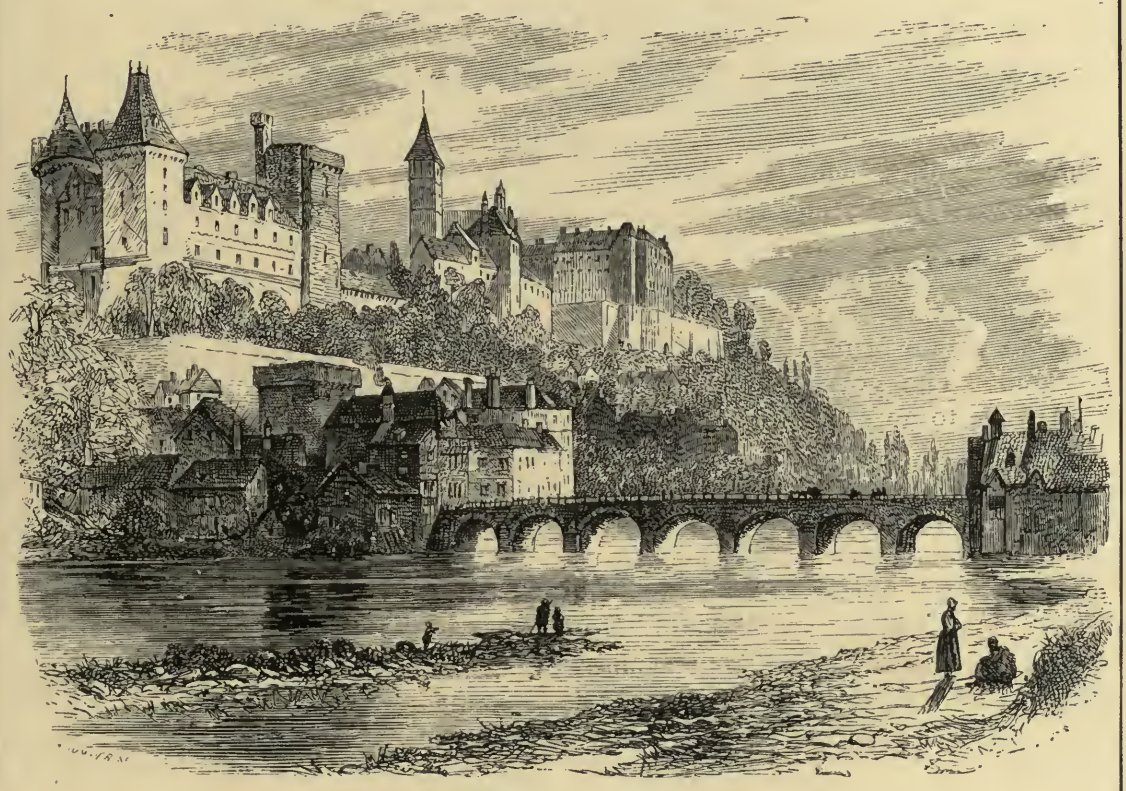


BRIDGE AT SARAGOSSA.

honour on the spot where the pillar rested, and then returned to Palestine. The Church of Our Lady of the Pillar was one of the most popular shrines throughout Spain. Fifty thousand persons have been known to visit it on the day set apart for the commemoration of the pretended miracle. The edifice became one of the richest in Europe. Costly marbles, gold, silver, precious stones, and embroidered garments were lavished upon it. It stirs one's indignation that the tender, simple, and beautiful narrative of the Gospel should be encumbered by legends like these, at once wicked and absurd.

In the steep, narrow, and gloomy streets of Saragossa there are some fine specimens of ancient domestic architecture. The spiral pillars, delicately carved open work, and noble staircase of the inner courts of the Casa de la Infanta are greatly to be admired. The Torre Nueva is an interesting specimen of a leaning tower. Its deviation from the perpendicular however is due, not to a whim of the architect, but to faulty foundations.

Tourists who keep closely to the beaten tracks of travel must return from Saragossa to Barcelona. Train and diligence will convey them thence



CASTLE OF PAU.

across the eastern Pyrenees by way of Gerona and Perpignan into the great French system of railways. The route is one of much interest and beauty, though the hotel accommodation on the Spanish side is rough and poor.

More adventurous travellers may make their way nearly due north from Saragossa. As far as Huesca a railway is available. From thence the tourist must be contented with rustic vehicles till he reaches the slopes of the mountains, and must cross the Pyrenees on foot or horseback. If he have a few days to spare he will be able, by this route, to visit Gavarnie, the baths of Luchon, Bagnerres de Bigorre, Eaux Chaudes, and other points of great interest, and

at last find himself at Pau, the capital of the Pyrenees. After some weeks spent in the cities and plains of the peninsula, the fresh mountain air and the grand mountain scenery will be doubly delightful.

In our rambles through Spain we have been traversing a country of which, we may say, in the words of Scripture, it is "a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey . . . a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." Under its former occupants, from the Phœnicians to the Moors, it was one of the granaries and gardens of Europe. Its commanding position on the great highway of the world's commerce, the exuberant fertility of its soil, its exhaustless mineral treasures, and the industry and energy of its people, seemed to secure for it a high position amongst the nations. Only three centuries ago it held unquestionably the first place in Europe. Under the paralysing influence of political tyranny and papal bigotry its cities have fallen into decay; its fields have been smitten with barrenness; its commerce and manufactures have perished. It retains but the ruins of its former greatness. A few years the decadence seemed to have been arrested, and a measure of improvement might be traced. The yoke of Rome had been broken. The government of, perhaps, the most corrupt court in Europe had come to an end. The Gospel was faithfully preached to crowds of eager listeners, and millions of books and tracts enforcing the principles of morality and godliness were circulated amongst the people. But who can now forecast the future of Spain? No settled government has yet been established, and there is a danger, increasing day by day, of anarchy succeeding to the despotism of former years. The people are rapidly passing from superstition into infidelity: great multitudes of them have already done so. The writer cannot conclude without again avowing his conviction that its only hope lies in the spread of true religion. Of Spain, as of every other country, it is true that, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

# CHRONOLOGY OF SPAIN.

## I.—PRIOR TO THE ROMAN CONQUEST.

(*Partly Conjectural.*)

B.C.

2250. Tarshish: ancient name of Spain. Tarifa was probably Tartessus.*
1600. Phœnicians in Spain, at Gades (Cadiz), at Malaca (Malaga), and Corduba (Cordova).
900. Rhodians and Phocians in Catalonia and Valencia.
480. The Carthaginians in Gades.
235. The Carthaginians overrun Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia, and Catalonia, and found Cartagena.

B.C.

227—222. The Romans interpose. Fall of Saguntum.
213. Asdrubal defeated by the Romans.
209—206. Scipio Africanus in Spain. Carthaginians finally expelled.
205—146. Spain a Roman province.
139—134. Resistance and fall of Numantia.
132— 19. Long wars of the Asturians and Cantabrians with the Romans. Their submission.

## II.—UNDER THE ROMANS.

A.D.

14— 97. Tiberius to Nerva.
97—117. Trajan, a Spaniard, emperor.
117—138. Adrian, a Spaniard, emperor.
138—161. Antoninus Pius, emperor.
161—180. Marcus Aurelius, a Spaniard, emperor.

A.D.

251. Christian martyrs in Saragossa.
260. An irruption of the Franks and Suevi.
305. A Council at Eliberis, near Corduba.
325. Council of Nice: Hosius of Corduba, president.
384. Priscillian and his adherents condemned.

## III.—UNDER THE GOTHS.

A.D.

402. Suevi and Vandals ravage Spain.
411. Ataulfo.
415. Wallia.
418. Goths overcome Vandals and Suevi.
420. Theodoric I. Goths expel the Vandals.
438. Richilan, King of Spain.

A.D.

451. Thorismund.
452. Theodoric II.
466. Euric.
483. Alaric.
506. Gensalric.
511. Theodoric II.
522. Amalaric.
531. Theudis.
548. Theudisela.
549. Agilan.

A.D.

554. Athanagild.
567. Liuva.
570. Leovigild.
587. Recared I.
601. Liuva.
603. Witeric.
610. Gundemar.
612. Sisebert.
621. Recared II.
621. Swintila.

A.D.

631. Sisenand.
636. Chintila.
640. Tulga.
642. Chindaswind.
649. Receswind.
672. Wamba.
680. Ervigius.
687. Egica.
701. Witiza.
709. Roderic.

711. Landing of the Moors: Battle of Xeres de la Frontera: Fall of the Gothic monarchy.

## IV.—UNDER THE ARABS AND MOORS.

A.D.

712—714. Musa arrives in Spain. The peninsula subdued.

| MOSLEM SPAIN. | | ASTURIAS. |
|---|---|---|
| 713, 714. | Tarik and Musa, viceroys of the caliph. | Pelayo defeats the Moslems. Favila, his son. |
| 716. | Alhaur ben Abderahman. | Fruela tributary. |
| 721. | Alsama ben Melic. Abderahman ben Abdalla. | Alfonso I. |
| 723. | Ambisa ben Johim. | Aurelio. |
| 733. | Defeat of the Moslem army at Tours. | Alfonso II. independent. |
| 733—755. | Several viceroys. Dissensions among them. | Ramiro I. |
| 755—787. | Abderahman, first Moslem king. | Ordono I. |
| 777, 778. | Invasion of Charlemagne. | Alfonso III. |
| 787—796. | Hixem, the Just and Good. | Garcia. |
| 796—821. | Alhakem. | Ordono II. |
| 821—852. | Abderahman II. | Fruela II. |
| 852—886. | Mohammed I. | Alfonso IV. |
| 886—888. | Almondhir. | Ramiro II. |
| 888—912. | Abdalla. | Ordono III. |
| 912—961. | Abderahman III. } Most splendid period of the | Sancho I. |
| 961—976. | Alhakem II. } Moslem dominion. | Ramiro III. |
| 976—1012. | Hixem II. } | Bermudo II. |
| | | Alfonso V. |

Almansor lays waste Galicia and Asturias. Battle of Calat Onosor, A.D. 1002. Defeat of the Moslems. Close of the period of absolute Mohammedan supremacy.

| MOSLEM SPAIN. | | CHRISTIAN SPAIN. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1012—1094. | Dissension among the Moslems. | 1037. | Fernando I. Castile. | 1035. Ramiro I. Aragon. |
| 1085. | Alfonso I. takes Toledo. | 1065. | Sancho II. Castile. | 1063. Sancho I. ,, |
| 1086. | Battle of Zalaca. | | Alfonso VI. Leon. | 1094. Pedro I. ,, |
| 1094—1144. | The Almoravides. | 1135. | Fernando II. Leon. | 1104. Alfonso I. ,, |
| 1147—1225. | The Almohades. | 1157. | Sancho III. Castile. | 1134. Ramiro II. ,, |
| 1212. | Battle of Navas de Tolosa. | 1158. | Alfonso III. Castile. | 1163. Alfonso II. ,, |
| | Murcia invaded by Fernando. | 1187. | Alfonso IX. Leon. | 1196. Pedro II. ,, |
| | Valencia taken by Jayme I. | 1217. | Fernando III. Castile. | 1213. Jayme I. ,, |

All Spain Christian, except Granada.

* See Psa. lxxii. 10; Jonah, i. 3; Isaiah lx. 9; lxvi. 19. The name Tarshish first appears as that of a grandson of Japheth, Gen. x. 4.

| MOSLEM KINGDOM OF GRANADA. | | LEON AND CASTILE. | | ARAGON. | | PORTUGAL. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A.D. | | | | | | | |
| 1238. | Mohammed I. founder of kingdom—the Alhambra. | 1248. | Fernando III. | | | 1248. | Alfonso III. |
| 1273. | Mohammed II. | 1252. | Alfonso X. | 1276. | Pedro III. | 1274. | Dionis. |
| | | 1284. | Sancho IV. | | | | |
| 1302. | Mohammed III. | 1295. | Fernando IV. | 1285. | Alfonso III. | | |
| | | 1312. | Alfonso XI. | 1291. | Jayme II. | | |
| 1309. | Nassir. | | | | | | |
| 1313. | Ismail. | | | | | | |
| 1325. | Mohammed IV. | | | 1327. | Alfonso IV. | 1325. | Alfonso IV. |
| 1333. | Yussef. | 1350. | Pedro the Cruel. | 1336. | Pedro IV. | | |
| 1354. | Mohammed V. | | | | | 1357. | Pedro I. |
| 1359. | Ismail II. | 1369. | Enrique II. | | | 1367. | Fernando I. |
| 1360. | Abu Saref. | 1379. | Juan I. | 1387. | Juan I. | 1383. | Joam I. |
| 1391. | Yussef II. | 1390. | Enrique III. | | | | |
| 1396. | Mohammed VI. | | | 1395. | Martin. | | |
| 1408. | Yussef III. | 1406. | Juan II. | 1412. | Fernando I. | | |
| 1423. | Muley Mohammed VII. | | | 1416. | Alfonso V. | | |
| 1445. | Mohammed IX. | | | | | 1433. | Duardo. |
| 1454. | Mohammed X. | 1454. | Enrique IV. | 1458. | Juan II. | 1438. | Alfonso V. |
| 1463. | Muley Ali Abul Hassan. | 1474. | Isabella. | 1479. | Fernando II. | | |
| 1483. | Abu Abdalla. | | | | | 1481. | Joam II. |
| 1492. | Fall of Granada. | | Castile and Aragon united. | | | | |

| SPAIN. | | PORTUGAL. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A.D. | | | |
| 1469. | Isabella of Castile marries Ferdinand of Aragon. | | |
| 1478. | Reorganization of the Inquisition. | | |
| 1479. | Castile and Aragon are united. | | |
| 1492. | Fall of the Moslem kingdom of Granada. | | |
| 1498. | Discovery of America by Columbus. | 1495. | Manuel. |
| 1504. | Death of Isabella ; her daughter Juana succeeds. | | |
| 1506. | Death of Philip, husband of Juana. | | |
| 1516. | Death of Ferdinand. Charles I. (V. of Germany). | | |
| 1520. | Insurrection of Santiago. | | |
| 1521. | Re-establishment of the royal authority. | 1521. | Joam III. |
| 1527. | Insurrection of the Moriscos suppressed. | | |
| 1556. | Charles resigns the crown. Philip II. | 1557. | Sebastian. |
| 1588. | Equipment and destruction of the Armada. | 1578. | Henrique. |
| 1598. | Horrible death of Philip. Philip III. | 1580. | Annexed to Spain. |
| 1621. | Philip IV., king of Spain and Portugal. | | |
| 1640. | Revolt and independence of Portugal. | 1640. | Insurrection : independence. Joam IV. |
| 1665. | Death of Philip. Charles II. | 1656. | Alfonso VI. |
| 1759. | Charles III. | 1683. | Pedro II. |
| 1700. | Philip V. War of the Succession. | 1707. | Joam V. |
| 1713. | Treaty of Utrecht. | 1750. | José. |
| 1746. | Death of Philip. Ferdinand VI. | | |
| 1788. | Charles IV. : abdicated 1808. | 1777. | Maria. |
| 1808. | Ferdinand VII. forced to resign by Napoleon : Joseph Bonaparte placed upon the throne. Peninsular War. | 1792. | Joam VI. regent. |
| | | 1807. | The French occupy Portugal. |
| 1813. | Ferdinand VII. restored ; enters Madrid, May 14. | 1809. | Wellington expels them. |
| 1820. | A rising in Spain. Ferdinand convokes the Cortes, and swears to the constitution. | 1814. | Joam VI. emperor of Brazil, king of Portugal. |
| 1821. | Revolution in South America. | 1826. | Death of Joam VI. ; Pedro, his son, emperor of Brazil, and *his* daughter, Maria, queen of Portugal. |
| 1823. | French army in Spain. Overthrow of the constitution. | | |
| 1833. | Ferdinand dies : queen Christina regent during minority of her daughter. | 1828. | Dom Miguel usurps the crown. |
| 1841. | Espartero elected regent. | 1833. | Maria II. restored. |
| 1843. | Isabella II. declared queen. | 1853. | Pedro V. |
| 1868. | Revolution : Serrano regent. | 1861. | Luis I. |